★ Sept.30,1950

THE NEW YORKER

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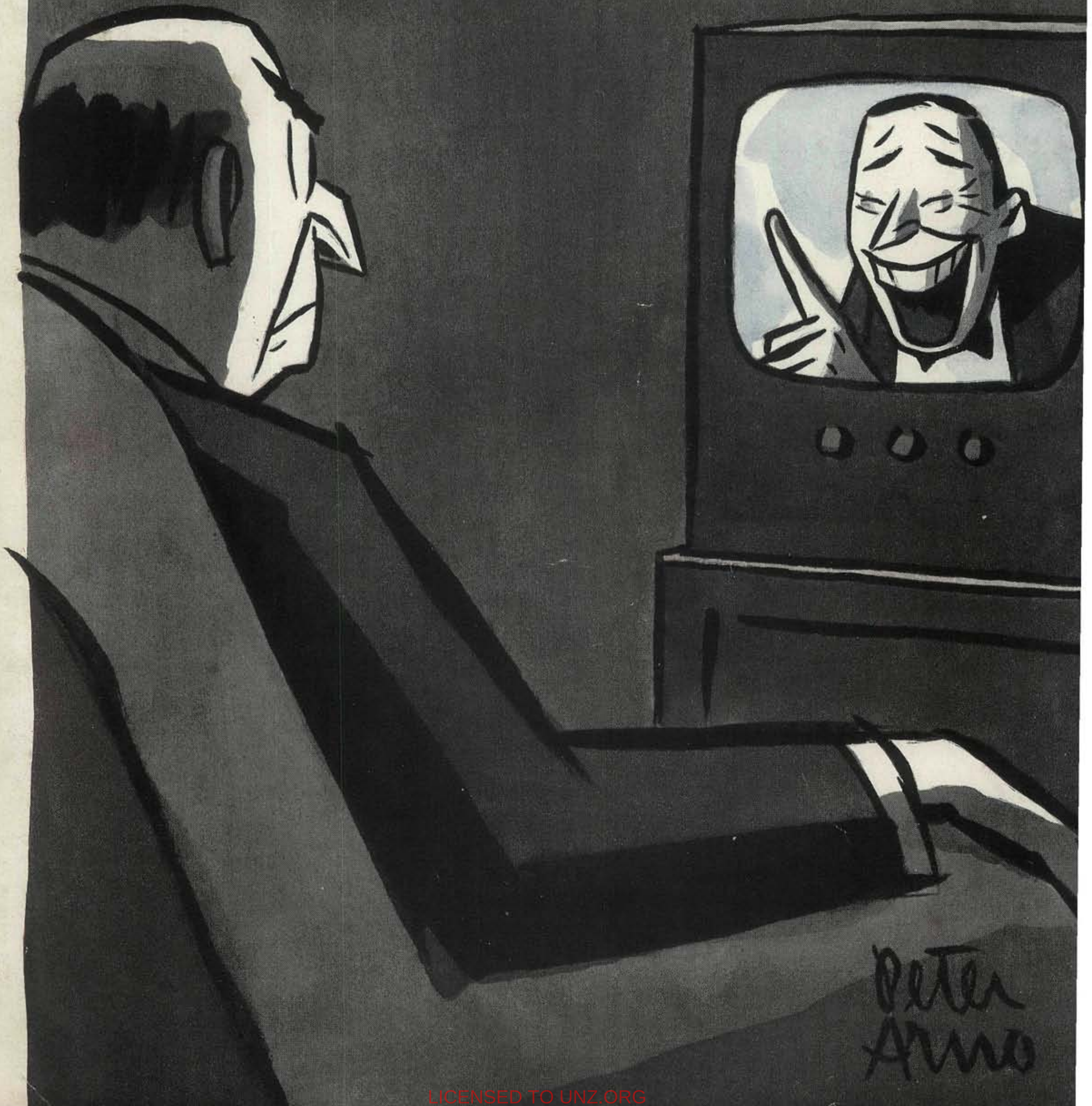

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Daphne Laureola—Dame Edith Evans is splendid as a lady-like alcoholic, and Cecil Parker and the rest of the cast support her nobly, but this English comedy does not, when all is said and done, amount to much. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4630. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Starting Monday, Oct. 2, Roger Dann will take over the lead from Claude Dauphin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously moving as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 3, to the St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 5, at 2:40.)

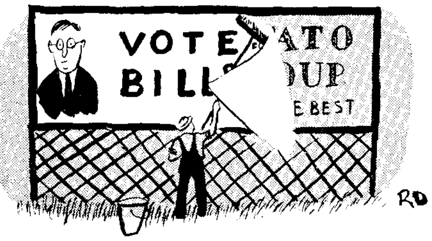
Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** The end of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. The man is now being played by Thomas Mitchell. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm and Reginald Owen in a new comedy by Louis Verneuil. Produced by Richard W. Krakeur and Fred F. Finklehoffe, and directed by Mr. Verneuil. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—Flora Robson and a British cast in a play by Lesley Storm. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Charles Hickman. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Southern Exposure—A comedy by Owen Crump, with Cameron Mitchell and Betty Greene Little. Directed by Margo Jones, and produced by Miss Jones, Tad Adoue, and Manning Gurian. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Patricia Neway, Gloria Lane, and Lydia Summers. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs' comedy, directed by Burgess Meredith. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Anthony Ross, King Calder, and Paula Laurence. Produced by Courtney Burr and Malcolm Pearson. Opens Thursday, Sept. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Gioconda Smile—Basil Rathbone and Valerie Taylor in a play by Aldous Huxley. Directed and produced by Shepard Traube. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Pardon Our French—A new uproar by Olsen and Johnson, with music by Victor Young and lyrics by Edward Heyman. In the cast are Denise Darcel, Marty May, June Johnson, and Bill Shirley. Opens Thursday, Oct. 5. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Giselle" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Dante Sonata," "Don Quixote," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "Giselle" and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Checkmate," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Don Quixote." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 1: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Les Ballets de Paris—"Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Œuf à la Coque," "Les Forains," and "Carmen." With Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and Colette Marchand. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 4. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Ruth St. Denis—In a dance recital. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rodeo—Gene Autry, Indians, cowboys, and cowgirls like the Old West never saw. (Madison

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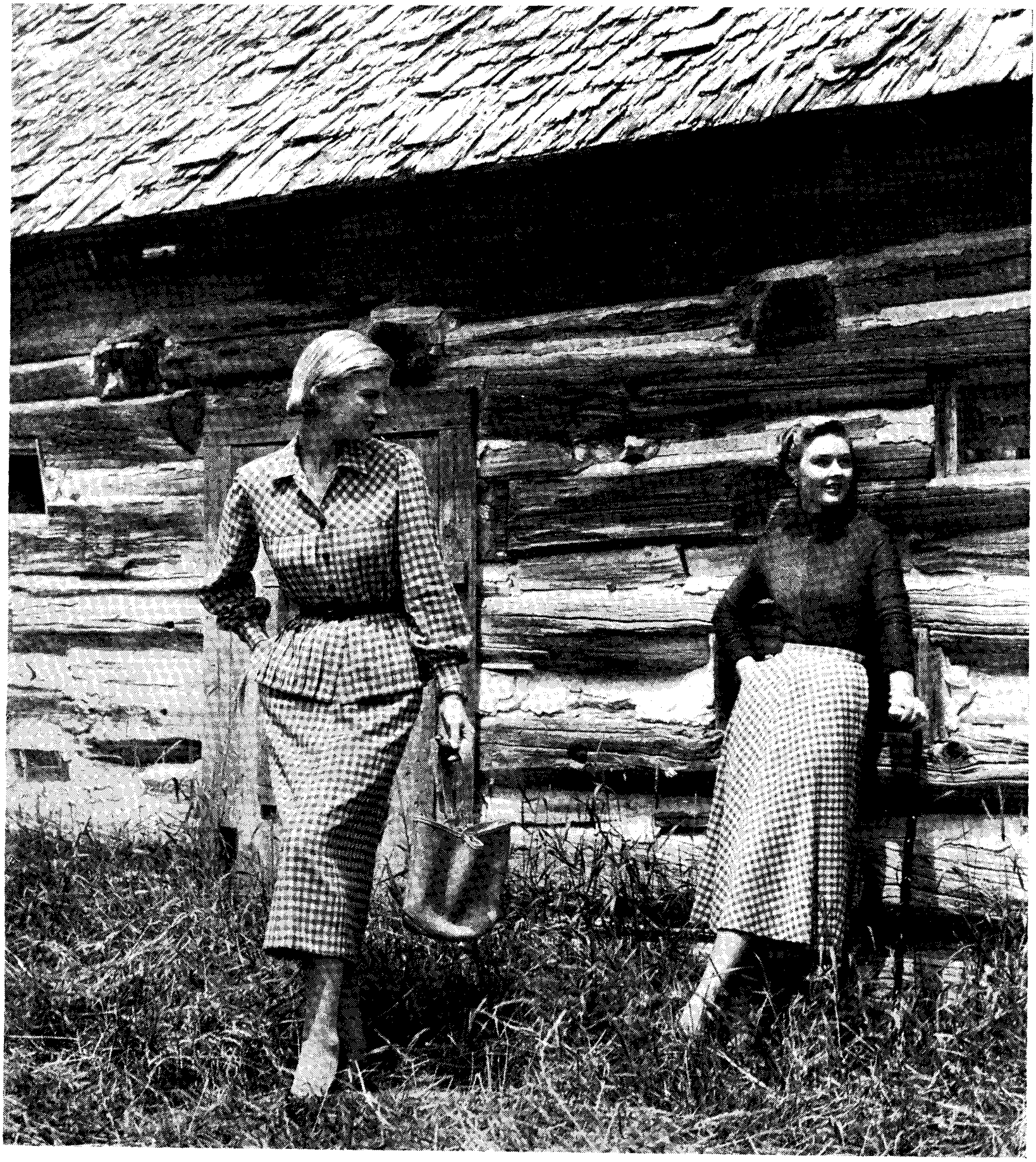

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 22.)

Eddie Cantor—Forty years of show business condensed into one evening of anecdotes and songs. Piano accompaniment by Dave Kenner and Ernie Stewart. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, has William Scotti's dance band, except on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel plays for dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Errol Garner's ball-of-fire piano playing and the riverboat ramblings of Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five. They start around nine. The perennial Cliff Jackson is at the piano during the interludes.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Harry Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The champagne set and the platina set swapping gossip. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing, as if anyone had time for it.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay. Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Mimi Benzell, or grand opera made easy, appears in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out good, polite dance music.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton, at the piano, sings to her own accompaniment.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room opens for the season Thursday, Sept. 28, with a benefit for the Travelers Aid Society, and also with the customary Persian Room mélange of song (Jane Froman) and dance (Mary Raye and Naldi). Mark Monte's Continentals are again on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Thursday night, Oct. 5, is a benefit for the Recreation Service for the Children of Bellevue.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Starting Tuesday, Oct. 3, Emery Deutsch's orchestra will grace the last days of the time-honored Oval Room, for dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court will have Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo is back at his old homestead—i.e., the Grill—at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a stylish glade, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras thumping merrily away all evening, and (at dinner and supper) song recitals by Margaret Phelan. Closed Sundays.

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Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room will open its new season on Tuesday, Oct. 3, with a private benefit for the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Club. The general public will have to wait until next night. Dancing to the music of Lester Lanin's orchestra and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Don Abney is at the piano in the Café from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Ralph Flanagan's orchestra is in the Café Rouge for dancing at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A gathering place for young ones who never, never get tired of it all. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—There are a lot of French songs that sound like nothing until Edith Piaf, with her mobile face and her mobile hands, works them over. She gets sturdy support from an invisible choir, an invisible accordionist, and an invisible Emile Petti, who at other times makes visible music in alternation with Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, Vaughn Monroe, his dance orchestra, and Mischa Borr's band. The Borr band plays by itself Sunday, Oct. 1, the last night of the season on the Roof.... ¶ The Wedgwood Room will open Monday, Oct. 2. Roger Price, who is rapidly becoming the nation's best-loved psychiatrist, will be on duty. So will Emil Coleman and his orchestra, as well as Kitty Kallen, one of those lady singers. Mischa Borr will move downstairs to help Mr. Coleman. All hands will show up at dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement.... ¶ The Flamingo Room will open Monday, Oct. 2, also, with Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in this opulent sylvan bower.... **Le Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of life after dark, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays.... **Armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano.... **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **One Fifth Avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, putting on her one-girl circus, mostly on top of a grand piano. Harold Fonville, Bob Downey, and Hazel Webster play reliable piano when Mlle. Dolphen isn't swarming over it. The seasonal series of amateur nights starts on Sunday, Oct. 1. Ancient movies on Mondays.... **Nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the emotional school of décor. Closed Sundays.... **Vieux Carré,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, pianist and young-man-about-town, has returned to his inglenook over L'Aiglon Restaurant, for another season of dinner and supper music and small talk. He usually checks in at six. Closed Mondays.... **Byline Room,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her musings on the vicissitudes of life in this vast metropolis. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **Spivy's Roof,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty birdcage in which Spivy's conversational songs about penthouse love life are on tap after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays.... **La Commedia,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on, and after eleven is the background for the silvery voice of Maxine Sullivan. Closed Sundays.... **Bon Soir,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is pacing her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley, a newcomer, is often a very funny girl indeed. The fur starts flying around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **Raleigh Room,** Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Cy Coleman's experimental trio, still in its formative stage but well worth a visit. Closed Sundays.... **Café Madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano and cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, the Pittsburgh stogie's and the travelling salesman's best friend, holds forth in no uncertain terms. Carol Bruce sings in a way that has a lot of the house guests panting.... **Riviera,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, a celebrated balladeer whose footwork will remind oldsters of Ty Cobb stealing home. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Something for everyone—Ralph Strain at the piano during dinner in the lounge, where Eadie and Rack play their unique piano duets after the theatre. In the back room, Tony and Eddie's transvestite antics, native American humor and songs of all nations by the Weavers, and some middling to top-notch impersonations by Bill McArthur. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies.... **Le Ruban Bleu,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, the mentor of this institution of higher learning, has most of his wits (Michael Brown, the Deuces Wild, and the Four Lads) about him. The love interest

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is supplied by Shirl Conway, a slim and stately soprano; the music is by Norman Paris's virtuoso trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennett, applying his own light touch to a remarkable collection of ballads; Marie Young, a bracing breath of Bermuda night life, who also sings; and Charlotte Rae, a new comedienne. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others play the dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, and Mr. Condon rattle the doors. Ralph Sutton gets off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A history of jazz (will wonders never cease?), with Fletcher Henderson and Earl Bostic and their bands, to say nothing of a clutch of chorus girls. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Oct. 4, the fireworks will be set off by Lennie Tristano's outfit and two quintets, one headed by Bud Powell (with J. J. Johnson, Max Roach, and Zoot Sims), the other by Thelonious Monk. Next night, new faces. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Sept. 29, Max Kaminsky's band (Sidney de Paris, Sandy Williams, Bob Wilber, Frank Signorelli, and George Wettling) vs. Oran Page's boys (Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, John Kirby, Elmer Schoebel, and Freddie Moore). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (Sept. 29), Big Chief Russell Moore, Gene Sedric, Kansas Fields, Willie the Lion Smith, and Pete Pellizzi and his Indiana Five will do the honors. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, weekdays.)

GALLERIES

Edward Chavez—Color and partly abstract forms are used with effectiveness in a group of oils and drawings by this New Mexican artist. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 7.)

Group Shows—At the **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57th St.: Paintings by such contemporary Americans as William Baziotes, Louis Schanker, and Theodoros Stamos; through Sept. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual pre-season exhibition, consisting of over a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures, by as many artists. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 13. . . . **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: A stimulating forecast of what may be seen here during the coming season, with abstractions by Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Adolph Gottlieb, and others; through Sept. 30. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the art-school faculty, including Julian Levi, Stuart Davis, Abraham Rattner, and Chaim Gross. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Oct. 13. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, Charles Heidenreich, and others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 29. . . . **WELLONS,** 43 E. 50th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, among others; through Sept. 30.

LEO MANSO—Recent oils, most of them depicting the sea, wharves at night, or marine forms, in his first one-man show since 1947. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 14.)

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by such well-known artists as Vlaminck, Dufy, and Utrillo, along with some interesting work by two young Parisians, François Arnal and Bernard Buffet. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 14.) . . . ¶ More Dufy and Utrillo, as well as things by others who might be called standard-bearers for the modern movement, among them Braque, Picasso, and Soutine. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Sept. 30.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented—Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter, for instance. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Dec. 5.)

REMBRANDT—Etchings, including portraits, self-portraits, religious subjects, and landscapes, many of them at very low prices. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30.)

CHARLES SHAW—Abstractions, done in a new style for this artist and partaking a little of Léger and other earlier men. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 4. Saturday hours, 10 to 1.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Chiefly whimsical studies in which harlequins and acrobats perform tricks on housetop television antennae. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 7.)

LOUIS TAVELLI—Oils and water colors by an American musician who in 1946 gave up the viola in favor of painting. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Sept. 30.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 30.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY**, 122 E. 55th St.: Gertrude Rogers; through Oct. 7. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: John Ruggles. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Oct. 12. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Twenty-fifth anniversary group show; through Oct. 21. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Allan Hugh Clarke; through Oct. 11. . . . **HEWITT**, 18 E. 69th St.: Muriel Streeter; through Oct. 14. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show; through Oct. 21. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: John Stephan and Anne Ryan; through Oct. 14.

NOTE—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 15.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by members of the Museum's art-school faculty. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziotes, Reuben Tam, and Milton Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 15.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models of important Jewish historical scenes, from the time of Abraham to the proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings of Jerusalem and Haifa, along with portraits and figure studies, by an Israeli, Rabbi Abraham J. Shapira; through Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum in 1948 by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A

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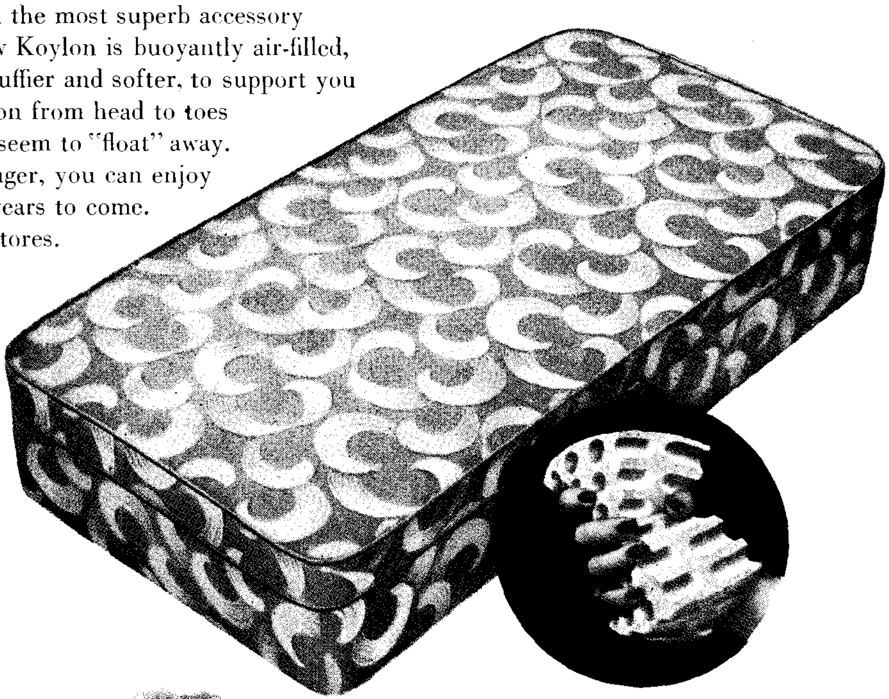

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, pre-Nazi German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits. Through Oct. 15.... ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the permanent collection, and including oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English).... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Faust."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 1: "Carmen."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English).... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Der Rosenkavalier."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Turandot." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—In a piano recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Sept. 28, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1:30, and Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2:30.... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28-29, at 1:30 (doubleheaders).... ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2:05.... **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Wednesday, Oct. 4 (barring such imponderables as pennant playoffs), in the home park of the National League champion. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the park of the American League contender, and the final two, if required, in the National League city. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—On **SATURDAY, SEPT. 30,** all at 2: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point.... ¶ Columbia vs. Hobart, at Baker Field.... ¶ Cornell vs. Lafayette, at Ithaca.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover.... ¶ Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Princeton vs. Williams, at Princeton.... ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 7,** all at 2: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point.... ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester.... ¶ Michigan vs. Dartmouth, at Ann Arbor.... ¶ Navy vs. Northwestern, at Baltimore.... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse.... ¶ Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven.

DOG SHOW—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

HORSE SHOW—Chester County-Bryn Mawr Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Saturday, Oct. 7.)

POLO—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury: Monty Waterbury Memorial Tournament, Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3; for the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund. (A special

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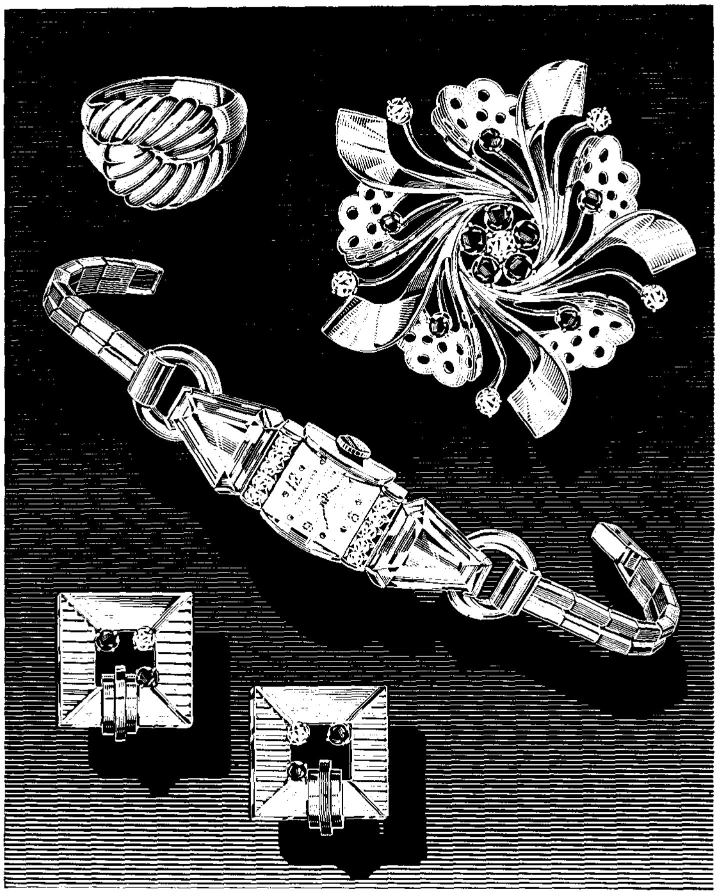

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

train for the polo field will leave Penn Station at 1:25.) . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3.

Professional Football—Yanks vs. Detroit Lions. (Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds, depending on the World Series situation. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 9. The Futurity and the New York Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 30; the Ladies Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 4; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 6; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, Oct. 3, through Saturday, Nov. 4. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track daily at 10.)

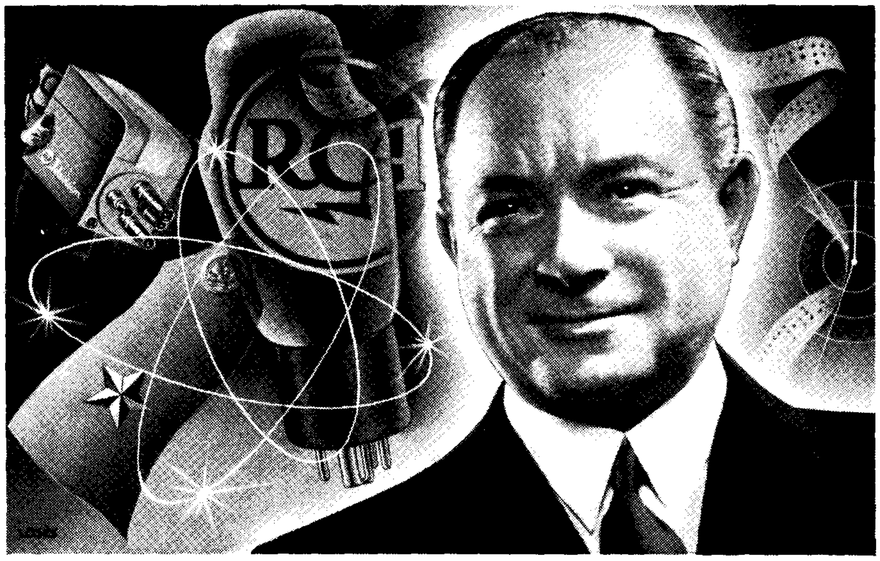
Trotting—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train will leave Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. At Lake Success, when the full Assembly is not meeting, its committees confer in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The September show is called "Autumn Skies." Starting Sunday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "The Oldest Story Ever Told," which deals with the universe way back when. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: English and French furniture, including period pieces and reproductions, as well as silver, rugs, and other objects of art, the property of the late Princess Henrietta Pignatelli and others. (Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 2.) . . . ¶ First editions of English and American authors, and paintings, prints, and autographs, the property of the late W. Lloyd Wright and others. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, from 9:30 to 5; auction Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 2-3, at 2.) . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century paintings, including landscapes and genre paintings, from various collections. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 30, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 2-5, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French furniture, tapestries, laces, china, and other decorations, the property of the late Elizabeth Cossitt Stokes Terrien and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Sept. 30, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 2-5, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday, Oct. 6, at 10:15 and 2.) . . . KENDE GALLERIES, 119 W. 57th St.: Prints, including lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings, as well as drawings, all by modern artists, among them Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, Munch, and Klee, owned by Dora Hesse and others. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28-29, from 10 to 5:30; auction Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2.)



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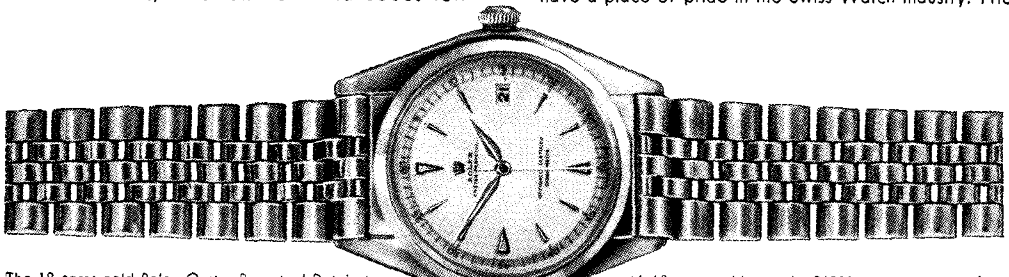

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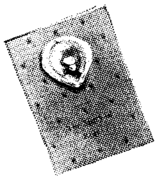

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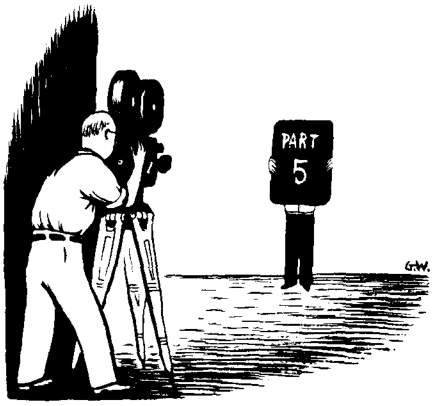
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 1-3.)

BITTER RICE—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, described in an Italian film that is long on both violence and fine documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is outstanding, as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—The Tennessee Williams drama, without much alteration, presented as a film. An interesting work, though a trifle static. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—A funny English film about the unexpected merger of a boys' school and a girls' school, with Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford leading the little ones through all kinds of confusion. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

THE LAWLESS—Interracial relations again, this time in California, with Mexican immigrants serving as the minority. A brisk, exciting melodrama with Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Oct. 4.)

MADELEINE—Love and arsenic, both illicit, mingled in a mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. Worth while largely because of the acting of Ann Todd, cast as a lady whose decorous days are quite different from her nights. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through Oct. 4, tentative.)

THE MEN—Marlon Brando being utterly convincing as a paraplegic veteran. Mr. Brando is assisted by Everett Sloane, Teresa Wright, and forty-five men from a government hospital in California. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Oct. 3.)

NO WAY OUT—Sidney Poitier is superb as a young Negro doctor in a sometimes overly melodramatic but basically excellent study of color prejudice. Strong stuff throughout, with Richard Widmark turning in a good performance as an especially virulent race-hater. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS—A lighthearted musical escapade, with some twinkly dancing by Fred Astaire and Vera-Ellen, and an abundant supply of reminiscent old songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. In fact, it purports to be the biography of Kalmar and Ruby. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are in charge of the comic end of things. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070; Sept. 28.)

TREASURE ISLAND—Even Long John Silver's parrot ("Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!") is wonderful in this rip-roaring version of Stevenson's great story. Robert Newton and Bobby Driscoll head the large and splendid cast. Produced by Walt Disney, in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—An absorbing account of how a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 3-4. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 4.)

ANGEL (1937)—High life and intrigue in Paris. Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 1-2.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 29.)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (1934)—Mae West outwitting the censors. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 1-2.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 1-2.)

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in Occupied Berlin. With Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 30.)

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of conspiracy and war in China. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 1-3.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—The life and times of a crooked politician. With Brian Donlevy. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 1-3.)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 3-4.)

THE PEARL (1948)—An adaptation of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who discovers the biggest pearl in the world. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 29.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry's play, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 1-3.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 28.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

STORY OF G.I. JOE (1945)—The American infantryman's progress through Africa and Italy during World War II. With Burgess Meredith. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Oct. 1-2.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 29.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 29.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Oct. 1: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 2: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Teresa Wright. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Born to be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 29 (tentative): "Gilda," revival, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; and "Platinum Blonde," revival, Jean Harlow, Loretta Young.
From Sept. 30 (tentative): "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien, Gale Storm.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Good Time Girl," Jean Kent, Dennis Price.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"For Them That Trespass," Richard Todd.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GLASS MENAGERIE.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through afternoon of Oct. 3: "The Sleeping City," Richard Conte, Coleen Gray.
From Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Union Station," William Holden, Nancy Olson. (Opening night is a benefit for the Sister Kenny Foundation; for tickets, call the box office.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
NO WAY OUT.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Sept. 28: "My Blue Heaven," Dan Dailey, Betty Grable.
From Sept. 29: "Mister 880," Burt Lancaster, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy McGuire.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Sept. 28: **THREE LITTLE WORDS.**
From Sept. 29: "The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza, David Niven.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Pretty Baby," Dennis Morgan, Betsy Drake.

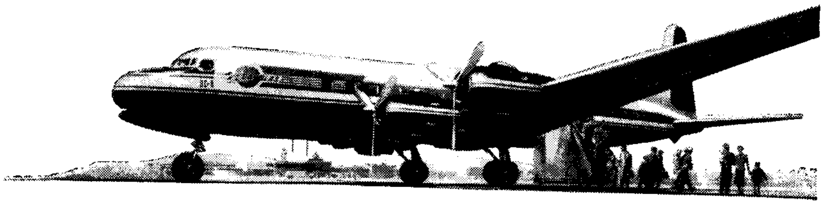
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 3: "Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.
From Oct. 4: "State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

WORLD-RENOWNED Conrad Hilton, famed owner and builder of fine hotels, says, "Running such properties as the Waldorf-Astoria, Palmer House and the new Caribe Hilton keeps me on the move. That's why I fly often. I guess I've flown in nearly every kind of air transport, and I certainly enjoy the Douglas DC-6. It has that rugged feeling of dependability that makes for peace of mind."

Mr. CONRAD HILTON says:

"At home or overseas ...I like to travel DC-6!"



Experienced air travelers like Mr. Hilton... people who really know airplanes ...prefer the Douglas DC-6 2 to 1*

- These are people to whom flying is the *usual* way of traveling. They have flown on many kinds of airliners. They are leaders in business, in government, in society, who have to get where they're going quickly and on schedule.

Once you, yourself, step aboard a Douglas DC-6, you'll know why.

The Douglas DC-6 takes you there fast and on time. Appointments rival your living room for luxurious comfort. The cabin is always just right—cooled and pressurized.

And leading airlines around the world assign their finest personnel—stewardesses and crew—to fly this 300-mph, *dependable* air transport. So—be sure your next reservations are on the Douglas DC-6!

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC., SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

**According to a recent nation-wide survey.*

MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Muted Rose®

LIPSTICK

For years this beautiful, soft, luminous color has been a great favorite of the Monteil collection.

Germaine Monteil

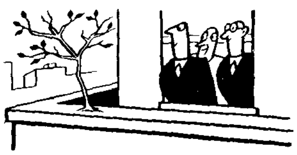
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS we go to press we discover that the Friends of the Land are about to hold their harvest-home supper right here in town, in the Statler, across from the depot. Louis Bromfield, the dirt farmer, and Dr. Hugh Bennett, chief of the Soil Conservation Service, are scheduled to speak. We don't know what the soil is like down there near the Statler but it is probably a heavy clay with a lot of Consolidated Edison roots that haven't rotted up yet, and it undoubtedly needs top dressing to bring it back. This is a good month to top-dress, and there is no better man on a manure spreader than Bromfield.

If the Friends of the Land weren't so numerous, we would invite them to our apartment and take them to our bedroom, so they could look out the window by our desk and study a most inspiring example of Nature's soil-building. Just outside the window there is a stone coping that forms the top of a high wall. Three years ago an ailanthus seed came to rest on this bare ledge twenty feet above the ground. Encouraged by light rains and heavy sootfall, it germinated. Its root immediately struck solid rock, turned quickly, and found two dead vine leaves, a cigarette butt, and a paper clip. Here were perfect conditions for ailanthus growth. The little tree sprang toward heaven. Through a long, dry summer, watered by occasional fogs from the East River, nourished by mop dust and the slow drift of falling vine leaves, the sapling took hold. Today it stands a stalwart forest giant, as big around as our thumb, lively as a grig, covering its roots a living soil rich in those minerals and organic substances that only the fairest city in the world can scrape together to take care of its own.



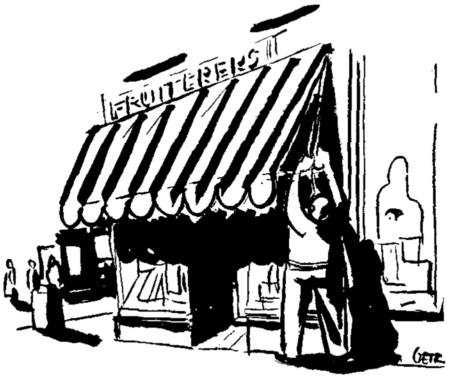
WE went to the Polo Grounds on a sparkling day last week and found ourself witness to a ballplayer's "day." It took us a few minutes to find the athlete being honored—a pitcher—but we finally spotted him in the crowd around home plate, uncomfortably surrounded by aldermen, Legion caps, Masonic watch fobs, and a fife-and-drum corps, all from his home town. There were a good eight or ten speeches before the pitcher was permitted to accept a check, wristwatch, radio, and travelling kit, and all through the ceremonies a fan near us kept shouting, "Where's the car? Where's his Buick, ya cheap skates?" After the delegates had straggled back into the stands, the pitcher warmed up and was socked for four runs in the first inning. He was eventually removed for a pinch-hitter. We found the proceedings rather embarrassing, with all the marks of an unsuccessful birthday party for a six-year-old. There was the same Participation by Superfluous Elders, the same Odious Comparison of Gifts (by the noisy fan), the same Crackup of the Birthday Boy Under Pressure. If we are going to continue to have "days" for ballplayers, let's have the ceremonies after the game is over, or maybe after the season is over.

THE capitulation of the New York *Times*, after many years of resolute standoffishness, to the daily crossword puzzle is an event for which we have been able to figure out no logical motivation, unless it is that the *Times* was embarrassed at sharing solely with the *Daily Worker*, among local papers, the distinction of not having such a frivolous feature. (The *Times* has had puzzles on Sunday, of course, but Sunday is something special.) We have often wondered what sort of people editors believe the solvers of their daily crosswords to be, aside from commuters. The two papers that, with the *Times*, are most favored by commuters have always had set spots for their puzzles, the *World-Telegram & Sun* on a comics page and the *Herald Tribune* either beneath its comics or beneath notices of auction sales—implicit evidence of a feeling on the part of their editors that crosswords appeal in the main to people who are childlike or have a special interest in buying used tiaras or tugboats. The *Times*, however, has established its new feature on the book page, indicating its conviction that crosswords are tackled primarily by intellectuals. This is a point upon which we have been unable to arrive at an opinion. It has occurred to us, though, that both the *Telegram's* and the *Tribune's* puzzles are located within a page or two of the end of the paper, thus permitting their readers to get through practically all the editorial matter before being snared by extinct birds and raffish verb forms, and that the *Times*, in displaying its crossword puzzle so close to the front of the paper, is running the risk of stopping its readers dead there, thus causing them to miss out entirely on the society news, the baseball scores, Arthur Krock, and many other things, and impairing their standing as well-informed folk. All in all, a bold experiment, and we shall be interested in seeing how it works out.

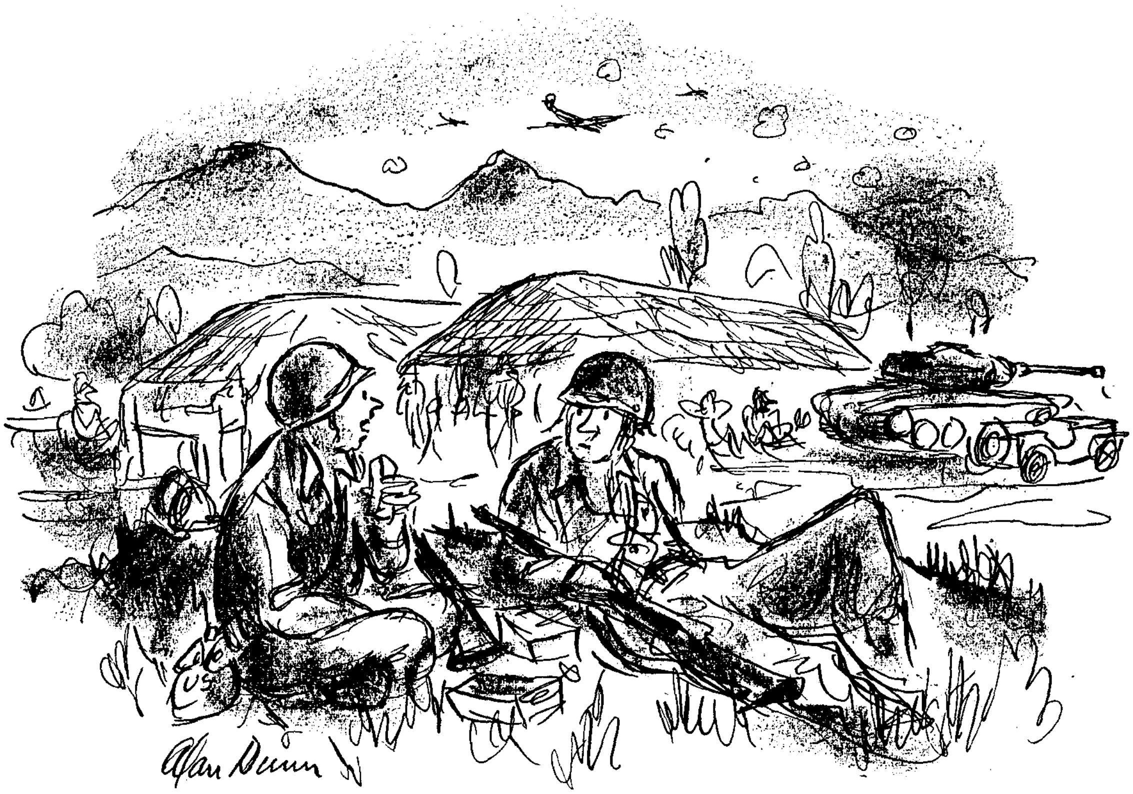
Old Man in the Sun

WHEN Carlouste Sarkis Gulbenkian agreed to send some of the paintings in his collection to the National Gallery, in Washington, where they go on display October 8th, it was thought that he might come along, too, for his first visit to this country, but he wrote that he'd be too busy to get away. If he had come, interest in his arrival would probably not have been widespread, so amazingly obscure has he remained during a long and remarkable life, but among three specialized groups—art, oil, and finance—the interest would have been intense, for he is the world's No. 1 man in the first two fields and possibly in the third field, too. His collection of paintings is the finest privately owned one in existence, and in addition he has what may be the foremost collections of Italian silver, Egyptian sculpture, Greek coins and medallions, Persian tiles, medieval manuscripts, French first editions, fine bindings, Near Eastern glass, and eighteenth-century drawings. In oil, his interests are more extensive than any other individual's, and he's made more money out of oil than any other man alive. There's a story that Walter C. Teagle, when he was head of Standard Oil of New Jersey, was introduced at a party as the oil czar of the world and that he replied, "I'm not any oil czar of the world, but there is one, and you've never heard of him. His name is Gulbenkian, and he won't let me in to see him—just won't bother with me." Gulbenkian impresses financiers because he may well be the richest man on earth. We recently pinned down half a dozen men who know about both finance and Gulbenkian, and they all suspect that he has the biggest private fortune of the day; the estimates begin at a billion and range astronomically upward. The difficulty in calculating his wealth arises partly from the fact that it ultimately depends on how much oil will be produced by half a dozen or so rich oil fields in various sections of the globe, notably the Near East; what the attitude of various governments, including that of Russia, is going to be toward those fields as the years pass; and what the currency of twenty or thirty countries is worth and is going to be worth in the future. With all this, it would seem that Gulbenkian's greatest achievement is to have remained so little known. Compared to Gulbenkian, Zaharoff, "the mystery man of Europe," was as public a figure as Jimmy Walker.

It appears to be a fact that Gulbenkian was born on March 1, 1869, in Rumania, of Armenian parents. It is certain that his father and uncle were bankers in Constantinople and importers of kerosene from the Russian oil fields at Baku, and that he was sent to Paris to school and then to King's College, London University, where he majored in civil engineering. In 1890, his father dispatched him on a tour of the Baku fields. When he returned, he wrote an article for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and later expanded it into a book, his theme being that if French capitalists and engineers were to gain control of the Baku fields, then producing a good deal of the world's oil, France would be powerful enough to oust England from all of Asia. The French failing to act on this novel dog-eat-dog hint, the young man clammed up and threw in his lot with the British. By the time his father died, in the early eighteen-nineties, he was established in London as the manager of either a furniture factory or a branch of the family bank; local accounts differ. At any rate, he was soon serving as the London representative of various Russian oil producers, and this led him into association with the oil giants, individual and corporate, of the period. In a legal document, he once stated that he helped with the formation of the corporation out of which eventually grew the Royal Dutch-Shell combine, which, with its platoons of subsidiaries, became what admiring lawyers have fondly described as the world's most intricate trust. He remarked that while he was a director of a number of the early Shell subsidiaries, he "avoided any executive function which might create impediments to freedom." With his Shell interests and his unimpeded freedom, which he utilized to organize many other companies, involving deals and showdowns with some of the world's largest oil companies and several of its governments, he was rated as worth three or four hundred million by 1923. He and the late Sir Henri Deterding, who for years was head of the Shell combine, once had a private partnership. They fell out; "Personal jealousies and differences of opinion," Gulbenkian said later. They are presumed to have engaged in a life-and-death struggle, a concomitant of which was the dumping on the bourses of London, Paris, and Berlin of such vast blocks of Shell shares that the market value of the combine's stock dropped twelve and a half million pounds in a single day and depreciated more than a hundred and thirty million pounds in the course of a year. For a time, Sir Henri issued daily statements, which accused the Soviets of attempting to destroy Shell and take over the world's markets. What part, if any, Gulbenkian played in this war of the gods is not a matter of general knowledge—the few people who know what occurred have never said—but if it happened that he was selling short, and buying back Shell stock at the right times, he may have picked up a hundred million or so.



Oilmen and financial men regard Gulbenkian's early operations as child's play compared to the way in which, after fourteen years of corporate and political chess moves, he wound up with a five-per-cent interest in the Iraq Petroleum Company, formed by huge oil outfits of four countries—Great Britain, Holland, France, and the United States—to exploit the oil fields of what used to be Mesopotamia. These corporate giants were surprised to end up with an individual stockholder in their midst, but Gulbenkian, a specialist in Near East intrigue, had been on the ground early. Engineers estimate the oil reserves in the Iraq field at eight billion barrels, which would make Gulbenkian's potential, long-term profit around six hundred million dollars. Moreover, when American oil interests were preparing to exploit the much richer oil fields of Saudi Arabia, he called their attention to some small print in a certain document, and had to be taken care of substantially. King ibn-Saud, by the way, is a rival of Gulbenkian for the title of world's richest man. His private oil preserves are estimated to contain twenty billion barrels, and, his deal being that he is to be paid a royalty of twenty-two cents on each barrel, his potential take figures around four billion four hundred million. But that wealth is still in the ground, whereas Gulbenkian has an accumulation already taken out of the ground. The Nizam of Hyderabad, often cited as the richest man in the world, has a jewel collection worth around a hundred and fifty million, or about what Gulbenkian's art collections are worth, but the poor fellow's capital hardly exceeds a hundred million and his annual income is only around four million. One of Gulbenkian's problems has been income



"I wonder how the U.N. feels about postwar bonuses."

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taxes, of course. He doesn't like taxes and, with the aid of the best legal brains of a number of countries, is supposed to have been successful, on the whole, in avoiding them. His stock in Iraq Petroleum was originally held by a company called Participations & Investments, Ltd., with Canada as its place of business. It has moved several times since then, and at last reports was in Venezuela.

At the close of 1902, Gulbenkian, who in that year had become a British citizen, which he still is, took to spending most of his time in Paris, at the Ritz, and it was there that he picked up his first paintings, most of them bad. Unlike many rich men who buy art, he has become an expert, and he's as tough-minded about collecting as he is about oil. In 1922, he bought a house at 51 Avenue d'Iéna, in Paris, although he continued to live mostly at the Ritz, in which he had acquired an interest. The house is of four stories and has three basements, and is crammed with art treasures from bottom to top. Gulbenkian is said to combine art and oil activities occasionally. There is a story that he once persuaded the Egyptian government to part with a piece of sculpture by seeing that the government received a slight increase in royalties from an oil company he was interested in. In 1936, Gulbenkian lent his collection of Egyptian sculpture to the British Museum, and it remained there until last year, when it was lent to Washington's National Gallery. Of the forty paintings that are about to go on exhibit in Washington, thirty were lent to London's National Gallery in 1936, and the rest are recent purchases. (In 1943, a Gulbenkian agent is supposed to have outbid Hitler's and Göring's agents on a couple of paintings at a Paris auction.) The paintings are of all periods from Early Renaissance through French Impressionist.

In 1940, Gulbenkian accompanied the French government when it went to Vichy, and then proceeded on to Lisbon, where he established himself at the Hotel Aviz. He is still there, occupying six rooms, for which he pays forty-eight dollars a day, and from which, with the aid of the telephone and the telegraph, he guards his multitudinous investments. At eighty-one, he is stocky and completely bald, and has a gray brush mustache, luxuriant gray eyebrows, and gleaming black eyes. He trots, rather than walks, and a year ago astonished some American callers with a display of physical strength; he did pushups and Russian dances, and chinned himself on a shower-curtain rod. He engages by the week a large, rather shabby De Soto, with driver, holding that owning automobiles is a nuisance. He breakfasts in his room—late in the morning, apparently, for he doesn't have lunch until around four-thirty and dinner until nearly midnight. One of the accoutrements of his car is a folding chair, and frequently, when he goes driving of afternoons and spots a likely little square or park, he has the car stopped, hops out, sets up the chair, sits down, folds his hands in his lap, and enjoys the sun. His wife has quarters in the Palacio Hotel, in Estoril, a fashionable resort near Lisbon, but spends most of her time in Paris. They have two children—a daughter, Rita Essayin, whose husband is a director of several of Gulbenkian's companies, and a son, Nubar, who is a director of a great many. A few years ago, Nubar sued his father for ten million dollars, as a consequence of some trifling corporate misunderstanding, but the two are usually on friendly terms. The Gulbenkians who are in the rug business at 295 Fifth Avenue are cousins of the old man, but none of the members of the New York end of the family have seen him for forty years, and they don't correspond.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Victory Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, Ninth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, is holding a Pre-Christmas Sale.

Mrs. America

A FORMAL announcement card sent out by Mrs. America, Inc., alerting advertising circles to the fact that it has "Available for Endorsement Mrs. America, the Nation's Most Beautiful Married Woman and Perfect Housewife," came into our possession, and we paid a call on the president of the firm, Mr. Bert Nevins, also president of Bert Nevins, Inc., to learn more about Mrs. America, and, especially, to draw him out on the amazing coincidence of one lady's embracing two such superlative qualities. "Our contest is based on both these attributes," he told us straightforwardly, "so that's the term we use for the winner. After all, is Miss America the prettiest of *all* the girls in America? I suppose we could

"Look at it this way, Conroy—the longer they stay out, the longer you're a free man."

have said 'the most beautiful woman and perfect housewife who entered the Mrs. America contest,' but after all . . ." Mr. Nevins paused, and then, at our urging, went on, telling us that among the Bert Nevins, Inc., clients are Stardust Slips, the National Pretzel Bakers' Institute, and Murray Sices, who designs suits for women five feet five and under. "In 1938," said Mr. Nevins, "I originated the Mrs. America contest as a publicity stunt for the Palisades Amusement Park, another client. I had just got married myself—my wife was in publicity, too—so the idea was natural enough. We held the contest there, in a small way, until 1945. Then we set up Mrs. America, Inc. We made a deal with Lever Brothers, according to which they sent our 1945 Mrs. America on tour, featuring her at fashion shows as part of their department-store promotion for Lux. The next year, Charles Luckman became president of Lever Brothers and they dropped their fashion shows, so we tied in with a Mississippi cotton concern. The year after that, we made contact with Asbury Park, which had been looking for a post-Labor Day project along the lines of the post-Labor Day *Miss* America pageant at Atlantic City. We've been holding our final at Asbury ever since, and the mayor is our honorary chairman.

"The way we work it now," continued Mr. Nevins, "we have thirty-one regional elimination contests during the late summer, each sponsored by a radio or television station or a Chamber of Commerce, which buys the privilege from us. It's *not* a beauty contest. Mrs. America doesn't have to be a raving beauty, although we think this year's Mrs. America is. I may not be the one to make the statement, but last year everybody admitted that Mrs. America was prettier than Miss America. We had five thousand entrants this year. They have to produce a marriage certificate, or photostat of one, and have to be not only married but living with their husbands, and they have to tell on the entry blanks how many years they've been crocheting and have to give a novel way of using a broomcorn broom in housecleaning." Mr. Nevins stopped and looked at us squarely. "Among our national sponsors are a spool-cotton company that makes crocheting thread, and the National Broom Manufacturers Association. Then there's a cooking question. That's a tie-in with the Chambers Gas Range people. Our youngest contestant in the final this year was sixteen and the mother of twins. Our oldest was thirty-nine. Our winner, Mrs. Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is twenty-five. She has two children, and her husband is a beer salesman. She grilled a cheese sandwich in the cooking division at Asbury. It was the way she decorated it that was impressive. She cut it up in novel shapes and put on a lot of what-do-you-call-it—parsley, I guess. You know, that green stuff.

"Mrs. America's touring around state fairs and homemaking shows right now. We own the trademark on the title, and each year we loan it to the winner. That's the legal situation. She gets modelling fees when we line up endorsements for her, and she gets fees for some personal appearances. I never press any Mrs. America to do anything that would interfere with her home life, though. Last year's winner probably made between twelve and fifteen thousand in addition to her prize money. We got her testimonials for Simmons beds and mattresses and for the Kresge stores' hosiery. Both companies have signed up again, and we also have Exquisite Form Brassières, June Patton dresses, and some other irons in the fire. Also, we're having a weekly newspaper syndicate feature—'Queen for a Year'—ghosted for Mrs. America. My real goal is to develop an annual radio or television thing, so that Mrs. America can work out of her own home, chatting about this and that, and excusing herself to her audience while she goes out to the kitchen to look at the stove. You know, one of our problems is that we have to run our final so close to our eliminations. People say to me, 'Why not have a longer gap between, and cash in on two separate rounds of publicity?' Well, that may be all right for *Miss* America, but, after all, when you're dealing with married women . . ."

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LATEST culling from a sheet of paper in a department-store demonstration typewriter: "Dear Sir, I wish to apply for a position as a typist and am sending a sampel of my work."

Family Reunion

WE miss more moments of history than we hit, and it's not surprising that as General Romulo was calling to order the first meeting of the fifth session of the General Assembly, on the afternoon of September 19th, we were negligently wandering up the road toward the big circle of flags in front of the General Assembly Building, at Flushing Meadow. We were engaged in a study of the makes of various delegation cars parked along the way—Norway, a Buick; Chile, a Dodge, for example. Inside the building, we spent the duration of the meeting poking about the corridors, offices, and lounges that fill the outskirts of the Assembly Hall. Even though it was the first day, there was an agreeable air of the habitual about the place; it was, we thought, rather as if the delegates were a large but not uncongenial family returning to a rambling, newly reopened house that they might for amusement pretend to explore but every room and stairway of which they knew by heart. We got an over-all impression of good humor, preoccupation, and high purpose, with just the faintest whiff of intrigue. "The *femmes fatales* are out in force today," a man in the foyer of the building said, and, by George, we *did* see several fairly mysterious-looking women slinking around, batting their great eyes and otherwise rousing the old Adam.

We stopped in at the press office of the Secretariat, and a lady there described the situation as hopping. "An hour ago, it was even more hopping," she said. "The Queen Elizabeth docked at noon, with quite a few delegates aboard, and they all arrived here at practically the same time. Every seat on the floor, in the public gallery, and in the press gallery is filled—a madhouse, just as it should be." We repaired to the press bar, before which we found a couple of dozen gossiping journalists. "You walk out on Poland, too?" one of them asked a companion. "Yeah, I already know that speech," the companion replied. "Heard it in '46 in London, in '47 here, in '48 in Paris . . ." In the delegates' lounge, downstairs, we found only a bartender, a girl talking French on the telephone, a lone Hindu, and a delegate, nationality undetectable, feeding an olive on a toothpick to a very young *femme fatale.*

The meeting adjourned at 6:29, and the delegates began rushing into town for a party the United States delegation was throwing at the Waldorf. We took up a position just outside the General Assembly Building and continued our study of the international automotive problem. The delegates stood in a tightly packed crowd between the driveway and the building, clambering up into their cars—or, in the case of Hudsons, down into their cars—as fast as they pulled up, which was not very fast. An English lady asked us "How is one to know where one's car is unless one's driver has a megaphone?" and one was unable to answer her. In the throng we spotted two Yemenite delegates wearing daggers at their waists; Mrs. Roosevelt, with a furpiece in one hand and a badly worn briefcase in the other; and a gentleman in a morning coat and sarong. We learned from a delegate that the wearer of this charming East-West combination was Ratu Sir Lala Sukuna, a Fiji Islander who serves as an adviser to the British delegation. In the midst of the crush, a head suddenly shot up through a window in the roof of one car, a voice called out, "South African fifty-four," and then the head slowly sank out of sight. A photographer approached a hearty-looking Indian delegate, said, "Excuse me, Your Highness," and, as the delegate turned and grinned, snapped his picture. We asked the photographer who His Highness might be. Quick as a wink, the photographer replied, "Lieutenant-General His Highness the Maharajah Jam Sahab of Nawanagar Rajpramukh of Saurashtra. Want me to spell it?" We said we would be obliged, and he did.

Once the delegates had been dispatched to the Waldorf, we went back into the press office, where we found that the entire day's proceedings had already been mimeographed and were being handed out to correspondents. In the hall outside the Reuters office, two English journalists were having a spot of talk, which went about as follows: "Hello there, lad." "Hello! Have you heard the result of the test vote in Commons, by any chance?" "Labour won, by six votes." "I say! Any abstentions?" "Maybe a Liberal or two. Did you see Ernie out there today?" "Yes, I thought him in pretty good form, old Ernie." We then went to have a look inside the Assembly Hall. Two men were sweeping up the floor, to the slow sounds of a waltz from a loudspeaker in the ceiling.

Mournful Numbers

A SIX-YEAR-OLD Summit, New Jersey, lad who has just learned to count into the hundreds asked his mother what the very last number is—"the very, very last number." She told him that there isn't any last number, that as far as you go there are always more numbers ahead of you, and was complimenting herself on having neatly slipped the conception of infinity into his consciousness when she noticed that he was quietly crying.

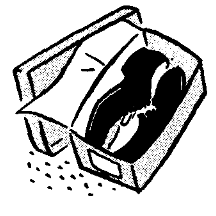
CLOUDLAND REVISITED

WHY, DOCTOR, WHAT BIG GREEN EYES YOU HAVE!

HALFWAY through the summer of 1916, I was living on the rim of Narragansett Bay, a fur-bearing adolescent with cheeks as yet unscarred by my first Durham Duplex razor, when I read a book that exerted a considerable influence on my bedtime habits. Up to then, I had slept in normal twelve-year-old fashion, with the lights full on, a blanket muffling my head from succubi and afreets, a chair wedged under the doorknob, and a complex network of strings festooned across the room in a way scientifically designed to entrap any trespasser, corporeal or not. On finishing the romance in question, however, I realized that the protection I had been relying on was woefully inadequate and that I had merely been crowding my luck. Every night thereafter, before retiring, I spent an extra half hour barricading the door with a chest of drawers, sprinkling tacks along the window sills, and strewing crumpled newspapers about the floor to warn me of approaching footsteps. As a minor added precaution, I slept under the bed, a ruse that did not make for refreshing slumber but at least threw my enemies off the scent. Whether it was constant vigilance or natural stamina, I somehow survived, and, indeed, received a surprising number of compliments on my appearance when I returned to grammar school that fall. I guess nobody in those parts had ever seen a boy with snow-white hair and a green skin.

Perhaps the hobgoblins who plagued me in that Rhode Island beach cottage were no more virulent than the reader's own childhood favorites, but the particular one I was introduced to in the book I've mentioned could hold up his head in any concourse of fiends. Even after thirty-five years, the lines that ushered him onstage still cause an involuntary shudder:

"Imagine a person, tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present, with all the resources, if you will, of a wealthy government—which, however, already has denied all knowledge of his existence. . . . This man, whether a fanatic or a duly appointed agent, is, unquestionably, the most malign and formidable personality existing in the world today. He is a linguist who speaks with almost equal facility in any of the civilized languages, and in most of the barbaric. He is an adept in all the arts and sciences which a great university could teach him. He also is an adept in certain obscure arts and sciences which *no* university of today can teach. He has the brains of any three men of genius. . . . Imagine that awful being, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the yellow peril incarnate in one man."

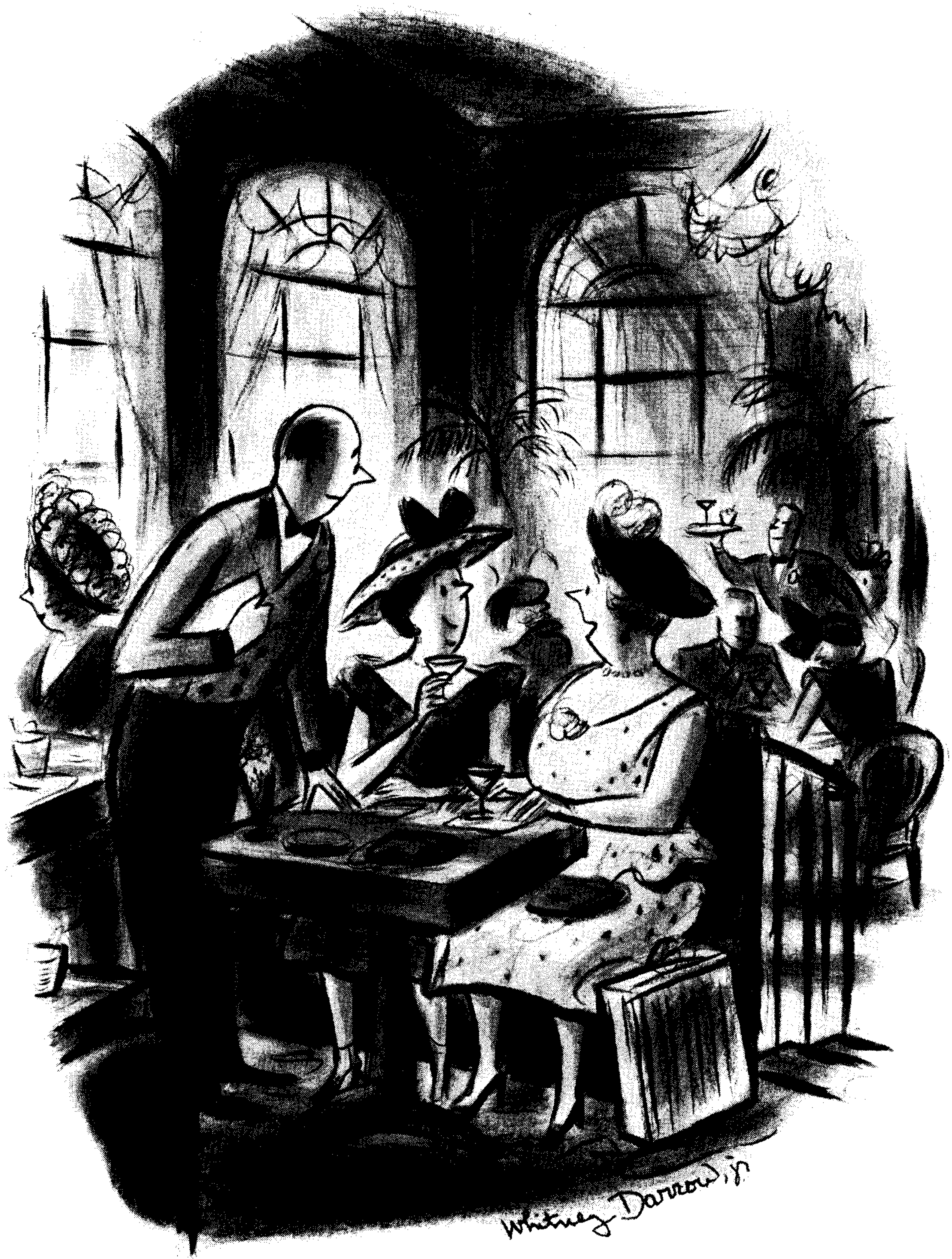


Yes, it is the reptilian Doctor himself, one of the most sinister figures ever to slither out of a novelist's inkwell, and many a present-day comic book, if the truth were told, is indebted to his machinations, his underground laboratories, carnivorous orchids, rare Oriental poisons, dacoits, and stranglers. An authentic vampire in the great tradition, Fu-Manchu horrified the popular imagination in a long series of best-sellers by Sax Rohmer, passed through several profitable reincarnations in Hollywood, and (I thought) retired to the limbo of the second-hand bookshop, remembered only by a few slippered pantaloons like me. Some while ago, though, a casual reference by my daughter to Thuggee over her morning oatmeal made me prick up my ears. On close questioning, I found she had been bedevilling herself with "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu," the very volume that had induced my youthful fantods. I delivered a hypocritical little lecture, worthy of Pecksniff, in which I pointed out that Laurence Hope's "Indian Love" was far more suitable for her age level, and, confiscating the book, holed up for a retrospective look at it. I see now how phlegmatic I have become with advancing age. Apart from causing me to cry out occasionally in my sleep and populating my pillow with a swarm of nonexistent spiders, Rohmer's thriller was as abrasive to the nerves as a cup of Ovaltine.

THE plot of "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" is at once engagingly simple and monstrously confused. In essence, it is a duel of wits between the malevolent Celestial, who dreams of a world dominated by his countrymen, and Commissioner Nayland Smith, a purportedly brilliant sleuth, whose confidant, Dr. Petrie, serves as narrator. Fu-Manchu comes to England bent on the extermination of half a dozen distinguished Foreign Office servants, Orientalists, and other buttinskies privy to his scheme; Smith and Petrie constantly scud about in a web-footed attempt to warn the prey, who are usually defunct by the time they arrive, or busy themselves with being waylaid, sandbagged, drugged, kidnapped, poisoned, or garrotted by Fu-Manchu's deputies. These assaults, however, are never downright lethal, for regularly, at the eleventh hour, a beautiful slave of Fu-Manchu named Kâramanèh betrays her master and delivers the pair from jeopardy. The story, consequently, has somewhat the same porous texture as a Pearl White serial. An episode may end with Smith and Petrie plummeting through a trapdoor to nameless horrors below; the next opens on them comfortably sipping whiskey-and-soda in their chambers, analyzing their hairbreadth escape and speculating about the adversary's next move. To synopsize this kind of ectoplasmic yarn with any degree of fidelity would be to connive at criminal boredom, and I have no intention of doing so, but it might be fruitful to dip a spoon into the curry at random to gain some notion of its flavor.

Lest doubt prevail at the outset as to the utter malignancy of Fu-Manchu, the author catapults Nayland Smith into Petrie's rooms in the dead of night with the following portentous declaration of his purpose: "Petrie, I have travelled from Burma not in the interests of the British government merely, but in the interest of the entire white race, and I honestly believe—though I pray I may be wrong—that its survival depends largely on the success of my mission." Can Petrie, demands Smith, spare a few days from his medical duties for "the strangest business, I promise you, that ever was recorded in fact or fiction"? He gets the expected answer: "I agreed readily enough, for, unfortunately, my professional duties were not onerous." The alacrity with which doctors of that epoch deserted their practice has never ceased to impress me. Holmes had only to crook his finger and Watson went bowling away in a four-wheeler, leaving his patients to fend for themselves. If the foregoing is at all indicative, the mortality rate of London in the nineteen-hundreds must have been appalling; the average physician seems to have spent much less time in diagnosis than in mousing around Wapping Old Stairs with a dark lantern. The white race, apparently, was a lot tougher than one would suspect.

At any rate, the duo hasten forthwith to caution a worthy named Sir Crichton



"Do you think we should have a second one, Clara? Remember, we've got to go down those steps."

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Davey that his life is in peril, and, predictably, discover him already cheesed off. His death, it develops, stemmed from a giant red centipede, lowered down the chimney of his study by Fu-Manchu's dacoits, regarding whom Smith makes the charmingly offhand statement "Oh, dacoity, though quiescent, is by no means extinct." Smith also seizes the opportunity to expatiate on the archcriminal in some fairly delicious double-talk: "As to his mission among men. Why did M. Jules Furneaux fall dead in a Paris opera-house? Because of heart failure? No! Because his last speech had shown that he held the key to the secret of Tongking. What became of the Grand Duke Stanislaus? Elopement? Suicide? Nothing of the kind. He alone was fully alive to Russia's growing peril. He alone knew the truth about Mongolia. Why was Sir Crichton Davey murdered? Because, had the work he was engaged upon ever seen the light, it would have shown him to be the only living Englishman who understood the importance of the Tibetan frontiers." In between these rhetorical flourishes, Petrie is accosted by Kâramanèh, Fu-Manchu's houri, who is bearing a deadly perfumed letter intended to destroy Smith. The device fails, but the encounter begets a romantic interest that saves Petrie's neck on his next excursion. Disguised as rough seafaring men, he and Smith have tracked down Fu-Manchu at Singapore Charlie's, an opium shop on the Thames dockside. Here, for the first time, Petrie gets a good hinge at the monster's eyes: ". . . their unique horror lay in a certain filminess (it made me think of the *membrana nictitans* in a bird) which, obscuring them as I threw wide the door, seemed to lift as I actually passed the threshold, revealing the eyes in all their brilliant viridescence." Before he can polish his ornithological metaphor, however, Petrie is plunged through a trapdoor into the river, the den goes up in flames, and it looks like curtains for the adventurous physician. But Providence, in the form of a hideous old Chinese, intervenes. Stripping off his ugly, grinning mask, he discloses himself as Kâramanèh; she extends her false pigtail to Petrie and, after pulling him to safety, melts into the night. It is at approximately this juncture that one begins to appreciate how lightly the laws of probability weighed on Sax Rohmer. Once you step with him into Never-Never Land, the grave's the limit, and no character is deemed extinct until you can use his skull as a paperweight.

Impatient at the snail's pace with which his conspiracy is maturing, Fu-Manchu now takes the buttons off the foils. He tries to abduct a missionary who has flummoxed his plans in China, but succeeds only in slaying the latter's collie and destroying his manservant's memory—on the whole, a pretty footling morning's work. He then pumps chlorine gas into a sarcophagus belonging to Sir Lionel Barton, a bothersome explorer, with correspondingly disappointing results; this time the bag is a sneaky Italian secretary and a no-account Chinese houseboy.

The villain's next foray is more heartening. He manages to overpower Smith and Petrie by some unspecified means (undoubtedly the "rather rare essential oil" that Smith says he has met with before, "though never in Europe") and chains them up in his noisome cellars. The scene wherein he twits his captives has a nice poetic lilt: "A marmoset landed on the shoulder of Dr. Fu-Manchu and peered grotesquely into the dreadful yellow face. The Doctor raised his bony hand and fondled the little creature, crooning to it. 'One of my pets, Mr. Smith,' he said, suddenly opening his eyes fully so that they blazed like green lamps. 'I have others, equally useful. My scorpions—have you met my scorpions? No? My pythons and hamadryads? Then there are my fungi and my tiny allies, the bacilli. I have a collection in my laboratory quite unique. Have you ever visited Molokai, the leper island, Doctor? No? But Mr. Nayland Smith will be familiar with the asylum at Rangoon! And we must not forget my black spiders, with their diamond eyes—my spiders, that sit in the dark and watch—then leap!' " Yet, having labored to create so auspicious a buildup, the author inexplicably cheats his suspense and lets it go for naught. No sooner has Fu-Manchu turned his back to attend to a poisoned soufflé in the oven than Kâramanèh pops up and strikes off the prisoners' gyves, and the whole grisly quadrille starts all over again. Smith and Petrie, without so much as a change of deerstalker hats, nip away to warn another prospective victim, and run full tilt into a covey of *phansigars*, the religious stranglers familiar to devotees of the *American Weekly* as Thugs. They outwit them, to be sure, but the pace is beginning to tell on Petrie, who observes ruefully, "In retrospect, that restless time offers a chaotic prospect, with few peaceful spots amid its turmoils." Frankly, I don't know what Petrie is beefing about. My compassion goes out, rather, to his patients, whom I envision by now as driven by default to extracting their own tonsils and quarrying each other's gallstones. *They're* the ones who need sympathy, Petrie, old boy.

With puff adders, tarantulas, and highbinders blooming in every hedgerow, the hole-and-corner pursuit of Fu-Manchu drums along through the next hundred pages at about the same tempo, resolutely shying away from climaxes like Hindus from meat. Even the episode in which Smith and Petrie, through the good offices of Kâramanèh, eventually hold the Doctor at gun point aboard his floating laboratory in the Thames proves just a pretext for further bombination about those filmy greenish eyes; a shower of adjectives explodes in the reader's face, and he is whisked off on a hunt for certain stolen plans of an aero-torpedo, an interlude that veers dangerously close to the exploits of the indomitable Tom Swift. The sequence that follows, as rich in voodoo as it is innocent of logic, is heavily fraught with hypnosis, Fu-Manchu having unaccountably imprisoned a peer named Lord Southery and Kâramanèh's brother Aziz in a cataleptic trance. They are finally revived by injections of a specific called the Golden Elixir—a few drops of which I myself could have used to advantage at this point—and the story sashays fuzzily into its penultimate phase. Accompanied by a sizable police detail, Smith, Petrie, and a Scotland Yard inspector surprise Fu-Manchu in an opium sleep at his hideout. A dénouement seems unavoidable, but if there was one branch of literary hopscotch Rohmer excelled in, it was avoiding dénouements. When the three leaders of the party recover consciousness (yes, the indispensable trapdoor again, now on a wholesale basis), they lie bound and gagged in a subterranean vault, watching their captor sacrifice their subordinates by pelting them with poisonous toadstools. The prose rises to an almost lyrical pitch: "Like powdered snow the white spores fell from the roof, frosting the writhing shapes of the already poisoned men. Before my horrified gaze, *the fungus grew;* it spread from the head to the feet of those it touched; it enveloped them as in glittering shrouds. 'They die like flies!' screamed Fu-Manchu, with a sudden febrile excitement; and I felt assured of something I had long suspected: that that magnificent, perverted brain was the brain of a homicidal maniac—though Smith would never accept the theory." Since no hint is given of what theory Smith preferred, we have to fall back on conjecture. More than likely, he smiled indulgently under his gag and dismissed the whole escapade as the prankishness of a spoiled, self-indulgent child.

LETTER TO AN IDEOLOGICAL BEDFELLOW

Admitted, Sir, that all along
(As we agreed the other night)
I have most stubbornly been wrong
And you unalterably right—
By accident. But that's the most
Which you, complacent Sir, can boast.

My credo bore the taint of youth,
It was not molded out of terror.
In hatred you embraced the truth.
From love I wooed the flagrant error.
It is my penance, not my pride,
To stand in public at your side.

If stand I must, as people do
When winds of conscience prick and freshen,
Mark this: My false was partly true.
I am not one, with your procession,
Who chanced to prove, through troubled seasons,
Right—for the wrong, familiar reasons.

—Phyllis McGinley

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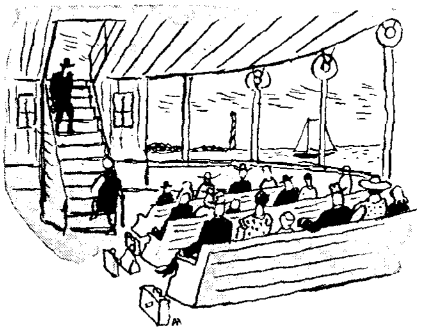
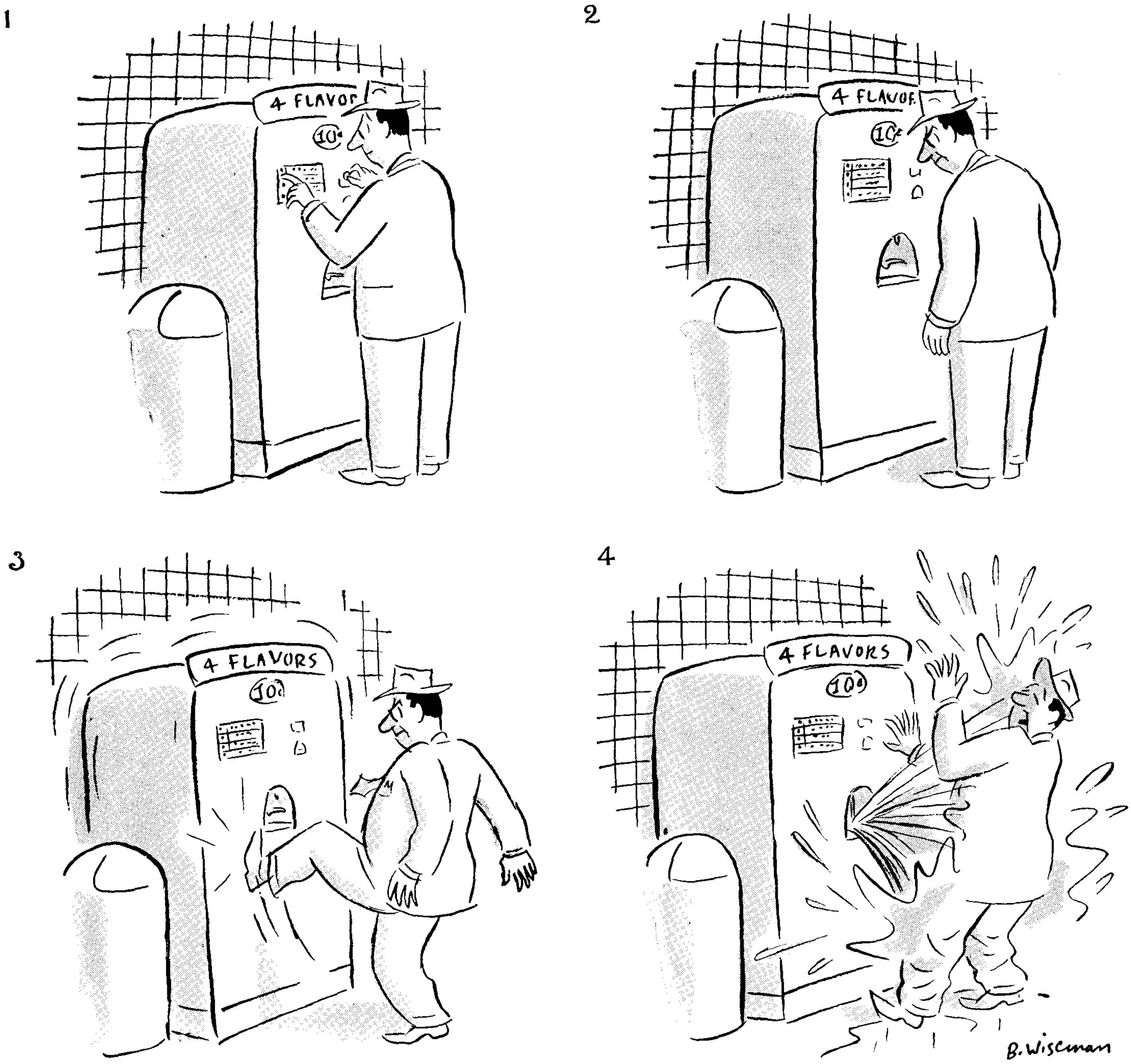


The ensuing events, while gaudy, are altogether too labyrinthine to unravel. As a matter of fact, they puzzled Rohmer, too. He says helplessly, "Any curiosity with which this narrative may leave the reader burdened is shared by the writer." After reading that, my curiosity shrank to the vanish-



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ing point; I certainly wasn't going to beat my brains out over a riddle the author himself did not pretend to understand. With a superhuman effort, I rallied just enough inquisitiveness to turn to the last page for some clue to Fu-Manchu's end. It takes place, as nearly as I could gather, in a blazing cottage outside London, and the note he addresses to his antagonists clears the way for plenty of sequels: "To Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie—Greeting! I am recalled home by One who may not be denied. In much that I came to do I have failed. Much that I have done I would undo; some little I have undone. Out of fire I came—the smoldering fire of a thing one day to be a consuming flame; in fire I go. Seek not my ashes. I am the lord of the fires! Farewell. Fu-Manchu."

I DARESAY it was the combination of this passage, the cheery hearth in front of which I reread it, and my underwrought condition, but I thought I detected in the Doctor's valedictory an unmistakable mandate. Rising stealthily, I tiptoed up to my daughter's bedchamber and peered in. A shaft of moonlight picked out her ankles protruding from beneath the bed, where she lay peacefully sleeping, secure from dacoity and Thuggee. Obviously, it would take more than a little crackle of the flames below to arouse her. I slipped downstairs and, loosening the binding of "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu" to insure a good supply of oxygen, consigned the lord of the fires to his native element. As he crumbled into ash, I could have sworn I smelled a rather rare essential oil and felt a pair of baleful green eyes fixed on me from the staircase. It was probably the cat, though I really didn't take the trouble to check. I just strolled into the kitchen, made sure there was no trapdoor under the icebox, and curled up for the night. That's how phlegmatic a chap gets in later life. —S. J. PERELMAN

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LOST—Watch at wrestling match Friday night. Type with removable face for winding sentimental valve. $25.00 reward. No questions. Call 2-2911.—*Adv. in Montgomery (Ala.) Journal.*

Must be almost like losing one's child.

OLD STOCK

THE train creaked through the soft, heat-promising morning like an elderly, ambulatory sofa. Nosing along, it pushed its corridor of paper-spattered floors and old plush seats through towns whose names—Crystal Run, Mamakating—were as soft as the morning, and whose dusty little central hearts—all livery stable, freight depot, and yard buildings with bricked-up windows and faded sides that said "Purina Chows"—were as down-at-the-heel as the train that strung them together.

Hester, feeling the rocking stir of the journey between her thighs, hanging her head out of the window with her face snubbed against the hot breeze, tried to seize and fix each picture as it passed. At fifteen, everything she watched and heard seemed like a footprint on the trail of some eventuality she rode to meet, which never resolved but filled her world with a verve of waiting.

Opposite her, her mother sat with the shuttered, conscious look she always assumed in public places. Today there was that added look Hester also knew well, that prim display of extra restraint her mother always wore in the presence of other Jews whose grosser features, voices, manners offended her sense of gentility all the more out of her resentful fear that she might be identified with them. Today the train rang with their mobile gestures, and at each station crowds of them got off—great-breasted, starched mothers trailing mincing children and shopping bags stuffed with food, gawky couples digging each other in the side with their elbows, girls in beach pajamas, already making the farthest use of their smiles and great, effulgent eyes. At each station, they were met by the battered Fords and wagons that serviced the farms which would accommodate them, where for a week or two they would litter the tight Catskill towns with their swooping gaiety and their weary, rapacious hope.

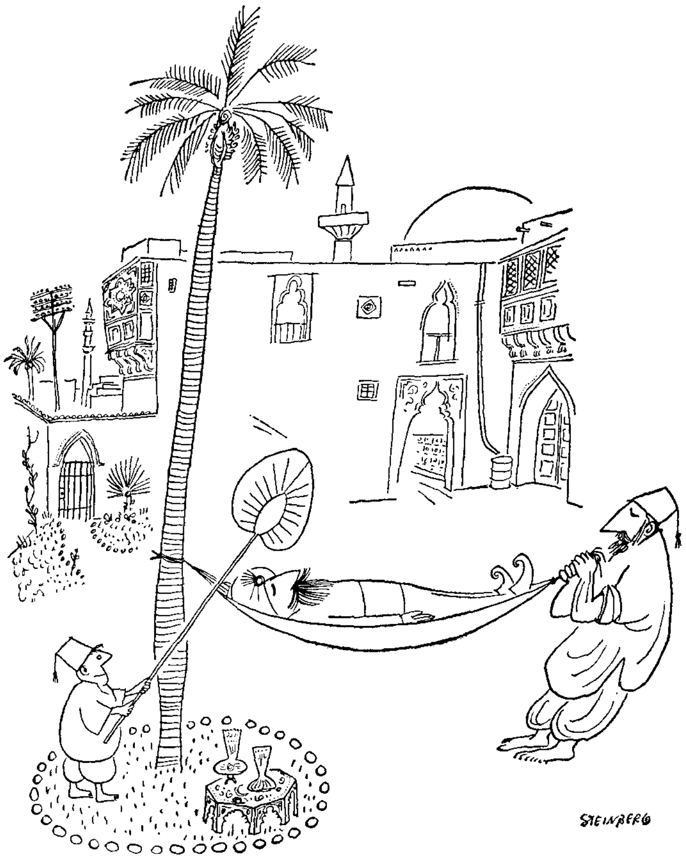
"Wild!" said Mrs. Elkin, sotto voce, pursing her mouth and tucking her chin in her neck. "Your hair and that getup! Always so wild." Hester, inured, understood that the indictment was as much for the rest of the train as for herself. Each summer for the past three years, ever since Mr. Elkin's business had been doing poorly and the family had been unable to afford the summer rental in Westchester, Mrs. Elkin had resisted the idea of Old Corner Farm, and each year she had given in, for they were still of a status which made it unthinkable that they would not leave New York for some part of the season. This year and last, they had not been able to manage it until September, with its lowered rates, but it would have been a confession of defeat for Mr. Elkin had he not been able to say during the week to casual business acquaintances, "Family's up in the country. I go up weekends." Once at the farm—although the guests there were of a somewhat different class from the people in this train, most of them arriving in their own cars and one or two with nursegirls for the children—Mrs. Elkin would hold herself aloof at first, bending over her embroidery hoop on the veranda, receiving the complimentary "What gorgeous work you do!" with a *moue* of distaste for the flamboyant word that was a hallmark of what she hated in her own race, politely refusing proffered rides to the village, finally settling the delicate choice of summer intimacy on some cowed spinster or recessive widow whom life had dampened to the necessary refinement. For Mrs. Elkin walked through the world swinging the twangy words "refined," "refinement," like a purifying censer before her.

Hester, roused momentarily from her dream of the towns, looked idly across at her mother's neat navy-and-white version of the late-summer uniform of the unadventurous and the well bred. Under any hat, in any setting, her mother always looked enviably right, and her face, purged of those youthful exoticisms it once might well have had, had at last attained a welcomed anonymity, so that now it was like a medallion whose blurred handsomeness bore no denomination other than the patent, accessible one of "lady." Recently, Hester had begun to doubt the very gentility of her mother's exorcistic term itself, but she was still afraid to say so, to put a finger on this one of the many ambiguities that confronted her on every side. For nowadays it seemed to her that she was like someone forming a piece of crude statuary which had to be reshaped each day—that it was not her own character which was being formed but that she was putting together, from whatever clues people would let her have, the shifty, elusive character of the world.

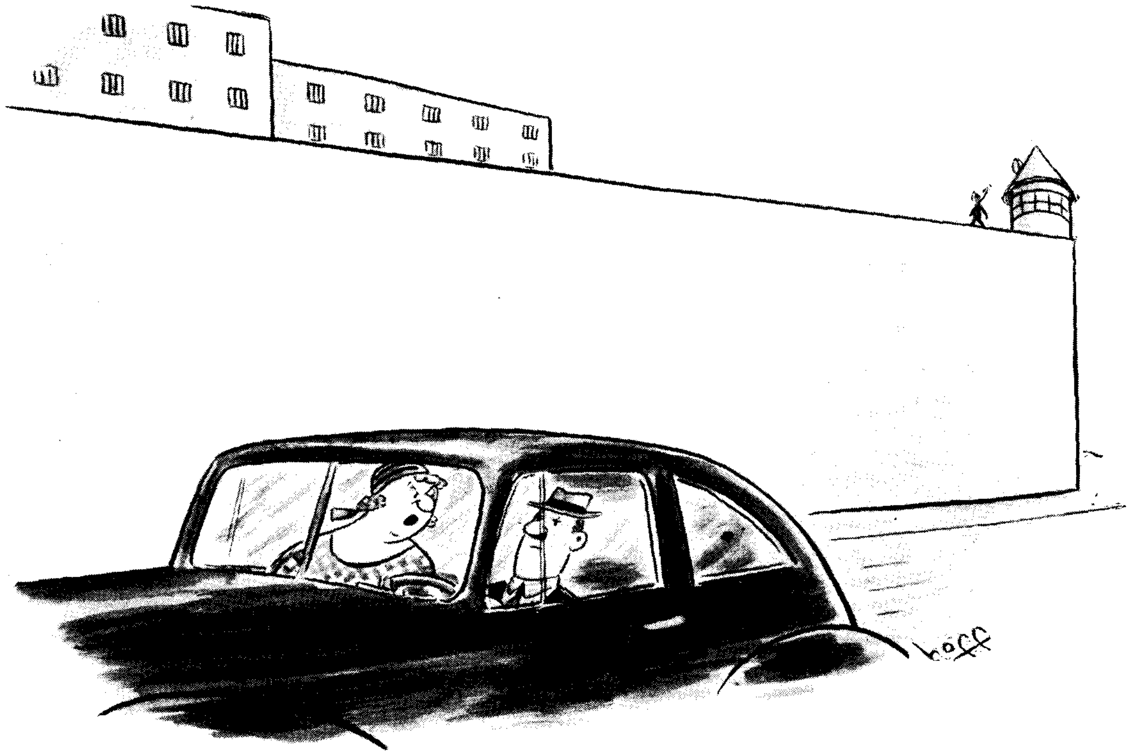
"Summitville!" the conductor called, poking his head into the car.

Hester and her mother got off the train with a crowd of others. Their feet crunched in the cinders of the path. The shabby snake of the train moved forward through its rut in the checkerboard hills. Several men who had been leaning on battered Chevvies ran forward, hawking persistently, but Mrs. Elkin shook her head. "There's Mr. Smith!" She waved daintily at an old man standing beside a truck. They were repeat visitors. They were being met.

Mrs. Elkin climbed into the high seat and sat tight-elbowed between Mr. Smith and Hester, denying the dusty indignity of the truck. The Smiths, people with hard faces the color of snuff, made no concession to boarders other than clean lodging and massive food. Mr. Smith, whose conversation and clothing were equally gnarled, drove silently on. At the first sight of him, of old Mr. Smith, with his drooping scythe of mustache, Hester, in one



jolt, had remembered everything from the summers before.



"And just why can't you feel sorry for them?"

THE farm they travelled toward lay in a valley off the road from Kerhonkson to Accord. The house, of weather-beaten stone, was low and thick, like a blockhouse still retreating suspiciously behind a stockade long since gone; upstairs, beaverboard had partitioned it into many molasses-tinted rooms. In front of it would be the covered well, where the summer people made a ceremony of their dilettante thirst, the children forever sawing on the pulley, the grown-ups smacking their lips over the tonic water not drawn from pipes. Mornings, after breakfast, the city children gravitated to the barn with the indecipherable date over its lintel and stood silent watching the cows, hearing their soft droppings, smelling the fecund smell that was like the perspiration the earth made in moving. Afterward, Hester, usually alone, followed the path down to the point where the brown waters of Schoharie Creek, which featherstitched the countryside for miles, ran, darkly overhung, across a great fan of ledges holding in their center one deep, minnow-flecked pool, like a large hazel eye.

"There's Miss Onderdonk's!" Hester said suddenly. They were passing a small, square house that still preserved the printlike, economical look of order of old red brick houses, although its once-white window frames were weathered and shutterless, and berry bushes, advancing from the great thorny bower of them at the back, scraggled at the first-floor windows and scratched at the three stone steps that brinked the rough-cut patch of lawn. A collie, red-gold and white, lay on the top step. "There's Margaret!" she added. "Oh, let's go see them after lunch!"

A minute before, if asked, Hester could not have told the name of the dog, but now she remembered everything: Miss Onderdonk, deaf as her two white cats, which she seemed to prize for their affliction (saying often how it was related in some way to their blue eyes and stainless fur), and Miss Onderdonk's parlor, with a peculiar, sooty darkness in its air that Hester had never seen anywhere else, as if shoe blacking had been mixed with it, or as if the only sources of light in it were the luminous reflections from the horsehair chairs. Two portraits faced you as you entered from the bare, poor wood of the kitchen; in fact, you had only to turn on your heel from the splintered drainboard or the match-cluttered oilstove to see them—Miss Onderdonk's "great-greats"—staring nastily from their unlashed eyes, their pale faces and hands emerging from their needle-fine ruffles. The left one, the man, with a face so wide and full it must surely have been redder in life, kept his sneer directly on you, but the woman, her long chin resting in the ruffle, one forefinger and thumb pinching at the lush green velvet of her dress as if to draw it away, stared past you into the kitchen, at the bare drainboard and the broken-paned window above it.

Last year, Hester had spent much of her time "helping Miss Onderdonk," partly because there was no one her own age at the farm with whom to while away the long afternoons, partly because Miss Onderdonk's tasks were so different from anyone else's, since she lived, as she said, "offen the land." Miss Onderdonk was one of those deaf persons who do not chatter; her remarks hung singly, like aphorisms, in Hester's mind. "All white cats are deaf." "Sugar, salt, lard—bacon, flour, tea. The rest is offen the land." The articles thus enumerated lodged firmly in Hester's memory, shaped like the canisters so marked that contained the only groceries Miss Onderdonk seemed to have. Most of the time, when Hester appeared, Miss Onderdonk did not spare a greeting but drew her by an ignoring silence into the task at hand—setting out pans of berries to ferment in the hot sun, culling the warty carrots and spotted tomatoes from her dry garden. Once, when she and Hester were picking blackberries from bushes so laden that, turning slowly, they could pick a quart in one spot, Hester, plucking a fat berry, had also plucked a bee on its other side.

"Best go home. Best go home and mud it," Miss Onderdonk had said, and had turned back to the tinny plop of berries in her greedy pail. She had not offered mud. Hester, returning the next day, had not even felt resentment, for there was something about Miss Onderdonk, even if one did not quite like her, that compelled. As she worked at her endless ministrations to herself in her faded kitchen and garden, she was just like any other old maid, city or country, whose cottony hair was prigged tight from nightly crimpings never brushed free, whose figure, boarded up in an arid dress, made Hester gratefully, uneasily aware of her own body, fresh and moist. But when Miss Onderdonk stepped into her parlor, when she sat with her hands at rest on the carved knurls of the rocker or, standing near the open calf-bound book that chronicled the Onderdonk descent from De Witt Clinton, clasped her hands before her on some invisible pommel—then her role changed. When she stepped into her parlor, Miss Onderdonk swelled.

"How *is* Miss Onderdonk, Mr. Smith?" Mrs. Elkin asked lightly.

"The same," Mr. Smith kept his eyes on the road.

They turned in to the narrow dirt road that led off the highway down to the farm. Hester recognized a familiar curve in the sweep of surrounding hills, patch-quilted with crops. "There are hardly any white patches this year," she said.

Mr. Smith flicked a look at her, almost as if she had said something sensible. "People don't eat much buckwheat any more," he said, and brought the truck to a bumpy stop in front of the covered well.

Hester and her mother ran the gantlet of interested glances on the porch and went up to their room. The room had a mail-order austerity, with nothing in it that was not neutralized for the transient except the dim cross-stitch doily on the dresser. Hester was glad to see their clothing shut away in the tar-paper wardrobe, sorry to see their toilet articles, the beginning of clutter, ranged on the dresser. This was the most exciting moment of all, before the room settled down with your own coloration, before the people you would get to know were explored.

"I saw that Mrs. Garfunkel on the porch," she said.

Her mother said "Yes" as if she had pins in her mouth, and went on putting things in drawers.

Mrs. Garfunkel was one of the ones who said "gorgeous;" it was perhaps her favorite word. A young matron with reddish hair, chunky, snub features, and skin tawnied over with freckles, she had the look of a Teddy bear fresh from the shop. Up here, she dressed very quietly, with an absence of heels and floppy sunwear that, with her pug features, might have satisfied certain requirements in Mrs. Elkin's category of refinement. Neither did she talk with her hands, touch your clothing with them, or openly give the prices of things. But it was with her eyes that she estimated, with her tongue that she preened, and it was not long before you discovered that her admiring comment on some detail of your equipment was really only a springboard for the description of one or the other of her own incomparable possessions. Her satisfaction in these rested in their being not only the best but the best acquired for the least: the furs bought in August, the West Indian nursegirl who would work a year or so before realizing that the passage money Mrs. Garfunkel had advanced was more than underwritten by her inequitable salary, the compliant, self-effacing Mr. Garfunkel, who would probably go on working forever without realizing anything—even the languid, six-year-old Arline, who was so exactly suitable that she might have been acquired, after the canniest negotiation, from someone in that line to whom Mrs. Garfunkel had had a card of introduction. Perhaps, Hester thought now, her mother could better have borne Mrs. Garfunkel and her bargains if all of them had not been so successful.

WHEN Hester and her mother, freshly washed and diffidently late, entered the dining room for dinner, which was in the middle of the day here, Mrs. Garfunkel hailed them, called them over to her table, pressed them to sit there, and introduced them to the others already seated. "Mrs. Elkin's an old-timer, like Mel and me. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Brod, and Mr. Brod's mother. And my brother Wally, Mrs. Elkin and daughter. What's your name again, dear?" She paid no heed to Hester's muttered response but dug her arm affectionately against the side of the rickety young man with slick hair who sat next to her, doggedly accumulating food on his plate. "Wally ran up here to get away from half the girls in Brooklyn."

The young man gave her a look of brotherly distaste. "Couldn't have come to a better place," he said, and returned to his plate. Great platters of sliced beefsteak tomatoes and fricasseed chicken were passed, nubs of Country Gentleman corn were snatched and snatched again; the table was one flashing activity of reaching arms, although there was much more food upon it than the few of them could possibly eat. This amplitude was what one came for, after all, and this was its high point, after which there would be nothing much to look forward to through the afternoon daze of heat but supper, which was good, though not like this.

Eating busily, Hester, from under the wing of her mother's monosyllabic chilliness, watched Mr. and Mrs. Brod. They were newly married, it developed, but this was not the honeymoon. The honeymoon, as almost every turn in the conversation indicated, had been in California; they were at the farm to visit old Mrs. Brod, a little leathery

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EXODUS FROM A RENAISSANCE GALLERY

Every towered city, every street
Was thronged with knights and horses, hounds and hawks,
And leashless doves that flew along above.
Every forest was the flower-starred retreat
Of gracious ladies, elegantly gowned,
Who fondled lamb or child in arms of love,
While small itinerant animals paused, mute,
Enchanted in the populated grove.
There acquiescent slender hands were bred
To hold the staff that blossomed, or the lute,
Which curious birds descended to approve,
Encircling the music-leaning head.

Up which steep background path has trod
The race of sturdy mystics, lately vanished,
Who from the lion's paw withdrew the thorn,
Who tamed the griffin and the unicorn,
Attained to the endearing ways of God,
And left us, modern, futile, banished?

—ELLEN ACTON

• •

grandmother of a woman, dressed in a jaunty Roman-stripe jumper and wearing a ribbon tied around hair that had been bobbed and blued. The young Mrs. Brod had a sleepy melon face with a fat mouth, dark-red nails, and black hair cut Buster Brown. Mr. Brod, a bald young man in fawn-colored jacket and knickers, said almost nothing, but every so often he did an extraordinary thing. At intervals, his wife, talking busily, would extend her hand sidewise, palm upward, without even looking at him, and in one convulsive movement that seemed to start somewhere outside him and end at his extremities, as if he were the tip of a smartly cracked whip, a gold case would be miraculously there in his hand, and he would place a cigarette tenderly in her palm. A second but lesser convulsion produced a lighter for the negligently held cigarette. He did not smoke.

The two Mrs. Brods were discussing the dress worn by the younger, evidently a California purchase. "Right away, I said, 'This one I take!' " said the bride. "Definitely a knockout!"

"Vunt vash," said her mother-in-law, munching on an ear of corn.

The bride shrugged. "So I'll give to cleaners."

"Give to clean, give to ket." The mother put down her ear of corn, rolling it over reflectively.

"Don't have a cat, Ma."

Mrs. Brod the elder turned away momentarily from her plate. "Sah yull *buy* ah ket!" she said, and one lean brown arm whipped out and took another ear of corn.

The bride looked miffed, then put out the cigarette-seeking hand. Flex, flash from the solicitous Mr. Brod and the cigarette, lit, was between her lips, smoke curling from her scornful nostrils.

"Sweet, isn't it, the way he does that? And not a smoke for himself," said Mrs. Garfunkel in an aside to Hester's mother. "You better watch out, Syl," she called across the table to the bride. "He forgets to do that, then the honeymoon is over."

Mrs. Elkin smiled, a little rigid but perfectly cordial, unless you knew the signs, and stood up, reaching around for her big knitting bag, which was hung on the back of her chair. "Come, dear," she said to Hester, in accents at which no purist could cavil. "Suppose you and I go out on the porch."

On the empty porch, Mrs. Elkin selected a chair far down at the end. "Those people!" she said, and blew her breath sharply between set teeth. "I told your father this place was getting run-down."

"Sah yull *buy* ah ket," said Hester dreamily, and chuckled. It was the illogic of the remark that charmed.

"Must you *imitate*?" said her mother.

"But it's funny, Mother."

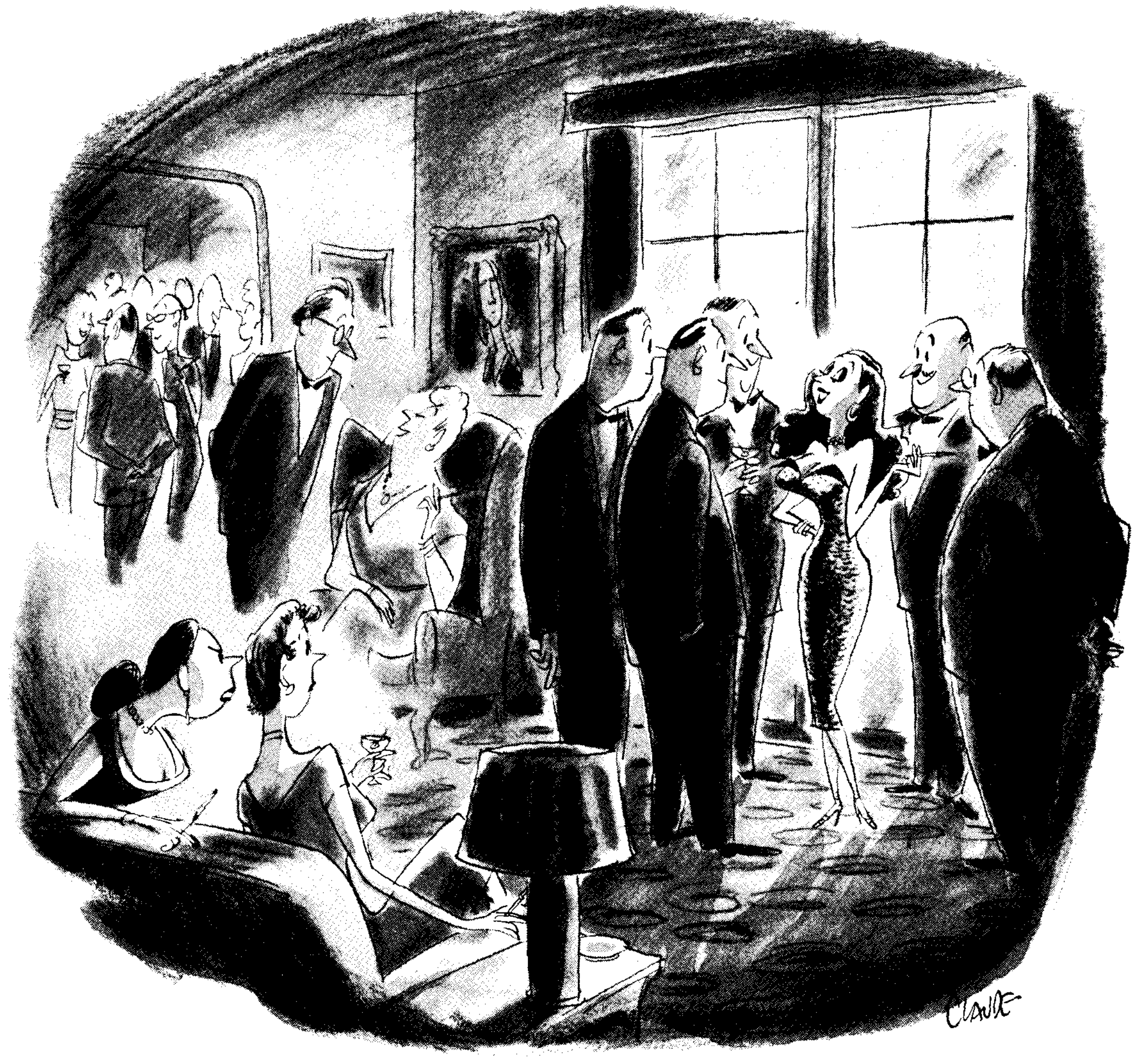
"Oh, you're just like your father. Absolutely without discrimination."

Hester found nothing to answer. "I think I'll walk down to the creek," she said.

"Take a towel."

Hester ran upstairs. Suddenly it was urgent that she get down to the creek alone, before the others, digestion accomplished, went there to bathe. Upstairs, she shed her clothes swiftly and crammed herself into last year's bathing suit—tight and faded, but it would not matter here. She ran downstairs, crossed the porch without looking at her mother, and ran across the lawn into the safety of the path, which had a wall of weeds on either side. Once there, she walked on, slow and happy. The wire tangle of weeds was alive with stalks and pods and beadlets of bright green whose shapes she knew well but could not, need not, name. Above all, it was the same.

She pushed through the bushes that fringed the creek. It, too, was the same. In the past year, it must have gone through all the calendar changes. She imagined each of them—the freeze, the thaw, the spring running, like conventionalized paper pictures torn off one by one—but they were as unreal as the imagined private dishabille of a



"Take away the décolletage, and what have you got?"

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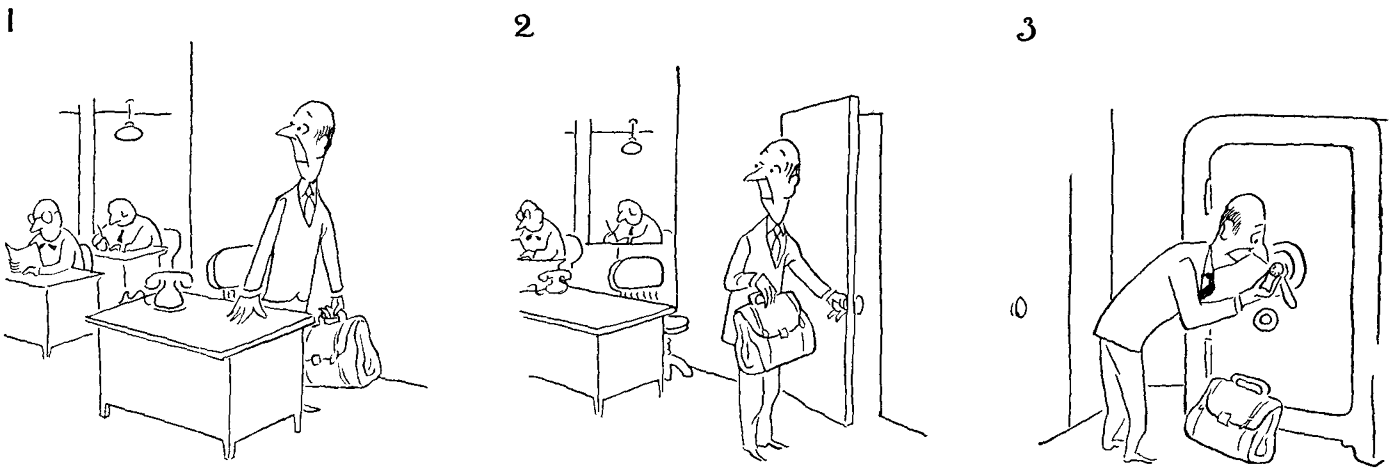


friend. Even the bushes that ran for miles along its edge were at the same stage of their bloom, their small, cone-shaped orange flowers dotted along the leaves for as far as she could see. The people around the farm called them "scarlet runners," although their flowers were as orange as a color could be.

She trod carefully across the slippery ledges out to the wide, flat slab that rose in the middle of the stream, and stretched out on her stomach on its broad, moss-slimed back. She lay there for a long time looking into the eye of the pool. One need not have an appointment with minnows, she thought. They are always the same, too.

At a crackling sound in the brush, she looked up. Mrs. Garfunkel's head appeared above the greenery, which ended in a ruff at her neck, like the painted backdrops behind which people pose at amusement parks. "Your mother says to tell you she's gone on down to Miss Onderdonk's." She waited while Hester picked her way back to shore. Until Hester gained the high weeds of the path, she felt the Teddy-bear eyes watching idly, calculating and squint.

IN her room once more, Hester changed to a paper-dry cotton dress, then hurried out again, down the dirt road this time, and onto the state highway, slowing down only when she was in sight of Miss Onderdonk's house, and saw her mother and Miss Onderdonk sitting facing one another, one on each of the two butterfly-winged wooden benches built on the top step at either side of the door, forming the only porch there was.

"Why that dress?" asked her mother, with fair reason, for it was Hester's best. "You remember Hester, Miss Onderdonk?" she added.

Miss Onderdonk looked briefly at Hester with her watery, time-eclipsing stare. There was no indication that she knew Hester's name, or ever had. One of the white cats lay resiliently on her lap, with the warning look of toleration common to cats when held. Miss Onderdonk, like the creek, might have lived suspended from last September to this, untouched by the flowing year, every crimp in her hair the same. And the parlor? It would have to be seen, for certain.

Hester sat down quietly next to her mother, whose sewing went on and on, a mild substitute for conversation. For a while, Hester watched the long, important-looking shadows that encroached upon the hills, like enigmas stated every afternoon but never fully solved. Then she leaned carefully toward Miss Onderdonk. "May I go see your parlor?" she asked.

Miss Onderdonk gave no sign that she had heard. It might have been merely the uncanny luck of the partly deaf that prompted her remark. "People come by here this morning," she said. "From down to your place. Walk right into the parlor, no by-your-leave. Want to buy my antiques!"

Mrs. Elkin, needle uplifted, shook her head, commiserating, gave a quick, consolatory mew of understanding, and plunged the needle into the next stitch.

"Two women—and a man all ninnied out for town," said Miss Onderdonk. "Old woman had doctored hair. Grape-colored! Hollers at me as if I'm the foreign one. Picks up my Leather-Bound Onderdonk History!" Her explosive breath capitalized the words. The cat, squirting suddenly from her twitching hand, settled itself, an aggrieved white tippet, at a safe distance on the lawn. "'Put that down,' I said," said Miss Onderdonk, her eyes as narrow as the cat's. "'I don't have no antiques,' I said. 'These here are my belongings.'"

Mrs. Elkin put down her sewing. Her broad hands, with the silver-and-gold thimble on one middle finger, moved uncertainly, unlike Miss Onderdonk's hands, which were pressed flat, in triumph, on her faded, flour-sack lap.

"I told Elizabeth Smith," Miss Onderdonk said. "I told her she'd rue the day she ever started taking in Jews."

The short word soared in an arc across Hester's vision and hit the remembered, stereopticon picture of the parlor. The parlor sank and disappeared, a view in an album snapped shut. Now her stare was for her mother's face, which was pink but inconclusive.

Mrs. Elkin, raising her brows, made a helpless face at Hester, as if to say, "After all, the vagaries of the deaf . . ." She permitted herself a minimal shrug, even a slight spreading of palms. Under Hester's stare, she lowered her eyes and turned toward Miss Onderdonk again.

"I thought you knew, Miss Onderdonk," said her mother. "I thought you knew that we were—Hebrews." The word, the ultimate refinement, slid out on her mother's soft voice as if it were on runners.

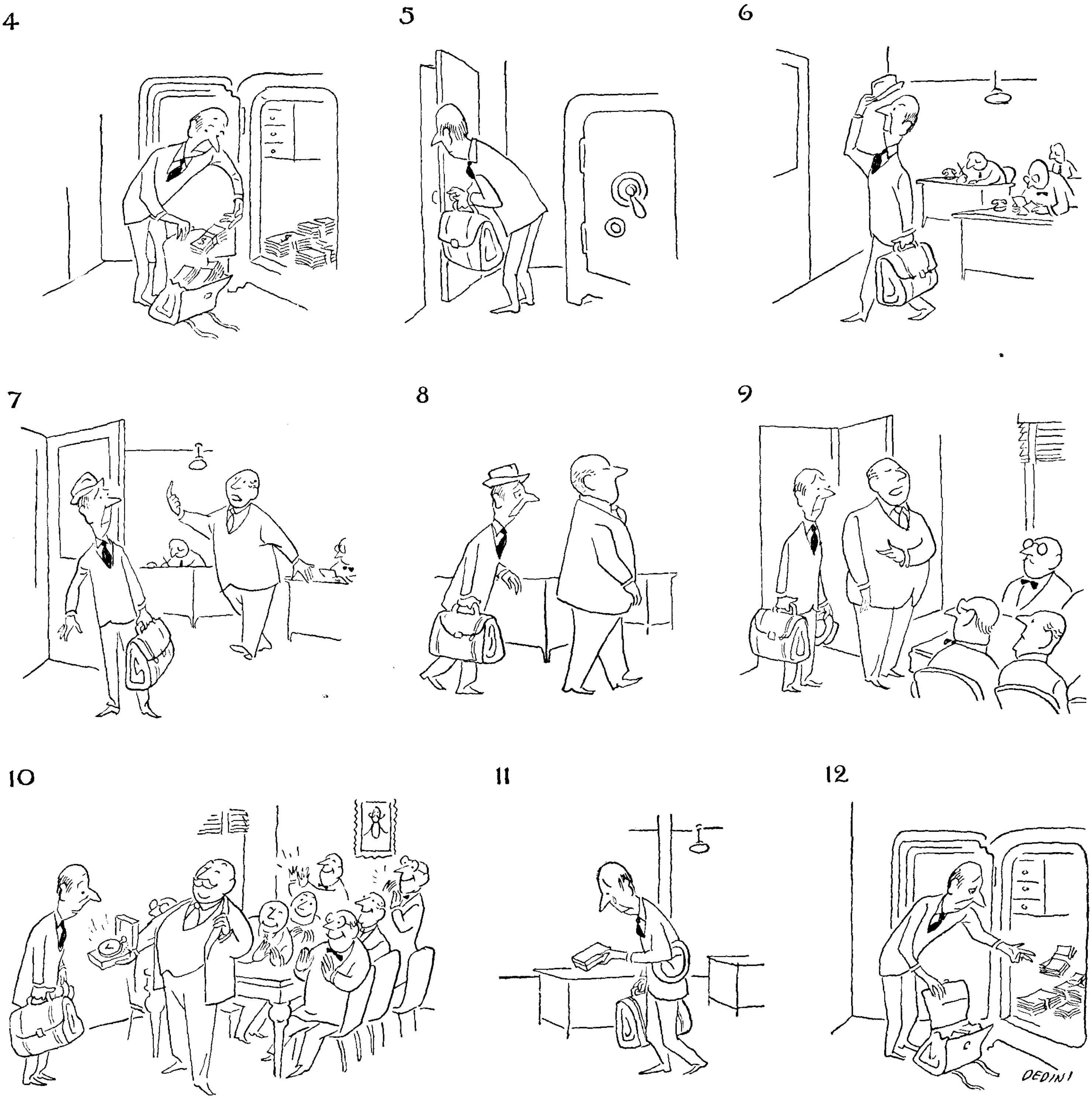
"Eh?" said Miss Onderdonk.

Say it, Hester prayed. She had never before felt the sensation of prayer. Please say it, Mother. *Say "Jew."* She heard the word in her own mind, double-voiced, like the ram's horn of the Seder, with an ugly present bray but with a long, urgent echo as time-spanning as Roland's horn.

Her mother leaned forward. Perhaps she had heard it, too—the echo. "But we are Jewish," she said in a stronger voice. "Mr. Elkin and I are Jewish."

Miss Onderdonk shook her head, with the smirk of one who knew better. "Never seen the Mister. The girl here has the look, maybe. But not you."

"But—" Mrs. Elkin, her lower lip caught by her teeth, made a sound like a stifled, chiding sigh. "Oh, yes," she said, and nodded, smiling, as if she had been caught out in a fault.



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"Does you credit," said Miss Onderdonk. "Don't say it don't. Make your bed, lie on it. Don't have to pretend with me, though."

With another baffled sigh, Mrs. Elkin gave up, flumping her hands down on her sewing. She was pinker, not with anger but, somehow, as if she had been cajoled.

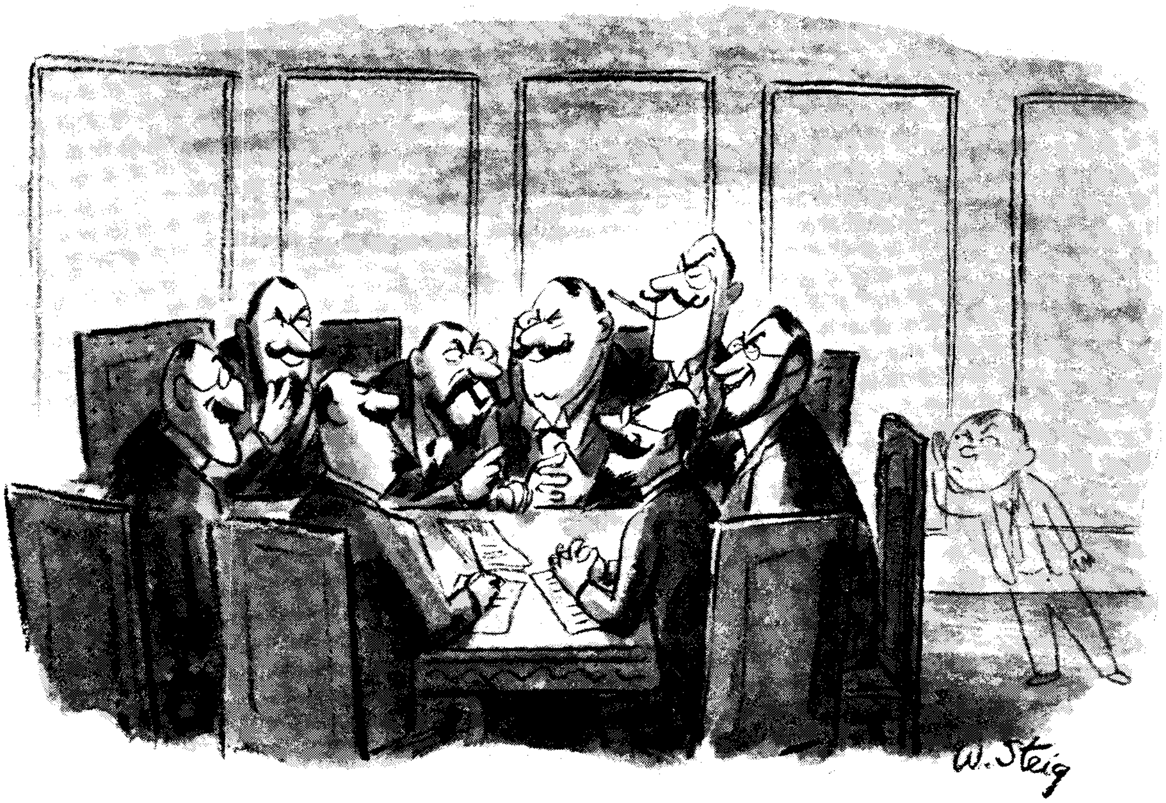
"Had your reasons, maybe." Miss Onderdonk tittered, high and henlike. "Ain't no Jew, though. Good blood shows, any day."

Hester stood up. "We're in a book at home, too," she said loudly. " 'The History of the Jews of Richmond, 1769-1917.' " Then she turned her back on Miss Onderdonk, who might or might not have heard, on her mother, who had, and stomped down the steps.

At the foot of the lawn, she stopped behind a bush that hid her from the steps, feeling sick and let-down. She had somehow used Miss Onderdonk's language. She hadn't said what she meant at all. She heard her father's words, amused and sad, as she had heard them once, over her shoulder, when he had come upon her poring over the red-bound book, counting up the references to her grandfather. "That Herbert Ezekiel's book?" He had looked over her shoulder, twirling the gold cigar-clipper on his watch chain. "Well, guess it won't hurt the sons of Moses any if they want to tally up some newer ancestors now and then."

Miss Onderdonk's voice, with its little, cut-off chicken laugh, travelled down to her from the steps. "Can't say it didn't cross my mind, though, that the girl does have the look."

Hester went out onto the highway and walked quickly back to the farmhouse. Skirting the porch, she tiptoed



DREAMS OF GLORY

The International Plot and the invisible boy

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around to one side, over to an old fringed hammock slung between two trees whose broad bottom fronds almost hid it. She swung herself into it, covered herself over with the side flaps, and held herself stiff until the hammock was almost motionless.

Mrs. Garfunkel and Arline could be heard on the porch, evidently alone, for now and then Mrs. Garfunkel made one of the fretful, absent remarks mothers make to children when no one else is around. Arline had some kind of wooden toy that rumbled back and forth across the porch. Now and then, a bell on it went "ping."

After a while, someone came along the path and up on the porch. Hester lay still, the hammock fringe tickling her face. "Almost time for supper," she heard Mrs. Garfunkel say.

"Yes," said her mother's voice. "Did Hester come back this way?"

"I was laying down for a while. Arline, dear, did you see Hester?"

"No, Mummy." "Ping, ping" went Arline's voice.

" 'Mummy'!" said Mrs. Garfunkel. "That's that school she goes to—you know the Kemp-Willard School, on Eighty-sixth?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Elkin. "Quite good, I've heard."

"Good!" Mrs. Garfunkel sighed, on a sleek note of outrage. "What they soak you, they ought to be."

Arline's toy rumbled across the porch again and was still.

"She'll come back when she's hungry, I suppose," said Mrs. Elkin. "There was a rather unfortunate little—incident, down the road."

"Shush, Arline. You don't say?"

Chairs scraped confidentially closer. Mrs. Elkin's voice dropped to the low, *gemütlich* whisper reserved for obstetrics, cancer, and the peculations of servant girls. Once or twice, the whisper, flurrying higher, shook out a gaily audible phrase. "Absolutely wouldn't believe—" "Can you imagine anything so silly?" Then, in her normal voice, "Of course, she's part deaf, and probably a little crazy from being alone so much."

"Scratch any of them and you're sure to find it," said Mrs. Garfunkel.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Elkin. "But it certainly was funny," she added, in a voice velveted over now with a certain savor of reminiscence, "the way she kept *insisting*."

"Uh-huh," said Mrs. Garfunkel rather flatly. "Yeah. Sure."

Someone came out on the back porch and vigorously swung the big bell that meant supper in fifteen minutes.

"Care for a little drive in the Buick after supper?" asked Mrs. Garfunkel.

"Why—why, yes," said Mrs. Elkin, her tones warmer now with the generosity of one whose equipment went beyond the realm of bargains. "Why, I think that would be very nice."

"Any time," said Mrs. Garfunkel. "Any time you want stamps or anything. Thought you might enjoy a little ride. Not having the use of a car."

The chairs scraped back, the screen door creaked, and the two voices, linked in their sudden, dubious rapprochement, went inside. The scuffling toy followed them.

Hester rolled herself out of the hammock and stood up. She looked for comfort at the reasonable hills, whose pattern changed only according to what people ate; at the path, down which there was nothing more ambiguous than the hazel-eyed water or the flower that should be scarlet but was orange. While she had been in the hammock, the dusk had covered them over. It had settled over everything with its rapt, misleading veil.

She walked around to the foot of the front steps. A thin, emery edge of autumn was in the air now. Inside, they must all be at supper; no one else had come by. When she walked into the dining room, they would all lift their heads for a moment, the way they always did when someone walked in late, all of them regarding her for just a minute with their equivocal adult eyes. Something would rise from them all like a warning odor, confusing and corrupt, and she knew now what it was. Miss Onderdonk sat at their table, too. Wherever any of them sat publicly at table, Miss Onderdonk sat at his side. Only, some of them set a place for her and some of them did not.

—Hortense Calisher

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Mrs. Ora Leonard of Augusta states that she did not attend the funeral of James A. Black of Palermo on August 18 as printed.—*Augusta (Maine) Daily Kennebec Journal.*

So there!

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE FOG

THE Monongahela River rises in the middle Alleghenies and seeps for a hundred and twenty-eight miles through the iron and bituminous-coal fields of northeastern West Virginia and southwestern Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh. There, joining the Allegheny River, it becomes the wild Ohio. It is the only river of any consequence in the United States that flows due north, and it is also the shortest. Its course is cramped and crooked, and flanked by bluffs and precipitous hills. Within living memory, its waters were quick and green, but they are murky now with pollution, and a series of locks and dams steady its once tumultuous descent, rendering it navigable from source to mouth. Traffic on the Monongahela is heavy. Its shipping, which consists almost wholly of coal barges pushed by wheezy, coal-burning stern-wheelers, exceeds in tonnage that of the Panama Canal. The river is densely industrialized. There are trucking highways along its narrow banks and interurban lines and branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central and smelters and steel plants and chemical works and glass factories and foundries and coke plants and machine shops and zinc mills, and its hills and bluffs are scaled by numerous blackened mill towns. The blackest of them is the borough of Donora, in Washington County, Pennsylvania.

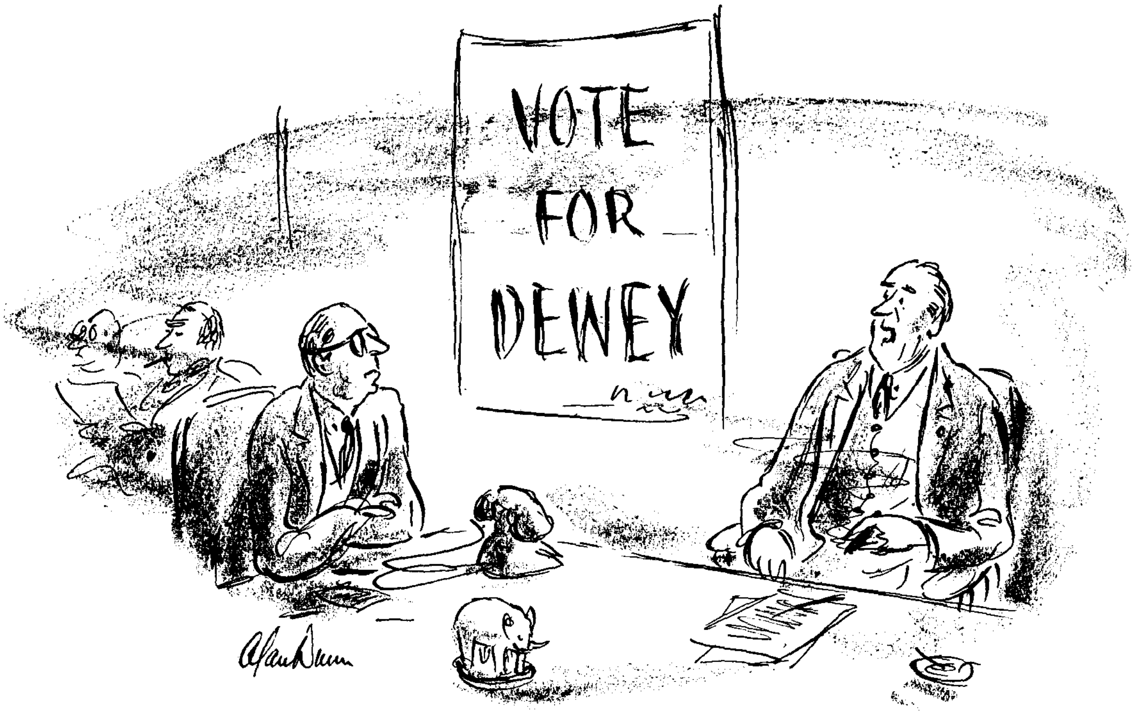
Donora is twenty-eight miles south of Pittsburgh and covers the tip of a lumpy point formed by the most convulsive of the Monongahela's many horseshoe bends. Though accessible by road, rail, and river, it is an extraordinarily secluded place. The river and the bluffs that lift abruptly from the water's edge to a height of four hundred and fifty feet enclose it on the north and east and south, and just above it to the west is a range of rolling but even higher hills. On its outskirts are acres of sidings and rusting gondolas, abandoned mines, smoldering slag piles, and gulches filled with rubbish. Its limits are marked by sooty signs that read, "Donora. Next to Yours the Best Town in the U.S.A." It is a harsh, gritty town, founded in 1901 and old for its age, with a gaudy main street and a thousand identical gaunt gray houses. Some of its streets are paved with concrete and some are cobbled, but many are of dirt and crushed coal. At least half of them are as steep as roofs, and several have steps instead of sidewalks. It is treeless and all but grassless, and much of it is slowly sliding downhill. After a rain, it is a smear of mud. Its vacant lots and many of its yards are mortally gullied, and one of its three cemeteries is an eroded ruin of gravelly clay and toppled tombstones. Its population is 12,300. Two-thirds of its men, and a substantial number of its women, work in its mills. There are three of them—a steel plant, a wire plant, and a zinc-and-sulphuric-acid plant—all of which are operated by the American Steel & Wire Co., a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, and they line its river front for three miles. They are huge mills. Some of the buildings are two blocks long, many are five or six stories high, and all of them bristle with hundred-foot stacks perpetually plumed with black or red or sulphurous yellow smoke.

Donora is abnormally smoky. Its mills are no bigger or smokier than many, but their smoke, and the smoke from the passing boats and trains, tends to linger there. Because of the crowding bluffs and sheltering hills, there is seldom a wind, and only occasionally a breeze, to dispel it. On still days, unless the skies are high and buoyantly clear, the lower streets are always dim and there is frequently a haze on the heights. Autumn is the smokiest season. The weather is close and dull then, and there are persistent fogs as well. The densest ones generally come in October. They are greasy, gagging fogs, often intact even at high noon, and they sometimes last for two or three days. A few have lasted as long as four. One, toward the end of October, 1948, hung on for six. Unlike its predecessors, it turned out to be of considerably more than local interest. It was the second smoke-contaminated fog in history ever to reach a toxic density. The first such fog occurred in Belgium, in an industrialized stretch of the Meuse Valley, in 1930. During it several hundred people were prostrated, sixty of them fatally. The Donora fog struck down nearly six thousand. Twenty of them—five women and fifteen men—died. Nobody knows exactly what killed them, or why the others survived. At the time, not many of the stricken expected to.

THE fog closed over Donora on the morning of Tuesday, October 26th. The weather was raw, cloudy, and dead calm, and it stayed that way as the fog piled up all that day and the next. By Thursday, it had stiffened adhesively into a motionless clot of smoke. That afternoon, it was just possible to see across the street, and, except for the stacks, the mills had vanished. The air began to have a sickening smell, almost a taste. It was the bittersweet reek of sulphur dioxide. Everyone who was out that day remarked on it, but no one was much concerned. The smell of sulphur dioxide, a scratchy gas given off by burning coal and melting ore, is a normal concomitant of any durable fog in Donora. This time, it merely seemed more penetrating than usual.

At about eight-thirty on Friday morning, one of Donora's eight physicians, Dr. Ralph W. Koehler, a tense, stocky man of forty-eight, stepped to his bathroom window for a look at the weather. It was, at best, unchanged. He could see nothing but a watery waste of rooftops islanded in fog. As he was turning away, a shimmer of movement in the distance caught his eye. It was a freight train creeping along the riverbank just south of town, and the sight of it shook him. He had never seen anything quite like it before. "It was the smoke," he says. "They were firing up for the grade and the smoke was belching out, but it didn't rise. I mean it didn't go up at all. It just spilled out over the lip of the stack like a black liquid, like ink or oil, and rolled down to the ground and lay there. My God, it just lay there! I thought, Well, God damn—and they talk about needing smoke control up in Pittsburgh! I've got a heart condition, and I was so disgusted my heart began to act up a little. I had to sit down on the edge of the tub and rest a minute."

Dr. Koehler and an associate, Dr. Edward Roth, who is big, heavyset, and in his middle forties, share an office on the second floor of a brownstone building one block up from the mills, on McKean Avenue, the town's main



“We want the button made of some tough, permanent material.”

street. They have one employee, a young woman named Helen Stack, in whom are combined an attractive receptionist, an efficient secretary, and a capable nurse. Miss Stack was the first to reach the office that morning. Like Dr. Koehler and many other Donorans, she was in uncertain spirits. The fog was beginning to get on her nerves, and she had awakened with a sore throat and a cough and supposed that she was coming down with a cold. The appearance of the office deepened her depression. Everything in it was smeared with a kind of dust. “It wasn’t just ordinary soot and grit,” she says. “There was something white and scummy mixed up in it. It was just wet ash from the mills, but I didn’t know that then. I almost hated to touch it, it was so nasty-looking. But it had to be cleaned up, so I got out a cloth and went to work.” When Miss Stack had finished, she lighted a cigarette and sat down at her desk to go through the mail. It struck her that the cigarette had a very peculiar taste. She held it up and sniffed at the smoke. Then she raised it to her lips, took another puff, and doubled up in a paroxysm of coughing. For an instant, she thought she was going to be sick. “I’ll never forget that taste,” she says. “Oh, it was awful! It was sweet and horrible, like something rotten. It tasted the way the fog smelled, only ten times worse. I got rid of the cigarette as fast as I could and drank a glass of water, and then I felt better. What puzzled me was I’d smoked a cigarette at home after breakfast and it had tasted all right. I didn’t know what to think, except that maybe it was because the fog wasn’t quite as bad up the hill as here downstreet. I guess I thought my cold was probably partly to blame. I wasn’t really uneasy. The big Halloween parade the Chamber of Commerce puts on every year was to be held that night, and I could hear the workmen down in the street putting up the decorations. I knew the committee wouldn’t be going ahead with the parade if they thought anything was wrong. So I went on with my work, and pretty soon the Doctors came in from their early calls and it was just like any other morning.”

THE office hours of Dr. Koehler and Dr. Roth are the same, from one to three in the afternoon and from seven to nine at night. Whenever possible in the afternoon, Dr. Koehler leaves promptly at three. Because of his unsteady heart, he finds it desirable to rest for a time before dinner. That Friday afternoon, he was just getting into his coat when Miss Stack announced a patient. “He was wheezing and gasping for air,” Dr. Koehler says, “but there wasn’t anything very surprising about that. He was one of our regular asthmatics, and the fog gets them every time. The only surprising thing was that he hadn’t come in sooner. The fact is, none of our asthmatics had been in all week. Well, I did what I could for him. I gave him a shot of adrenalin or aminophyllin—some anti-spasmodic—to dilate the bronchia, so he could breathe more easily, and sent him home. I followed him out. I didn’t feel so good myself.”

Half an hour after Dr. Koehler left, another gasping asthmatic, an elderly steelworker, tottered into the office. “He was pretty wobbly,” Miss Stack says. “Dr. Roth was still in his office, and saw him right away. I guess he wasn’t much better when he came out, because I remember thinking, Poor fellow. There’s nothing sadder than an asthmatic when the fog is bad. Well, he had hardly gone out the door when I heard a terrible commotion. I thought, Oh, my gosh, he’s fallen down the stairs! Then there was an awful yell. I jumped up and dashed out into the hall. There was a man I’d never seen before sort of draped over the banister. He was kicking at the wall and pulling at the banister and moaning and choking and yelling at the top of his voice, ‘Help! Help me! I’m dying!’ I just stood there. I was petrified. Then Dr. Brown, across the hall, came running out, and he and somebody else helped the man on up the stairs and into his office. Just then, my phone began to ring. I almost bumped into Dr. Roth. He was coming out to see what was going on. When I picked up the phone, it was just like hearing that man in the hall again. It was somebody saying somebody was dying. I said Dr. Roth would be right over, but before I could even tell him, the phone started ringing again. And the minute I hung up the receiver, it rang again. That was the beginning of a terrible night. From that minute on, the phone never stopped ringing. That’s the honest truth. And they were all alike. Everybody who called up said the same thing. Pain in the abdomen. Splitting headache. Nausea and vomiting. Choking and couldn’t get their breath. Coughing up blood. But as soon as I got over my surprise, I calmed down. Hysterical people always end up by making me feel calm. Anyway, I managed to make a list of the first few calls and gave it to Dr. Roth. He was standing there with his hat and coat on and his bag in his hand and chewing on his cigar, and he took the list and shook his head and went out. Then I called Dr. Koehler, but his line was busy. I don’t remember much about

All Outdoors is saying: "GO AHEAD"

LISTEN well, good sir—that call is for you.

The call of swift, smooth roads, of faraway horizons, of the rich, ripe season when Nature is spreading her greatest bounty.

It's the call to come see this great land of yours—in the manner you have so well earned.

To seat yourself behind an easy wheel, touch toe to the treadle of a greathearted straight-eight power plant, go traveling in the comfort, the room and the style you have so long aimed for.

Here are the soft, sure-footed tires, on four coil-sprung wheels, to spin away the miles in blissfully gentle ease.

Here is the look and the size of a car to do you proud, the most easily spotted of any on the highway, rich in gleaming chrome, sleek in its tapering lines.

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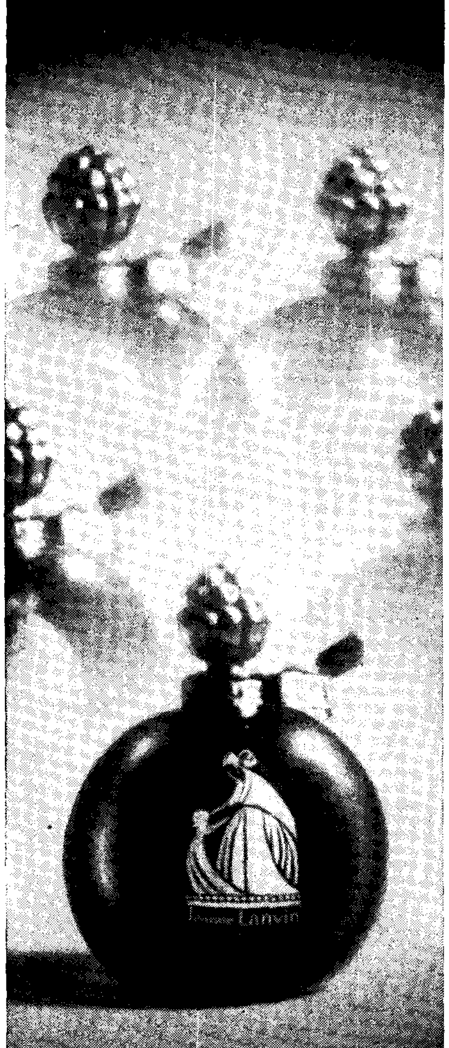

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the next hour. All I know is I kept trying to reach Dr. Koehler and my phone kept ringing and my list of calls kept getting longer and longer."

One of the calls that lengthened Miss Stack's list was a summons to the home of August Z. Chambon, the burgess, or mayor, of Donora. The patient was the Burgess's mother, a widow of seventy-four, who lives with her son and his wife. "Mother Chambon was home alone that afternoon," her daughter-in-law says. "August was in Pittsburgh on business and I'd gone downstreet to do some shopping. It took me forever, the fog was so bad. Even the inside of the stores was smoky. So I didn't get home until around five-thirty. Well, I opened the door and stepped into the hall, and there was Mother Chambon. She was lying on the floor, with her coat on and a bag of cookies spilled all over beside her. Her face was blue, and she was just gasping for breath and in terrible pain. She told me she'd gone around the corner to the bakery a few minutes before, and on the way back the fog had got her. She said she barely made it to the house. Mother Chambon has bronchial trouble, but I'd never seen her so bad before. Oh, I was frightened! I helped her up—I don't know how I ever did it—and got her into bed. Then I called the doctor. It took me a long time to reach his office, and then he wasn't in. He was out making calls. I was afraid to wait until he could get here—Mother Chambon was so bad, and at her age and all—so I called another doctor. He was out, too. Finally, I got hold of Dr. Levin and he said he'd come right over, and he finally did. He gave her an injection that made her breathe easier and something to put her to sleep. She slept for sixteen solid hours. But before Dr. Levin left, I told him that there seemed to be an awful lot of sickness going on all of a sudden. I was coughing a little myself. I asked him what was happening. 'I don't know,' he said. 'Something's coming off, but I don't know what.' "

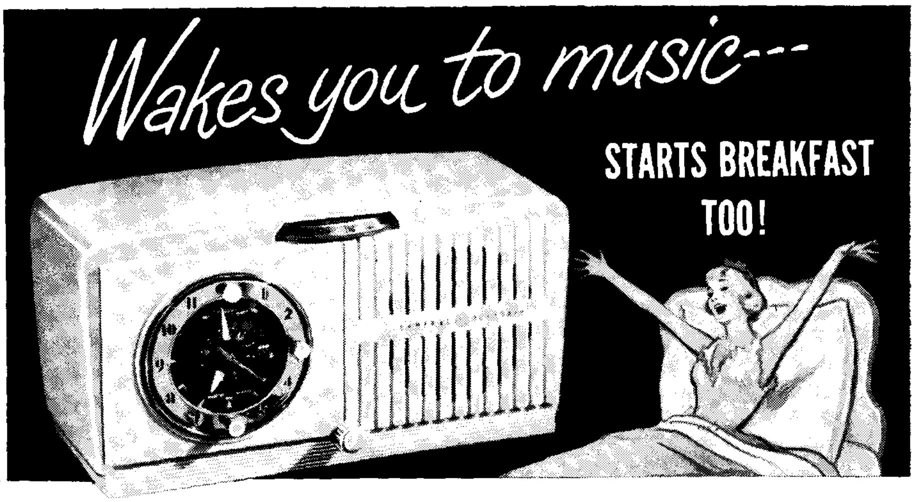
Dr. Roth returned to his office at a little past six to replenish his supply of drugs. By then, he, like Dr. Levin, was aware that something was coming off. "I knew that whatever it was we were up against was serious," he says. "I'd seen some very pitiful cases, and they weren't all asthmatics or chronics of any kind. Some were people who had never been bothered by fog before. I was worried, but I wasn't bewildered. It was no mystery. It was obvious—all the symptoms pointed to it—that the fog and smoke were to blame. I didn't think any further than that. As a matter of fact, I didn't have time to think or wonder. I was too damn busy. My biggest problem was just getting around. It was almost impossible to drive. I even had trouble finding the office. McKean Avenue was solid coal smoke. I could taste the soot when I got out of the car, and my chest felt tight. On the way up the stairs, I started coughing and I couldn't stop. I kept coughing and choking until my stomach turned over. Fortunately, Helen was out getting something to eat—I just made it to the office and into the lavatory in time. My God, I was sick! After a while, I dragged myself into my office and gave myself an injection of adrenalin and lay back in a chair. I began to feel better. I felt so much better I got out a cigar and lighted up. That practically finished me. I took one pull, and went into another paroxysm of coughing. I probably should have known better—cigars had tasted terrible all day—but I hadn't had that reaction before. Then I heard the phone ringing. I guess it must have been ringing off and on all along. I thought about answering it, but I didn't have the strength to move. I just lay there in my chair and let it ring."

When Miss Stack came into the office a few minutes later, the telephone was still ringing. She had answered it and added the call to her list before she realized that she was not alone. "I heard someone groaning," she says. "Dr. Roth's door was open and I looked in. I almost jumped, I was so startled. He was slumped down in his chair, and his face was brick red and dripping with perspiration. I wanted to help him, but he said there wasn't anything to do. He told me what had happened. 'I'm all right now,' he said. 'I'll get going again in a minute. You go ahead and answer the phone.' It was ringing again. The next thing I knew, the office was full of patients, all of them coughing and groaning. I was about ready to break down and cry. I had talked to Dr.

Koehler by that time and he knew what was happening. He had been out on calls from home. 'I'm coughing and sick myself,' he said, 'but I'll go out again as soon as I can.' I tried to keep calm, but with both Doctors sick and the office full of patients and the phone ringing, I just didn't know which way to turn. Dr. Roth saw two or three of the worst patients. Oh, he looked ghastly! He really looked worse than some of the patients. Finally, he said he couldn't see any more, that the emergency house calls had to come first, and grabbed up his stuff and went out. The office was still full of patients, and I went around explaining things to them. It was awful. There wasn't anything to do but close up, but I've never felt so heartless. Some of them were so sick and miserable. And right in the middle of everything the parade came marching down the street. People were cheering and yelling, and the bands were playing. I could hardly believe my ears. It just didn't seem possible."

THE sounds of revelry that reached Miss Stack were deceptive. The parade, though well attended, was not an unqualified success. "I went out for a few minutes and watched it," the younger Mrs. Chambon says. "It went right by our house. August wasn't home yet, and after what had happened to Mother Chambon, I thought it might cheer me up a little. It did and it didn't. Everybody was talking about the fog and wondering when it would end, and some of them had heard there was sickness, but nobody seemed at all worried. As far as I could tell, all the sick people were old. That made things look not too bad. The fog always affects the old people. But as far as the parade was concerned, it was a waste of time. You really couldn't see a thing. They were just like shadows marching by. It was kind of uncanny. Especially since most of the people in the crowd had handkerchiefs tied over their nose and mouth to keep out the smoke. All the children did. But, even so, everybody was coughing. I was glad to get back in the house. I guess everybody was. The minute it was over, everybody scattered. They just vanished. In two minutes there wasn't a soul left on the street. It was as quiet as midnight."

Among the several organizations that participated in the parade was the Donora Fire Department. The force consists of about thirty volunteers and two full-time men. The latter, who live at the firehouse, are the chief, John Volk, a wiry man in his fifties, and his assistant



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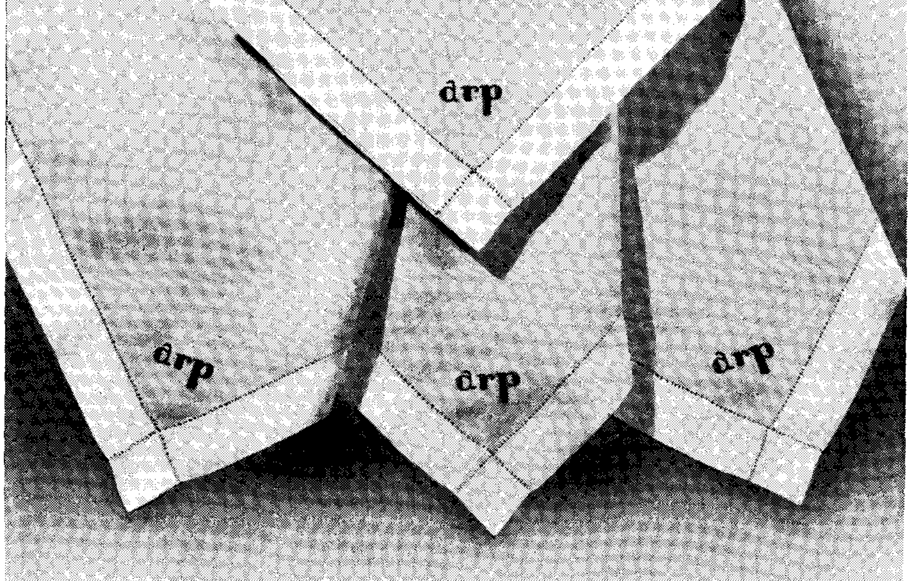

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and driver, a hard, round-faced young man named Russell Davis. Immediately after the parade, they returned to the firehouse. "As a rule," Chief Volk says, "I like a parade. We've got some nice equipment here, and I don't mind showing it off. But I didn't get much pleasure out of that one. Nobody could see us, hardly, and we couldn't see them. That fog was black as a derby hat. It had us all coughing. It was a relief to head for home. We hadn't much more than got back to the station, though, and got the trucks put away and said good night to the fellows than the phone rang. Russ and I were just sitting down to drink some coffee. I dreaded to answer it. On a night like that, a fire could have been real mean. But it wasn't any fire. It was a fellow up the street, and the fog had got him. He said he was choking to death and couldn't get a doctor, and what he wanted was our inhalator. He needed air. Russ says I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. I don't remember what I thought. I guess I was trying to think what to do as much as anything else. I didn't disbelieve him—he sounded half dead already—but, naturally, we're not supposed to go running around treating the sick. But what the hell, you can't let a man die! So I told him O.K. I told Russ to take the car and go. The way it turned out, I figure we did the right thing. I've never heard anybody say different."

"That guy was only the first," Davis says. "From then on, it was one emergency call after another. I didn't get to bed until Sunday. Neither did John. I don't know how many calls we had, but I do know this: We had around eight hundred cubic feet of oxygen on hand when I started out Friday night, and we ended up by borrowing from McKeesport and Monessen and Monongahela and Charleroi and everywhere around here. I never want to go through a thing like that again. I was laid up for a week after. There never was such a fog. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face, day or night. Hell, even inside the station the air was blue. I drove on the left side of the street with my head out the window, steering by scraping the curb. We've had bad fogs here before. A guy lost his car in one. He'd come to a fork in the road and didn't know where he was, and got out to try and tell which way to go. When he turned back to his car, he couldn't find it. He had no idea where it was until, finally, he stopped and listened and heard the engine. That guided him back. Well, by God, this fog was so bad you couldn't even get a car to idle. I'd take my foot off the accelerator and—bango!—the engine would stall. There just wasn't any oxygen in the air. I don't know how I kept breathing. I don't know how anybody did. I found people laying in bed and laying on the floor. Some of them were laying there and they didn't give a damn whether they died or not. I found some down in the basement with the furnace draft open and their head stuck inside, trying to get air that way. What I did when I got to a place was throw a sheet or a blanket over the patient and stick a cylinder of oxygen underneath and crack the valves for fifteen minutes or so. By God, that rallied them! I didn't take any myself. What I did every time I came back to the station was have a little shot of whiskey. That seemed to help. It eased my throat. There was one funny thing about the whole thing. Nobody seemed to realize what was going on. Everybody seemed to think he was the only sick man in town. I don't know what they figured was keeping the doctors so busy. I guess everybody was so miserable they just didn't think."

TOWARD midnight, Dr. Roth abandoned his car and continued his rounds on foot. He found not only that walking was less of a strain but that he made better time. He walked the streets all night, but he was seldom lonely. Often, as he entered or left a house, he encountered a colleague. "We all had practically the same calls," Dr. M. J. Hannigan, the president of the Donora Medical Association, says. "Some people called every doctor in town. It was pretty discouraging to finally get someplace and drag yourself up the steps and then be told that Dr. So-and-So had just been there. Not that I blame them, though. Far from it. There were a couple of times when I was about ready to call for help myself. Frankly, I don't know how any of us doctors managed to hold out and keep going that night."

Not all of them did. Dr. Koehler made his last call that night at one o'clock. "I had to go home," he says. "God knows I didn't want to. I'd hardly made a dent in my list. Every time I called home or the Physicians' Exchange, it doubled. But my heart gave out. I couldn't go on any longer without some rest. The last thing I heard as I got into bed was my wife answering the phone. And the phone was the first

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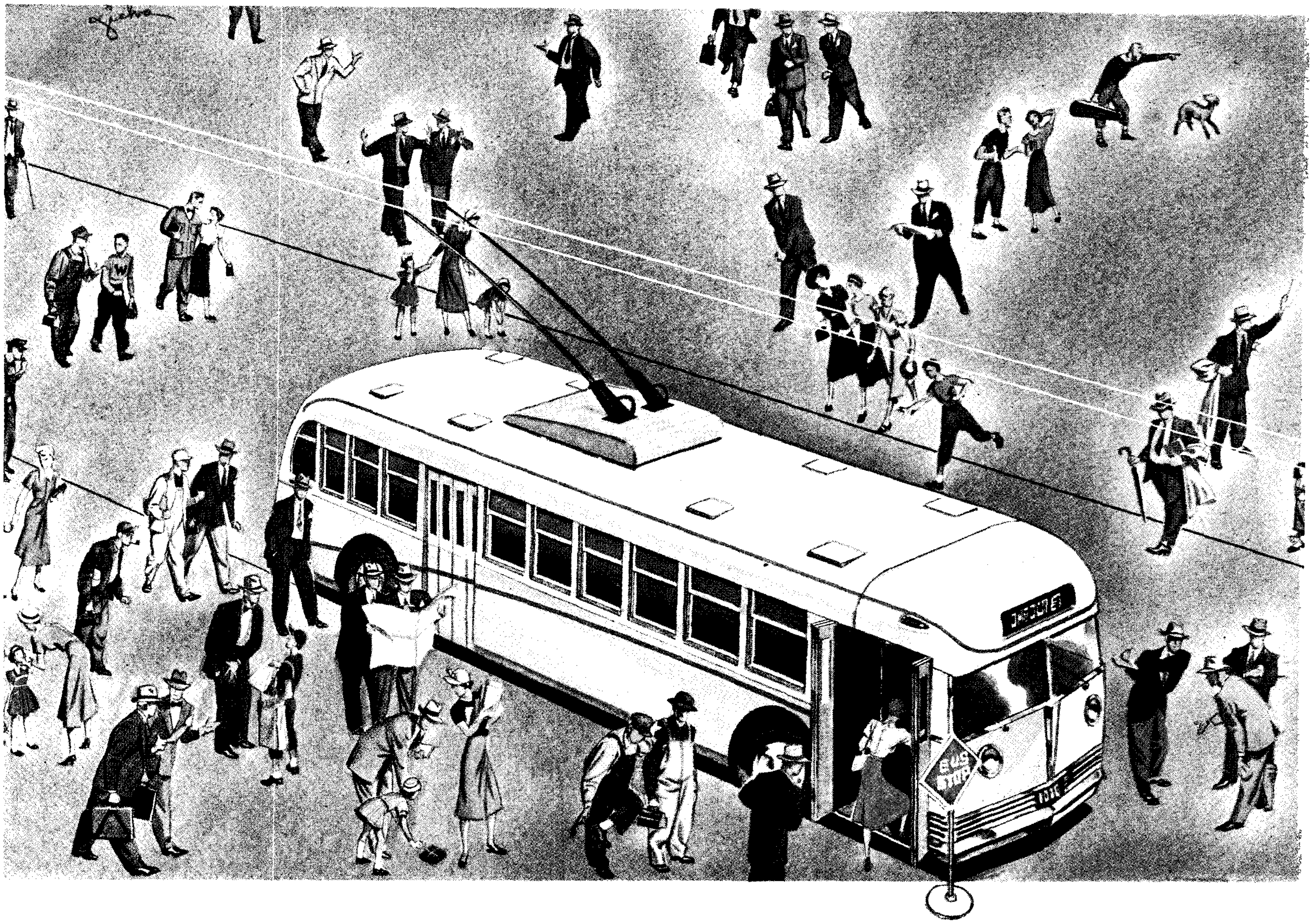

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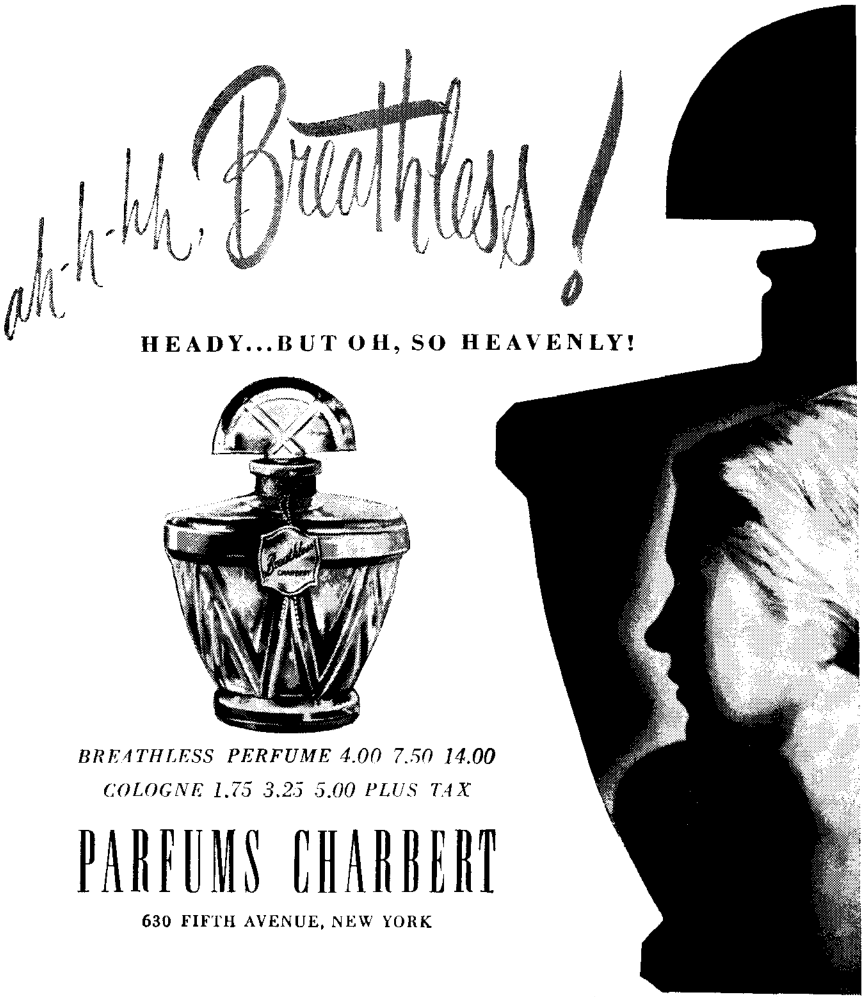
thing I heard in the morning. It was as though I hadn't been to sleep at all." While Dr. Koehler was bolting a cup of coffee, the telephone rang again. This time, it was Miss Stack. They conferred briefly about the patients he had seen during the night and those he planned to see that morning. Among the latter was a sixty-four-year-old steelworker named Ignatz Hollowitti. "One of the Hollowitti girls, Dorothy, is a good friend of mine," Miss Stack says. "So as soon as I finished talking to Dr. Koehler, I called her to tell her that Doctor would be right over. I wanted to relieve her mind. Dorothy was crying when she answered the phone. I'll never forget what she said. She said, 'Oh, Helen—my dad just died! He's dead!' I don't remember what I said. I was simply stunned. I suppose I said what people say. I must have. But all I could think was, My gosh, if people are dying—why, this is tragic! Nothing like this has ever happened before!"

Mr. Hollowitti was not the first victim of the fog. He was the sixth. The first was a retired steelworker of seventy named Ivan Ceh. According to the records of the undertaker who was called in—Rudolph Schwerha, whose establishment is the largest in Donora—Mr. Ceh died at one-thirty Saturday morning. "I was notified at two," Mr. Schwerha says. "There is a note to such effect in my book. I thought nothing, of course. The call awakened me from sleep, but in my profession anything is to be expected. I reassured the bereaved and called my driver and sent him for the body. He was gone forever. The fog that night was impossible. It was a neighborhood case—only two blocks to go, and my driver works quick—but it was thirty minutes by the clock before I heard the service car in the drive. At that moment, again the phone rang. Another case. Now I was surprised. Two different cases so soon together in this size town doesn't happen every day. But there was no time then for thinking. There was work to do. I must go with my driver for the second body. It was in the Sunnyside section, north of town, too far in such weather for one man alone. The fog, when we got down by the mills, was unbelievable. Nothing could be seen. It was like a blanket. Our fog lights were useless, and even with the fog spotlight on, the white line in the street was invisible. I began to worry. What if we should bump a parked car? What if we should fall off the road? Finally, I told my driver, 'Stop! I'll take the wheel. You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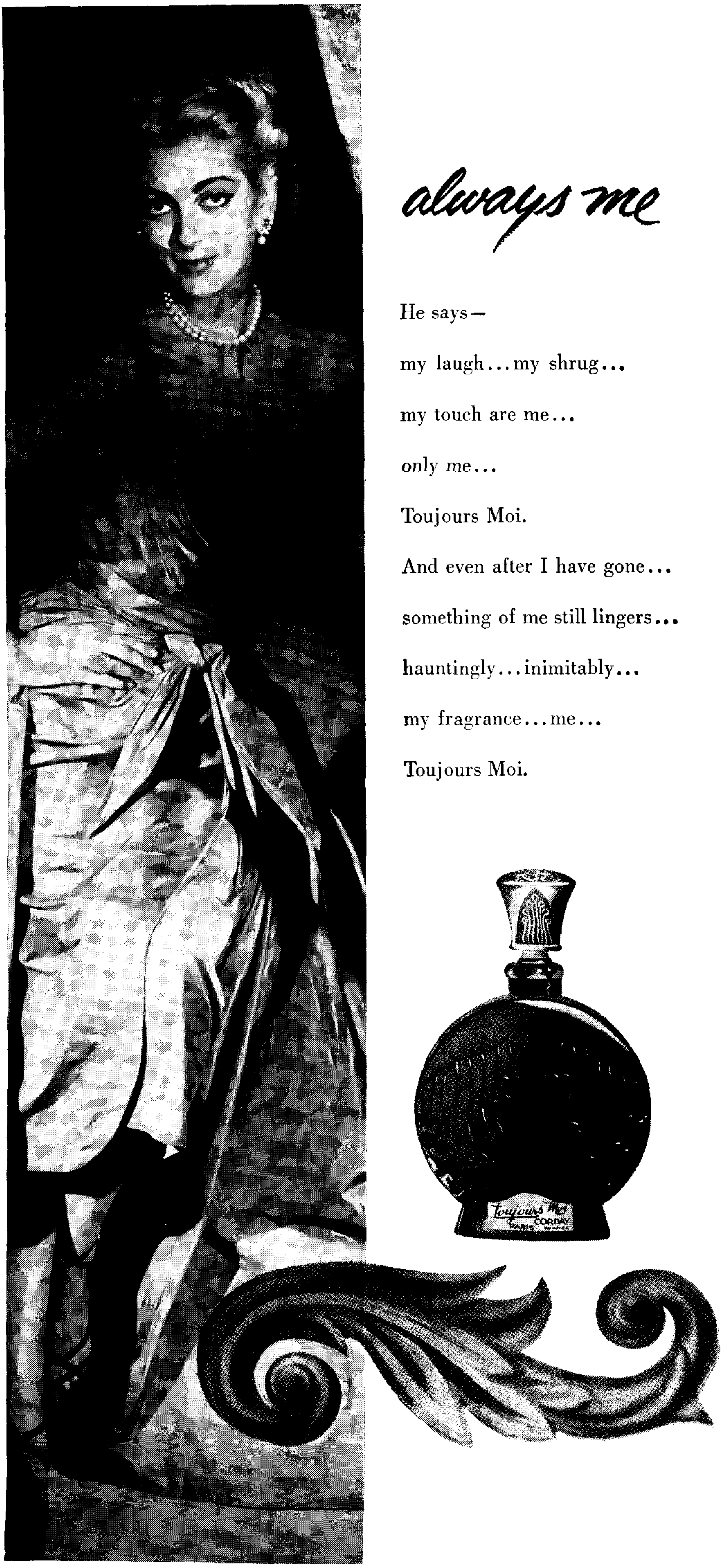
walk in front and show the way.' So we did that for two miles. Then we were in the country. I know that section like my hand, but we had missed the house. So we had to turn around and go back. That was an awful time. We were on the side of a hill, with a terrible drop on one side and no fence. I was afraid every minute. But we made it, moving by inches, and pretty soon I found the house. The case was an old man and he had died all of a sudden. Acute cardiac dilation. When we were ready, we started back. Then I began to feel sick. The fog was getting me. There was an awful tickle in my throat. I was coughing and ready to vomit. I called to my driver that I had to stop and get out. He was ready to stop, I guess. Already he had walked four or five miles. But I envied him. He was well and I was awful sick. I leaned against the car, coughing and gagging, and at last I riffled a few times. Then I was much better. I could drive. So we went on, and finally we were home. My wife was standing at the door. Before she spoke, I knew what she would say. I thought, Oh, my God—another! I knew it by her face. And after that came another. Then another. There seemed to be no end. By ten o'clock in the morning, I had nine bodies waiting here. Then I heard that DeRienzo and Lawson, the other morticians, each had one. Eleven people dead! My driver and I kept looking at each other. What was happening? We didn't know. I thought probably the fog was the reason. It had the smell of poison. But we didn't know."

MR. SCHWERHA's bewilderment was not widely shared. Most Donorans were still unaware Saturday morning that anything was happening. They had no way of knowing. Donora has no radio station, and its one newspaper, the *Herald-American*, is published only five days a week, Monday through Friday. It was past noon before a rumor of widespread illness began to drift through town. The news reached August Chambon at about two o'clock. In addition to being burgess, an office that is more an honor than a livelihood, Mr. Chambon operates a moving-and-storage business, and he had been out of town on a job all morning. "There was a message waiting for me when I got home," he says. "John Elco, of the Legion, had called and wanted me at the Borough Building right away. I wondered what the hell, but I went right over. It isn't like John to get excited over nothing. The fog didn't even enter my mind. Of course, I'd heard there were some people sick from it. My wife had told me that. But I hadn't paid it any special significance. I just thought they were like Mother—old people that were always bothered by fog. Jesus, in a town like this you've got to expect fog. It's natural. At least, that's what I thought then. So I was astonished when John told me that the fog was causing sickness all over town. I was just about floored. That's a fact. Because I felt fine myself. I was hardly even coughing much. Well, as soon as I'd talked to John and the other fellows he had rounded up, I started in to do what I could. Something had already been done. John and Cora Vernon, the Red Cross director, were setting up an emergency-aid station in the Community Center. We don't have a hospital here. The nearest one is at Charleroi. Mrs. Vernon was getting a doctor she knew there to come over and take charge of the station, and the Legion was arranging for cars and volunteer nurses. The idea was to get a little organization in things—everything was confused as hell—and also to give our doctors a rest. They'd been working steady for thirty-six hours or more. Mrs. Vernon was fixing it so when somebody called a doctor's number, they would be switched to the Center and everything would be handled from there. I've worked in the mills and I've dug coal, but I never worked any harder than I worked that day. Or was so worried. Mostly I was on the phone. I called every town around here to send supplies for the station and oxygen for the firemen. I even called Pittsburgh. Maybe I overdid it. There was stuff pouring in here for a week. But what I wanted to be was prepared for anything. The way that fog looked that day, it wasn't ever going to lift. And then the rumors started going around that now people were dying. Oh, Jesus! Then I was scared. I heard all kinds of reports. Four dead. Ten dead. Thirteen dead. I did the only thing I could think of. I notified the State Health Department, and I called a special meeting of the Council and our Board of Health and the mill officials for the first thing Sunday morning. I wanted to have it right then, but I couldn't get hold of everybody—it was Saturday night. Every time I looked up from the phone, I'd hear a new rumor. Usually a bigger one. I guess I heard everything but the truth. What I was really afraid of was that they might set off a panic. That's what I kept dreading. I needn't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The emergency-aid station, generously staffed and abundantly supplied with drugs and oxygen inhalators, opened at eight o'clock Saturday night. "We were ready for anything and prepared for the worst," Mrs. Vernon says. "We even had an ambulance at our disposal. Phillip DeRienzo, the undertaker, loaned it to us. But almost nothing happened. Altogether, we brought in just eight patients. Seven, to be exact. One was dead when the car arrived. Three were very bad and we sent them to the hospital in Charleroi. The others we just treated and sent home. It was really very queer. The fog was as black and nasty as ever that night, or worse, but all of a sudden the calls for a doctor just seemed to trickle out and stop. It was as though everybody was sick who was going to be sick. I don't believe we had a call after midnight. I knew then that we'd seen the worst of it."

Dr. Roth had reached that conclusion, though on more slender evidence, several hours before. "I'd had a call about noon from a woman who said two men roomers in her house were in bad shape," he says. "It was nine or nine-thirty by the time I finally got around to seeing them. Only, I never saw them. The landlady yelled up to them that I was there, and they yelled right back, 'Tell him never mind. We're O.K. now.' Well, that was good enough for me. I decided things must be letting up. I picked up my grip and walked home and fell into bed. I was dead-beat."

There was no visible indication that the fog was beginning to relax its smothering grip when the group summoned by Burgess Chambon assembled at the Borough Building the next morning to discuss the calamity. It was another soggy, silent, midnight day. "That morning was the worst," the Burgess says. "It wasn't just that the fog was still hanging on. We'd begun to get some true facts. We didn't have any real idea how many people were sick. That didn't come out for months. We thought a few hundred. But we did have the number of deaths. It took the heart out of you. The rumors hadn't come close to it. It was eighteen. I guess we talked about that first. Then the question of the mills came up. The

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smoke. L. J. Westhaver, who was general superintendent of the steel and wire works then, was there, and so was the head of the zinc plant, M. M. Neale. I asked them to shut down for the duration. They said they already had. They had started banking the fires at six that morning. They went on to say, though, that they were sure the mills had nothing to do with the trouble. We didn't know what to think. Everybody was at a loss to point the finger at anything in particular. There just didn't seem to be any explanation. We had another meeting that afternoon. It was the same thing all over again. We talked and we wondered and we worried. We couldn't think of anything to do that hadn't already been done. I think we heard about the nineteenth death before we broke up. We thought for a week that was the last. Then one more finally died. I don't remember exactly what all we did or said that afternoon. What I remember is after we broke up. When we came out of the building, it was raining. Maybe it was only drizzling then—I guess the real rain didn't set in until evening—but, even so, there was a hell of a difference. The air was different. It didn't get you any more. You could breathe."

THE investigation of the disaster lasted almost a year. It was not only the world's first full-blooded examination of the general problem of air pollution but one of the most exhaustive inquiries of any kind ever made in the field of public health. Its course was directed jointly by Dr. Joseph Shilen, director of the Bureau of Industrial Hygiene of the Pennsylvania Department of Health, and Dr. J. G. Townsend, chief of the Division of Industrial Hygiene of the United States Public Health Service, and at times it involved the entire technical personnel of both agencies. The Public Health Service assigned to the case nine engineers, seven physicians, six nurses, five chemists, three statisticians, two meteorologists, two dentists, and a veterinarian. The force under the immediate direction of Dr. Shilen, though necessarily somewhat smaller, was similarly composed.

The investigation followed three main lines, embracing the clinical, the environmental, and the meteorological aspects of the occurrence. Of these, the meteorological inquiry was the most nearly conclusive. It was also the most reassuring. It indicated that while the situation of Donora is unwholesomely conducive to the accumulation of smoke and fog, the immediate cause of the

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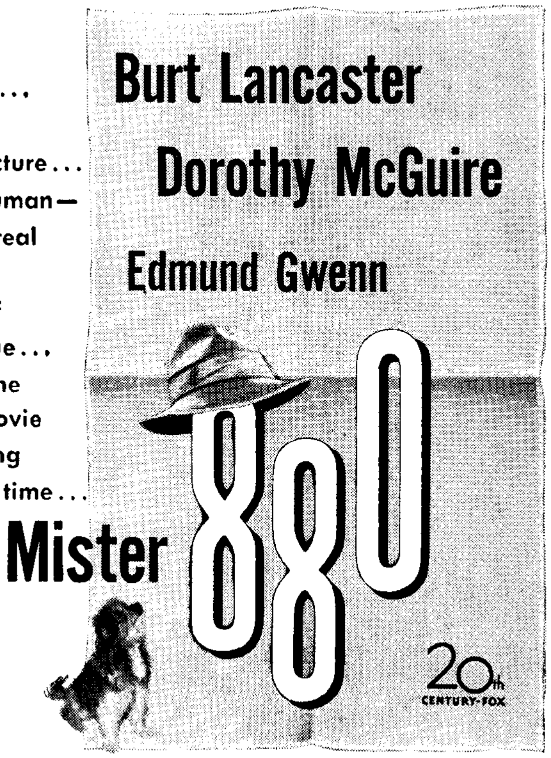

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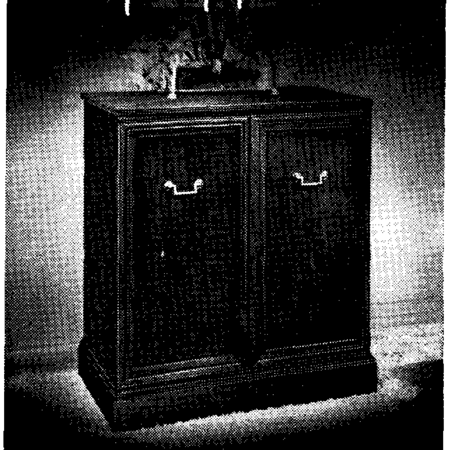

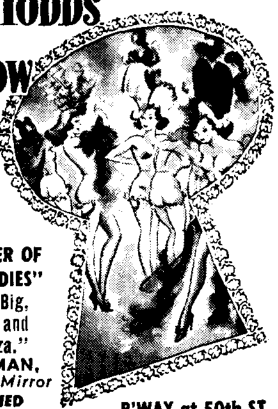

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SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

October, 1948, visitation was a freak of nature known to meteorologists as a temperature inversion. This phenomenon is, as its name suggests, characterized by a temporary, and usually brief, reversal of the normal atmospheric conditions, in which the air near the earth is warmer than the air higher up. Its result is a more or less complete immobilization of the convection currents in the lower air by which gases and fumes are ordinarily carried upward, away from the earth.

The clinical findings, with one or two exceptions, were more confirmatory than illuminating. One of the revelations, which was gleaned from several months of tireless interviewing, was that thousands, rather than just hundreds, had been ill during the fog. For the most part, the findings demonstrated, to the surprise of neither the investigators nor the Donora physicians, that the affection was essentially an irritation of the respiratory tract, that its severity increased in proportion to the age of the victim and his predisposition to cardio-respiratory ailments, and that the ultimate cause of death was suffocation.

The environmental study, the major phase of which was an analysis of the multiplicity of gases emitted by the mills, boats, and trains, was, in a positive sense, almost wholly unrewarding. It failed to determine the direct causative agent. Still, its results, though negative, were not without value. They showed, contrary to expectation, that no one of the several stack gases known to be irritant—among them fluoride, chloride, hydrogen sulphide, cadmium oxide, and sulphur dioxide—could have been present in the air in sufficient concentration to produce serious illness. "It seems reasonable to state," Dr. Helmuth H. Schrenk, chief of the Environmental Investigations Branch of the Public Health Service's Division of Industrial Hygiene, has written of this phase of the inquiry, "that while no single substance was responsible for the . . . episode, the syndrome could have been produced by a combination, or summation of the action, of two or more of the contaminants. Sulphur dioxide and its oxidation products, together with particulate matter [soot and fly ash], are considered significant contaminants. However, the significance of the other irritants as important adjuvants to the biological effects cannot be finally estimated on the basis of present knowledge. It is important to emphasize that information available on the toxicological effects of mixed irritant gases is meagre and data on possible enhanced action due to ad-

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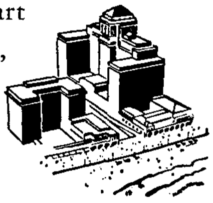

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sorption of gases on particulate matter is limited." To this, Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, Surgeon General of the Service, has added, "One of the most important results of the study is to show us what we do not know."

FUNERAL services for most of the victims of the fog were held on Tuesday, November 2nd. Monday had been a day of battering rain, but the weather cleared in the night, and Tuesday was fine. "It was like a day in spring," Mr. Schwerha says. "I think I have never seen such a beautiful blue sky or such a shining sun or such pretty white clouds. Even the trees in the cemetery seemed to have color. I kept looking up all day."

—Berton Roueché

• •

ESSAY ON BREAKFAST

I know a man whose daily breakfasts last
From eight to eight-o-two; they go so fast
That one raw egg and one small orange juice
Slip indiscriminately down the sluice.
Thus is the morning meal abused. We need
A little more respect for sloth and greed—
Someone to place a proper emphasis
On time-consuming culinary bliss.
Few poets sing of eating, as they ought
(Inclining, as they do, toward food for thought),
And I, aware that breakfast needs its bard,
Would speak therefore of pancakes, syrup, lard.
Poured from a pitcher with the gentlest splatter,
Observe this beauty born of grease and batter:
Eyed by a frying egg's unblinking orb,
It stretches flat as a—cliché, to absorb
The pan's hot fat, the pan's black prostrate shape.
(Its neighbor's yellow eye glistens agape.)
Soon the bright bubbles rise, and so provide
Visions of an invisible underside;
The spatula is gently introduced,
The wrist is flicked, the stubborn cake is loosed,
Launched in the somersaulting air, and spun
Down to the pan again. (That egg is done.)
And when we shift the pancake to the plate
Where two companions, all expectant, wait,
Due ornament we happily provide them,
Sliding the decorative egg beside them.
Now—reader, after you—we'll take a seat,
In leisure salivate, in languor eat.
Just slightly wounded at the bright heart's core,
The yolk spills forth its gush of golden gore
To mingle with the syrup and the butter—
More shades of yellow than the pen can utter.
(The feast, in fact, while easy to imbibe,
Is by no means so easy to describe;
I take some comfort that the inexpressible
Is not inevitably indigestible.)
After the jaws' fatiguing chomp and chew,
Coffee, the Occident's exotic brew,
All muddied with its jigger shot of cream,
Waits to sustain us in a cloud of steam,
And even as we did not hesitate
To pile the egg upon the pancake plate,
So let us not, with coffee, be deterred
From taking just a second cup, or third,
For all too soon the napkin and the knife
Must be relinquished for the morning's strife:
Loosening belts, and lighting long cigars,
We must go shove our wagons toward their stars.

—Walker Gibson

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THE THEATRE

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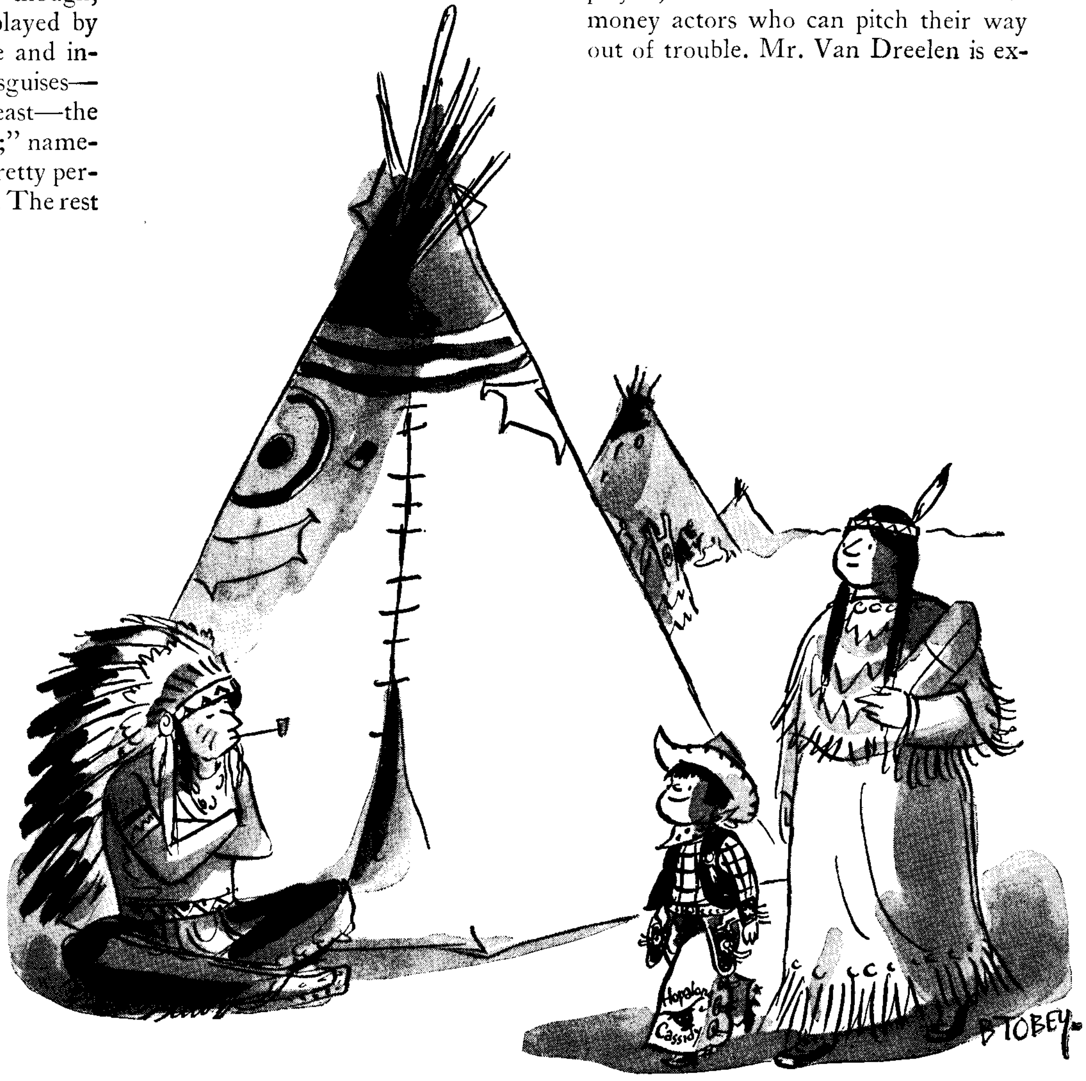
THE heroine of "Daphne Laureola," an English comedy, by James Bridie, that opened at the Music Box last week, is a clergyman's daughter, a baronet's wife, a governess emeritus, and as genteel a part-time lush as you would care to meet. Most of her days, at the age of going on fifty, she spends soberly in Hampstead, nursing her elderly husband and tending her garden. Occasionally, however, she visits Soho alone, picks out a small, dim restaurant, and ties one on. Her drink is brandy, the taxidermic effect of which accounts for some of her charm when in liquor; that is to say, she sits very still, as though stuffed, for much of the evening, and even when she talks, she does so in a smooth, muted tone, without moving an unnecessary muscle. A greater part of her attraction, though, is due to the fact that she is played by Dame Edith Evans. A serene and intelligent actress, Dame Edith disguises—for the length of one act, at least—the truth about "Daphne Laureola;" namely, that it is a half-cooked and pretty perfunctory piece of playwrighting. The rest of the cast—including Cecil Parker, as the husband of the gracious alcoholic; John Van Dreelen, as a young, Polish-born poet who confuses her with Dante's Beatrice and Apollo's Daphne and falls chaotically in love with her; and Peter Williams, as a male nurse—also do well by Mr. Bridie.

This kind of support, while by my lights perhaps more than the author deserves, is no more than he was entitled to by his own, or so I gathered from an essay by him that appeared in the *Herald Tribune* the day before the play opened. I'm glad Mr. Bridie had something to say there about plays in general, because I have very little more to say about "Daphne Laureola" except that after Dame Edith's restrained but eloquent drunk scene in the first act, it runs gently downhill into a patch of uninspired words and muddy symbolism. Mr. Bridie said in the *Tribune* that "Daphne Laureola" is an example of what Hollywood producers call "pure entertainment." He resented certain remarks made by Robert Sherwood and Benedetto Croce at a literary men's convention and barbecue in Scotland earlier this year. Mr. Sherwood contended (to a very cold audience, as I recall) that modern playwrights must be socially conscious or fail in their duty to their medium. Signor Croce held that no play that is written to conform with present-day production requirements, on Broadway, say, or in London or Paris or Rome, can be a real work of art. Mr. Bridie quarrelled briskly with both these ideas, but especially with Croce's. He maintained that a play that is only written, that is only published and read, is only half a play. He may be right in a general way, but it's hard for me to agree with his fractions. I have a prejudice in favor of plays that are seventy-five per cent plays, or more, when they are written, before they are cast, set, directed, and lighted. What that amounts to is, I guess, a prejudice in favor of writing as against acting and interior decoration. I would have liked "Daphne Laureola" better if Mr. Bridie had given Dame Edith and the rest of the company a somewhat smaller share of the load. It's a stuffy point of view. If Mr. Bridie and his producers, Leland Hayward and Herman Shumlin (in association with Laurence Olivier), dissent, as they plainly do, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have provided the public with a mighty fine and tasteful bundle of histrionics.

Mr. Parker, Dame Edith's co-star, has a role vaguely similar to one he played in W. Somerset Maugham's motion picture "Quartet"—not as good a role, by any means, but equally well played, for Mr. Parker is one of those money actors who can pitch their way out of trouble. Mr. Van Dreelen is ex-



Man with Head in Clouds

can't see forest for trees

People who run airlines are among the world's greatest optimists. Some of them, in fact, get so carried away by their enthusiasm for the future of air travel that they occasionally give the impression that railroads are on their way out. At least as far as carrying passengers is concerned. One airline president has even suggested that the railroads "... get out of the passenger business for all trips over 200 miles."

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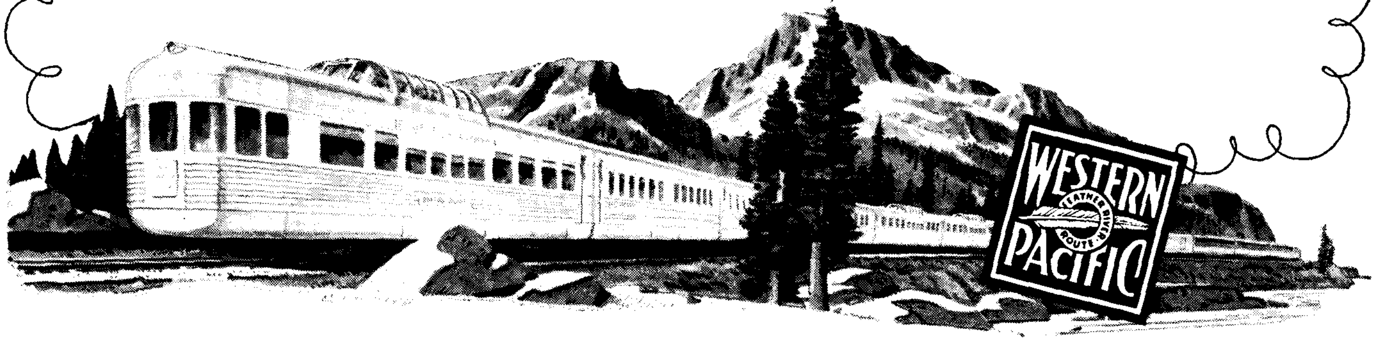

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cellent in a part that handicaps him with a high degree of hysteria and what is known in the prizefight game as a china chin. The chin is clipped with a right hand by Mr. Williams in the first act, but in the third act Mr. Van Dreelen is asked to black out without being hit at all, which, like Lou Nova in the closing days of his career, he does.

—John Lardner

•

One New Testament truth about which we hear very little is that of God's disposal of His true saints when the final hour of wrath breaks on this sinful world. The whole world is conscious of the coming doom, but there is one group who are in the world today who are absolutely sure of deliverance. The Bible assures us that they will be removed bodily from the earth. To the unspiritual and untaught person this doubtless sounds preposterous. But much of what God does fails to make sense to the human intellect that goes only on what seems reasonable. Atomic bombs and television would not have been reasonable a century ago—or less.

But concerning the hour of final doom, which Christ compares to the destruction of The Flood in the days of Noah, and the destruction of Sodom in the days of Lot, He also tells of a group who will escape. (Read Luke 17:20-37). Jesus simply says: "One shall be taken, and the other left." (verses 34-36). Paul makes it much more explicit when he writes the Thessalonian church: "We which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (1 Thessalonians 4:17). We are told on most reliable authority that one Chicago newspaper has the whole story written up and ready to go to press when it occurs.—*Church adv. in the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.*

That must be the paper that has all those wrathproof shelters.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Cyclopedia of Automobile Engineering," Volume III, 1915*]

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OF ALL THINGS

WITH events taking such a good turn in Korea, history apparently is getting ready to repeat itself. American military forces can always be counted on to win provided they have a bad start.

•

Mr. Truman seems to feel that the recent session of the Eighty-first Congress was generous to a fault. It gave the President most of the things he asked for and a lot of stuff he didn't want besides.

•

Governor Dewey's attack on the Russians at the United Nations birthday party, at which they were invited guests, raises a nice question of social behavior. In New York, the consensus seems to be that His Excellency said exactly the right thing at exactly the wrong time.

•

A Congressional investigation with a refreshing difference is now getting under way. The lawmakers have gone home to have themselves investigated by the voters.

•

The comic-book plague has broken out in a new and malignant form. The United Labor League of Ohio is preparing to give away a million copies of a little number poking fun at Robert Taft.

•

The nomination of William O'Dwyer was confirmed by the Senate, despite Republican opposition. Now the ex-Mayor can live in charming old Mexico City, far from the sordid affairs of Brooklyn bookies and venal cops.

•

Some G.O.P. leaders are beginning to wonder whether it has been wise to make Korea the main issue in the campaign. They wouldn't put it past the Truman administration to win a popular victory there before Election Day.

•

The States of New York and New Jersey have agreed to sink their neighborly differences, because of the threat of war. Their governors have signed a mutual-assistance agreement on defense measures, and any day now we may hear of a nonaggression pact.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LETTER FROM LONDON

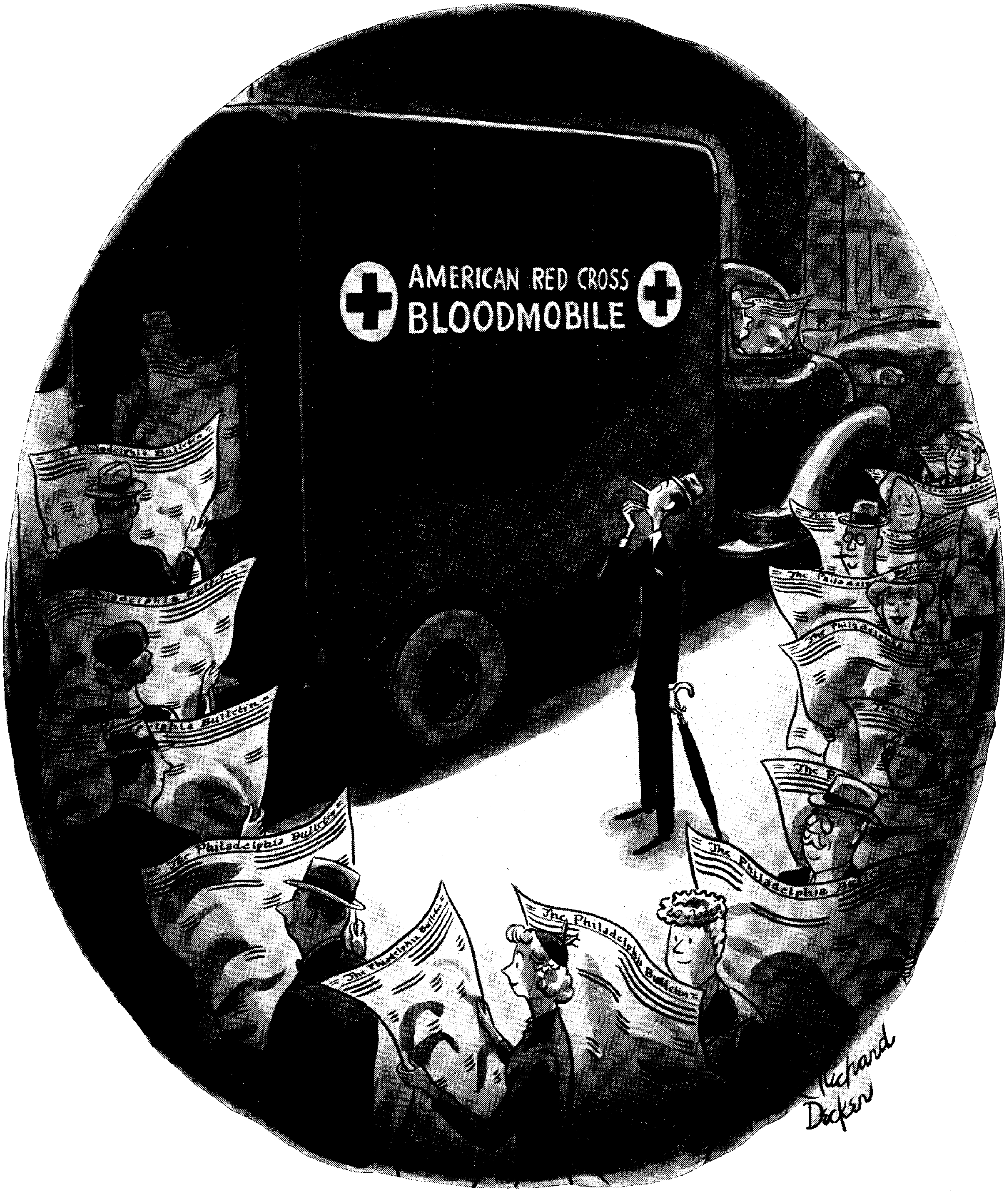
SEPTEMBER 20

THE Government's choosing of this particular moment to plank down its announcement that the nationalization of steel will go ahead as proposed, world crisis or no, seemed to dismay almost everyone, even its own more moderate supporters. It also came as a shock. Though it was impossible, of course, that the plans for the industry's future would be shelved indefinitely (they had been made a solemn article of Party faith, for one thing), it had been widely believed that no government in its senses, faced with the problem of loading rearmament on the shoulders of a nation still occupied with recovering from the last war, would select right now for undertaking anything so plainly disastrous. That the Government has done so is generally taken to be a victory for the powers in the Cabinet that have always pressed for more positive Socialism as a dynamic for the Party. Until the subject of steel came up, Parliament had been discussing ways and means of defense, if not exactly like a band of brothers, at least like a collection of alarmed human beings who know that they are together on a very unsteady raft and that it is sensible to avoid any violent movement to left or right. Inside of two minutes after the Minister of Supply got up to read out the names of the men who had been found to serve in the new Iron and Steel Corporation (the list was remarkable mostly for the almost complete absence of anyone connected with iron and steel—even to trade-unionist leaders in the industry, all of whom had presumably declined with thanks), the old angry dogfight was on. Voices from the Socialist side of the House thanked the Government enthusiastically for giving workers in the steel industry such a welcome shot in the arm, but the outraged Tories and Liberals, and the majority of the next morning's disturbed press editorials, saw the action more as a kiss of death. The Government borrowed Disraeli's remark that a majority is always the best repartee, and answered the clamor over the steel bill by staying in office, as it had been expected to do, with an epigrammatic margin of six votes. It has by no means shut up all the criticism, however.

Many citizens wondered if the Government wasn't playing for a quick general election, even if the steel row didn't throw Labour out, on the ground that it couldn't hope to push the defense program along efficiently on its precarious hairline majority. At any rate, one or two themes that emerged from the rumpus sounded like tryouts for good vote-catchers. Some of the Labour speakers touched on the broad, attractive one of the vast profits the private steel owners stood to make out of the rearmament program without nationalization, and at least one Socialist declared excitably that Mr. Churchill's party, which was now kicking up so much fuss about allowing the British people to take over ownership, had wanted to "hand over the steel industry to a higher authority on the Continent." Both these arguments, with their simplified appeal, will undoubtedly bob up on Labour platforms when the general election comes off, which most people now seem to think must happen before very long.

BLACK
WHITE

The more temperate Conservatives say privately that they would just as soon have Mr. Attlee around as Prime Minister a bit longer, since the industrial troubles ahead would certainly not grow less under a Tory Government. They may not grow less under a Socialist one, either. Thousands of indignant Londoners had to foot it to work in the rain and gales of last week or else fight their way onto the jam-packed underground trains because of a strike of busmen against the engagement of "clippies" (the name given to women bus conductors), who were being taken on because not enough male conductors were showing up for the jobs. The general public, gloomily splashing along, was somewhat cheered by the Minister of Labour's announcement that at last the Government has screwed its courage to the point where it is prepared to take action against the organized, though unofficial, leaders who, according to a quiet, astute, comradely plan, are invariably somewhere back of such troubles. The Trades Union Congress has just voted roundly to bust wage restraint, at the same time calling for a statutory control of profits, support of the Government's stand on Korea, and a full-scale rearmament drive—an odd breaking of eggs that someone obviously expects will turn out to be a satisfying economic omelet. Prices are rising steadily,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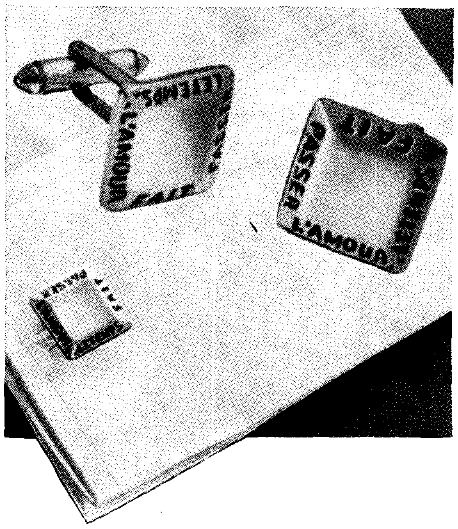

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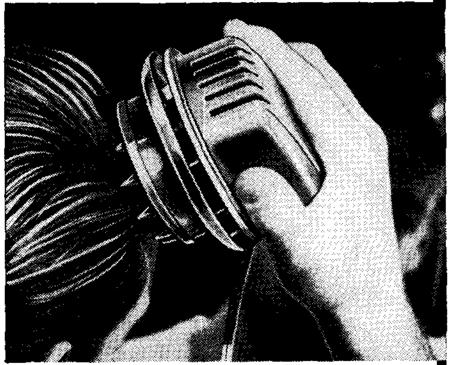

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almost while the customers are looking dubiously in their pocketbooks for the amounts on the old price tags. No one has yet explained to the worried public exactly how the new defense program is to be balanced against the already steep expenses of the welfare state, though cuts in the latter are apparently not among the sacrifices the Prime Minister forecast the other day in his speech to Parliament. The budget that will probably supply the answers, without any sugar-coated tra-las, will not appear until spring.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, whose illness is causing a great deal of anxiety, has also been in the news as a playwright. His new play, "Farfetched Fables," has just had a short run at the experimental Watergate Theatre, a tiny cavern of a place tucked away in a slit of a street off the Strand and generally alleged by taxi-drivers to be nowhere they ever heard of. Shaw donated the play to the Shaw Society—a gesture rather more gracious than his reception of the news of the Society's formation, in 1941, when he told its founder, Dr. F. E. Loewenstein, to get along with it but not to bother him—and the Society asked Esmé Percy to produce it at the Watergate. The press reviews were mostly disappointed, since the critics turned up agog for a possible major opus and found only a string of very tenuously connected charades, or fables, that took around ninety minutes to put on and sounded something like a culling from all the words Shaw ever wrote, brought up to date with a light sprinkling of nuclear fission. The Shavian curiosity skips from the present-day world to the post-atomic world, where it focusses on an anthropometric laboratory and a genetic institute on the Isle of Wight, which is apparently the new center of civilization. Man has steadily become more mind and less body, having discovered how to live comfortably on air and water, and having long ago abandoned the revolting sexual habits of the twentieth-century ancients in favor of test tubes. In the last fable, one of a new race of disembodied thought-beings—the final triumph of evolution—appears in human shape to a justifiably rattled class of sixth-form scholars, throwbacks to the pre-atomic world. The being, who knows everything there is to know in heaven and on earth, is still plagued with unsatisfied intellectual curiosity, and maybe symbolizes Shaw himself. The production was given a lively décor by Feliks Topolski, who dressed the cast for their

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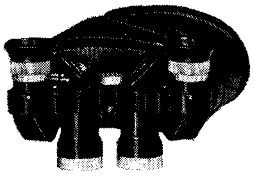

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amble through the centuries in basic white circus tights and had them fix their greasepaint between fables at dressing tables ranged along either side of the little stage.

The best picture of the week, or of several weeks, is the brilliantly topical "Seven Days to Noon," a London Films production directed by the Boulting brothers and starring no one anybody ever heard of. The story concerns an elderly British atomic-research scientist who breaks down under the moral strain of his work, makes off with one of the most lethal of his recent laboratory jobs, and sends the Prime Minister a letter stating that if Britain does not publicly announce the abandonment of atomic research, he intends to detonate the bomb in the heart of London in seven days. After Scotland Yard fails to bring in the professor and his formidable luggage, the Government is forced to broadcast the news to the nation, order the instant evacuation of London, and call out the troops for a man hunt through the empty capital. The evacuation scenes—the Yeomen of the Guard hastily packing the crown jewels, Old Masters being carried out of the National Gallery, crowds queuing for the emergency trains and buses—and the superb shots of troops making their way, street by street, through a London as eerily silent as a deserted village are the high spots of the picture. The deadly serious question propounded by this intelligent thriller is: If London had really gone up like a flaming distress signal to all humanity, would humanity have taken any notice or just gone on heading like sheep toward the old prophet Shaw's Isle of Wight?

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Miss Hanker, who majored in international relations at UCLA, is one of the brightest starlets to have come out of Hollywood in many a day, according to press agent Ben Kaufman. "And don't think she isn't concerned about this Korean situation," he commented.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

You're doing us an injustice, Kaufman.

•

Missing Pages

Pages 3, 4, 17 and 18 are missing from this issue of the Press. This is because our volume of advertising made it necessary at the last minute to print a total of 24 pages instead of 20. Excuse, please.
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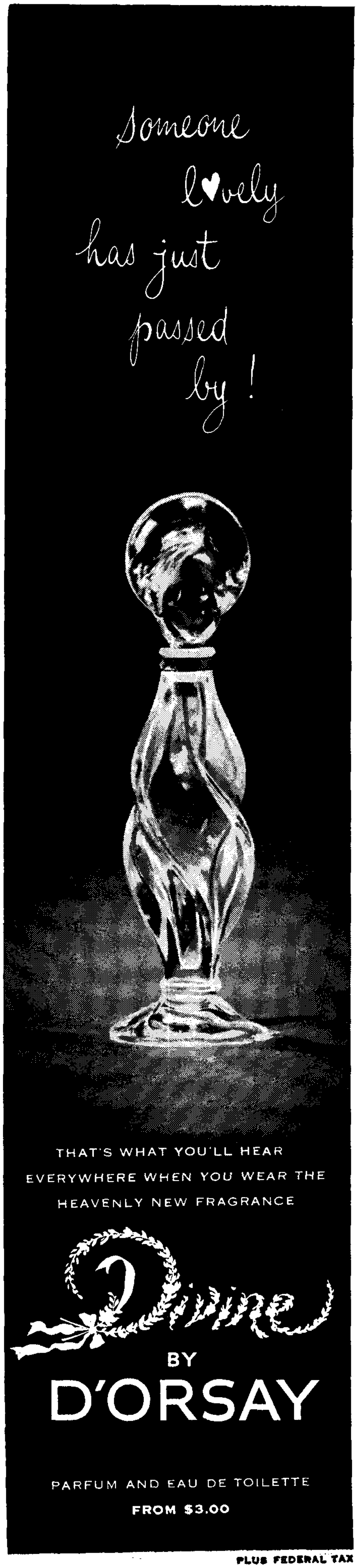

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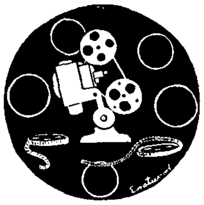

THE cinema version of "The Glass Menagerie" is practically a literal translation to celluloid of the play by Tennessee Williams that was produced hereabouts five years ago. This close adherence to the original drama results in a movie a lot more literate than most, but confining its action pretty much to one set makes it difficult for the players to avoid becoming monotonous now and then in their tight, two-dimensional frame. However, when really poignant moments come along, the cast does right well by Mr. Williams. The piece, as you may recall, concentrates on a family in St. Louis that consists of a mother who moves in a cloud of misty dreams about her youth in the Deep South; a crippled daughter, frightened of the world and the flesh; and a son determined to escape a humdrum existence by joining the merchant marine. It is the mother's ambition to marry off her daughter to some nice young man, and when her son finally brings home a likely candidate, she goes about dragooning him into wedlock, only to discover that he's already been claimed by another young lady. Upon this delicate plot, Mr. Williams has embroidered all kinds of interesting designs, and while some of them got a bit too mystical for a pragmatist like me, I enjoyed most of them thoroughly.

As the mother, Gertrude Lawrence has an actress's field day, pouring on the old plantation dialect as if she had almost forgotten the sound of Bow bells, and Arthur Kennedy, in the role of the son, sees to it that Miss Lawrence doesn't make off with all the scenes. Rounding out the cast, we have Jane Wyman, as the daughter, and Kirk Douglas, as the potential suitor. Miss Wyman is properly strange as a girl with a spooky attachment to a collection of glass animals, and Mr. Douglas is persuasive as he goes about encouraging her to come out of her shell.

IN contrast to "The Glass Menagerie," there is nothing circumscribed about the Italian film called "Bitter Rice." It's a wild, melodramatic business, depicting life among the ladies who harvest rice in the Po Valley. These workers are a formidable lot, full of bounce and passion, and the picture is very frank in its examination of them. When one of the girls falls for a yegg, the picture spurts into some of the most violent stuff you ever witnessed, winding up with a sanguinary scene in a slaughterhouse crowded with gory beeves. There is no question but that Giuseppe De Santis, who directed this one, has made impressive use of the Italian countryside and caught a lot of the flavor of life in the rice fields, but perhaps he's been just a trifle too untrammelled in the script (he collaborated on it), pushing mayhem to the edge of absurdity. The actress who plays the central character, a young lady named Silvana Mangano, is certainly a magnificent figure. Nothing seems absurd when *she's* around.

IN "Pretty Baby," Betsy Drake is an elfin lass who carries a doll around in subways. Other passengers think the doll is a baby, and so she always gets a seat. Her whimsicality doesn't end at this point. She calls her doll Cyrus Baxter Douglas, in honor of a baby-food king, and damned if the old boy doesn't turn up on the subway one day. Well, you can imagine how flattered he is at the tribute Miss Drake has paid him, and you can also imagine how dreary this little dandy is from this point on. Edmund Gwenn is the unfortunate actor who plays the baby-food man.

"THE SLEEPING CITY," a mystery film, was photographed at Bellevue, and its hospital scenes have a nice air of authenticity. It has not much else to recommend it, however, being standard fare. Richard Conte is featured as a detective investigating dark doings at the institution. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

SOMERSET—Shirley May France can return to her classes at Somerset High School tomorrow without paying the $50 fee levied on out-of-towners.

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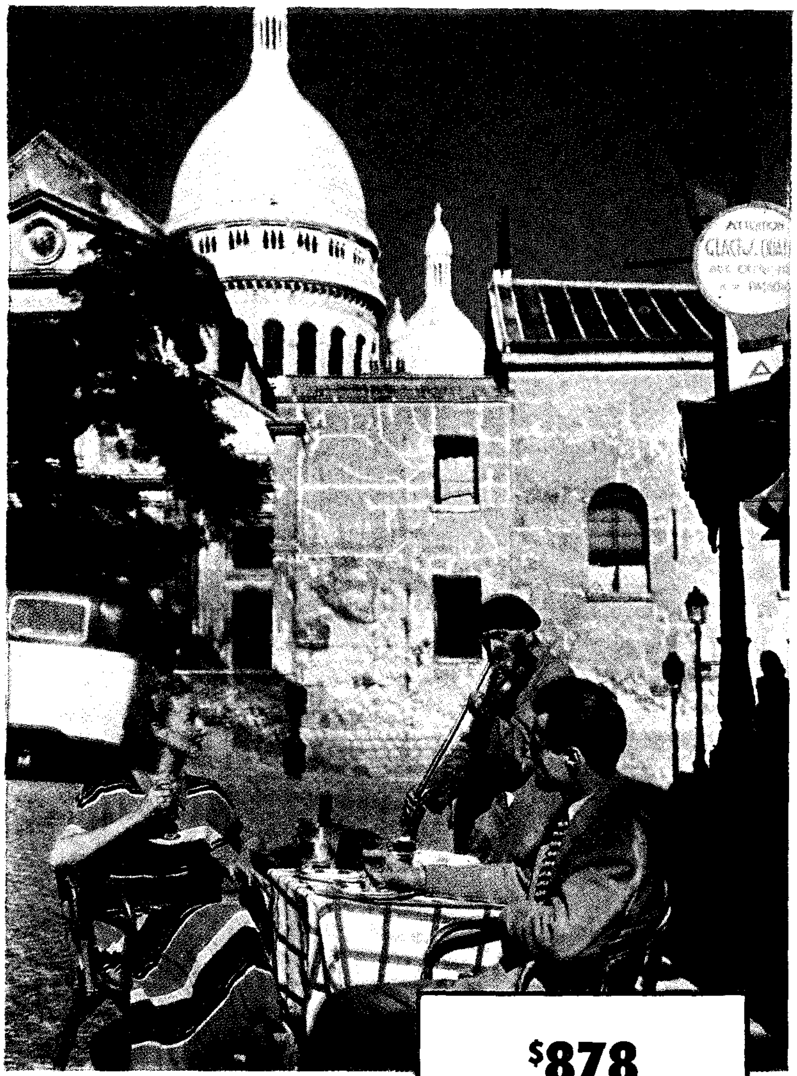

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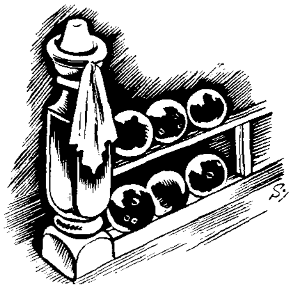
GRANDFATHER'S CIRCUS DAYS

A GRAY norther from Lake Ontario drenched Rochester and ruined Decoration Day of 1885 for three of my cousins and me. There would be no parade, no bands, no saluting cannon, no ceremony in Mt. Hope Cemetery, no patriotic harangues—nothing but rain. There was only one thing that could usefully be done. We could make our weekly duty call on our Grandfather Adams. Accordingly, we presented ourselves at the old gentleman's little Union Street cottage, where we found him in his sitting room, glowering from his armchair. He was wrapped in blankets, a strip of red flannel swathed his throat, and an unguarded expanse of his chest glistened with goose grease. A pannikin on the nearby stove exhaled a faintly unpleasant odor, and two pillboxes and a tall green bottle stood on a table at his elbow. The bottle contained the locally manufactured nostrum, Hop Bitters. This concoction was dear to the heart of every patriotic Rochester boy, because the profits from it maintained the famous Hop Bitters Baseball Nine, a team boasting a left fielder who often turned a back somersault before catching a high fly.

We four cousins advanced in order of age—John, I, Sireno, and young Charlie—to pay our respects and ask about Grandfather's ailing health before seating ourselves.

"I am dying," he said in an annoyed voice.

We expressed polite concern.



"So the Widow Beebe would have me believe," he continued. This was what he called our stepgrandmother when out of sorts with her. It had been her condition and name before she married him.

The kitchen door opened and her mild, bespectacled face appeared. "It will do your quinsy no good to ramp and roar, Mr. Adams," she admonished him. "You must not stay long, children. Your grandfather has a rheum and, I fear, a fever."

"Nothing of the sort," Grandfather protested in what began as a bellow and ended in a croak.

"You see," his wife said placidly as a fit of coughing followed. She rubbed the sufferer's lips with camphor ice and went out, followed by his hoarse defiance.

"They shall stay as long as I choose," he said. He eyed young Charlie, who was fidgeting, and asked, "What ails the lad?"

"Charlie's fixing to go Indian-hunting if the rain lets up," Reno answered with a touch of malice.

The traditions of Indian warfare were still strong in 1885. My eight-year-old cousin was, by turns, Buffalo Bill, Sitting Bull, and General Nelson A. Miles, and ridicule from the older boys stung him. "Over the left!" he said, an expression that was currently an extreme disclaimer.

Grandfather pounced upon it. He disapproved of slang. "What is this vulgarism?" he snapped.

John came to the rescue. "It means over the left shoulder," he said. "Professor Glenn told our class that it comes from the Greek."

"Hmm!" the old gentleman rumbled. "Over the left, eh? Thunder on the left, regarded by the Athenians as an unfavorable or negative portent. Why not, indeed?" He nodded benignly.

Heartened by having escaped reproof, Charlie said boldly, "I bet *you* used to shoot Indians when you were young, Grandpa."

"Certainly not," said Grandfather. "Why should I?"

"Weren't there any around here?"

"Many," Grandfather answered. "They even followed the circus."

THE word "circus" brought us to closer attention. It was one of enchantment. All of us were "canvasbacks," as youthful circus enthusiasts were called, and got out of bed at 4 A.M. whenever Barnum's came to town, in the fond hope of carrying a water bucket and earning a free pass.

"What circus was that, sir?" John asked with an effort at casualness.

"The one with which I was temporarily connected," Grandfather said.

Young Charlie bounced in his chair. "Grandpa," he said, "did you honest and truly act in a circus when you were a boy?"

"I was not, so to say, a boy," Grandfather replied. "Nor did I precisely act. I was there in a fiduciary capacity."

John failed to get this. "To keep the Indians away?" he asked.

"To the contrary," Grandfather said. "They were profitable patrons. They frequented our penny shock ma-

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chine. No Indian can resist the charm of electricity. They would shriek and whoop and squirm when the current was turned on, but they always came back for more."

"Why did they like it if it made them squirm?" Charlie asked.

"I don't know," said the old gentleman. "Nobody knows. Indians are Indians. When I raised the price to twopence, they still stood in line."

"*You* raised the price, sir?" Reno asked. "Did you own the circus?"

Grandfather hesitated. "I held a modest per centum," he admitted.

"Was it a big circus?" Charlie asked. "Were there lions?"

"One," Grandfather said. "Until it died."

"Did you put your head in its mouth?" asked Charlie.

"No," said Grandfather.

A puff of wind and rain had blown in Jenny, our eldest cousin. She was a pretty and spirited seventeen. She shook hands with the invalid, whose favorite she was, and inquired solicitously after his symptoms.

"Maybe you were a clown, Grandfather," said Charlie hopefully. "I'd admire to be a clown and paint my nose. Wouldn't you, Jenny?"

"No, I wouldn't," Jenny said decisively. "I'd rather be Miss Nettie Roblee and ride a milk-white steed standing up."

"She rode a dapple-gray," Grandfather said in a tone of reverie, "on one foot."

Jenny leaned toward him. "Who rode a dapple-gray?" she asked. "Not Miss Nettie. Where was this?"

"In Whitsey's Mammoth Symposium," Grandfather said. There was a pause. "*Eheu, fugaces!*" the old gentleman murmured. "How many long years! That rascal Jesse!"

The name electrified us. Our dead and distant relative Jesse Church was a combination of mystery, clan hero, and blot on the scutcheon. The occupant of every chair hunched forward.

"You've heard little good of him, I daresay," Grandfather continued.

"Wasn't he"—Reno hesitated, gulped, and went on—"illegal, sorta?"

Grandfather frowned. "He was not 'illegal,' as you ignorantly put it, Sireno. He was a truebred Church, but a wild young wastrel. His evasion from college to accompany the circus was only one of many escapados."

"We thought it was you that joined the circus, sir," John said.

"Eh? That was later," said Grandfather. "Jesse had been with them a

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good two months before I was sent by the family to rescue him, lest he disgrace us further."

I inquired hopefully as to the nature of the disgrace. It appeared that Jesse had hired on with the circus as a hostler.

"Did he run away from college to look after a horse?" Jenny asked incredulously.

"Horses have riders," replied Grandfather sententiously. "To be near the horse was to be near the rider."

"Oh!" said Jenny. "The one on the dapple-gray. Was she pretty?"

"She had a temptational eye," Grandfather said, and hurried on with his narrative. "The show pitched in Palmyra. It was Muster Day, I recall, mortal hot and dusty, and the militia were parading down Main Street. I drove the gig over from our home, in East Bloomfield. I arrived very moist and distempered, and found young Jesse perched on the tailboard of a conny wagon, cool as you please, inditing a poem to his inamorata. I never saw a young fool worse enslaved. I discovered he had been paying three dollars a week into the show's money box."

This shocked Reno's sense of business propriety, he being the commercial mind among us. "D'you mean to say, sir, that he paid out cash to be allowed to take care of the horse?" he asked.

Grandfather explained that it was the practice among the local Corinthians—by which he meant the gilded youth—to take the road with theatrical travelling troupes, paying a fee for the privilege and playing small parts or performing minor services. Jesse had applied the principle to the circus.

"He immediately tried to borrow ten dollars from me," Grandfather went on.

"Did you let him have it?" Reno asked. "I wouldn't."

"Nor did I," said Grandfather. "I made it clear that none of my avails were going to be dissipated upon a sawdust siren. Jesse replied that anyone who called the lady that was a damned liar and was liable to have his head caved in with a tent peg. Jesse," Grandfather added reflectively, "was a youth of unbridled speech."

"I think he was grand," said Jenny.

"So did not the object of his affections when she learned that he could no longer pay his scot," Grandfather said.

"Did *you* tell her, Grandfather?" Jenny cried. "How mean!"

"She asked me pretty roundly what I was doing there," the old gentleman said, "and I made my purpose

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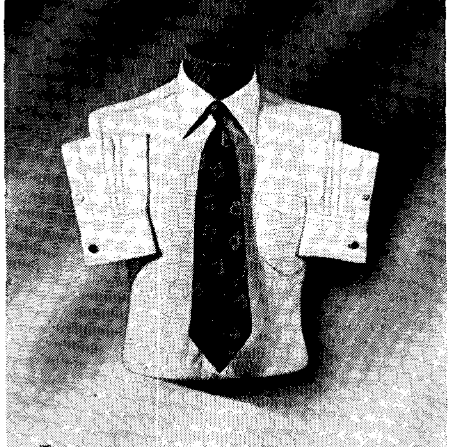

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clear. 'All very hoity-toity,' she said, 'but suppose he chooses not to leave?' 'He will go if you send him,' I told her. 'Why should I?' she said. I urged that by so doing she would bring comfort and relief to an anxious fireside, and she said, 'I don't care a tin bawbee about your anxious fireside. I'm thinking of the show. The lad is ready money.' 'No longer,' I told her. 'He's strappado,' and I made the gesture of turning out an empty pocket. She was painfully affected by it. And that," said Grandfather, "is how I became the money man of a circus."

"What happened to Jesse?" John asked.

A dim chuckle came from Grandfather, followed by a brief fit of coughing. "He drove the gig back to East Bloomfield with a flea in his young ear."

"Just like that?" I asked. "Didn't he make a fuss?"

"Without financial avails, he was of no further concern to the lady," said Grandfather.

"He died young, didn't he, Grandfather?" Jenny asked. "Did he waste away?"

"He did not. He joined a troupe of travelling thespians and played inconsiderable parts—Indians, soldiers, and the like—in 'Metamora' and other dramas. He later died of a surfeit of raw cherries and iced punch."

"SO when Jesse left, you took over the accounts," Reno said.

"Not immediately," said Grandfather. "The Mammoth Symposium was exhibiting in adjacent towns—Newark, Phelps, Watercure. After some days, Floretta—"

"Was that her name?" Jenny asked eagerly. "How old was she? I bet she was pretty. Was she tall and dark and stately? Or slender and fair and languorous?" The works of Laura Jean Libbey were then just becoming popular among young ladies.

Throughout this spate of questions, Grandfather had been flapping an impatient hand. "Finance, not personal appearance, is the subject under discussion," he said. "Floretta asked me whether I was experienced in commercial dealings."

"What made her think that?" Jenny asked.

"My demeanor was mature and grave beyond my years," Grandfather replied.

"How old were you, Grandfather?" Jenny asked insinuatingly.

The old gentleman figured back from his eighty-two years and said, "A ripened thirty. While in my twenties I had already conducted several minor operations with profit, and I so informed her. She replied that she would deal aboveboard with me, that the Old Man, as she called Whitsey, had done a burk (I am repeating the language of the show folk), casting the little company upon its own resources, which were nil, and bidding her take charge. She then volunteered to show me the money box."

The circus's treasury, Grandfather explained, was in a sad state. Available cash consisted of ten bungtown coppers (old British pence), a dubious pistareen, which, if good, would have been worth no more than seventeen cents, and several bank notes so painfully uncurrent that, as Floretta remarked to him, a one-eyed taproom barkeep would not have accepted the lot in payment for a glass of cold tea. The rest of the assets were in trade.

"What kind of trade?" asked Reno.

"*Inter alia*, twenty-odd eggs and five pounds of cheese," the old gentleman answered. "I shall explain this phase later. I could readily see that commerce was a matter on which the lady had no docity, and she frankly sought to enlist my services. However, she warned me that it was a risky venture. When I replied that I was not born in the woods to be scared by an owl, she laughed and said that as the affairs of the company could not worsen, I might take over on a per centum basis and see if I could better them, which I accordingly did."

Small circuses, he went on to say, operated on a very narrow margin in his youth and were expected to accept anything that was offered at the ticket window. Such staples as gunpowder, plug tobacco, flaxseed, muskrat pelts, and rum were practically legal tender, but other offerings—turnips, potatoes, eggs, fowls, and home-woven fabrics—were less stable, and, in the case of Whitsey's Mammoth Symposium, presented recurrent problems to the new money man. "Emperor Nicholas Biddle himself could not have balanced accounts with butter fetching ten cents a pound in Skaneateles and eight and a half at Oaks Corners," he told us with conviction.

What finally disgusted Grandfather was a misadventure with a Union Springs woodsman who brought a family of six to the show and tendered a well-cured Tuscarora scalp as payment for admission, arguing that it was worth eight bits of any man's money. Thereafter, Grandfather hung out a sign, in large lettering, "SOUND COIN OR CURRENT NOTES ONLY."

It was a hard job to convert a rural populace, accustomed to trading in goods, to a legal-tender basis, but the new money man stuck to his rule: No shilling, no show. There was a riot over it at Phelps, Grandfather told us, where everyone wanted to pay in cabbage, a medium sharply depressed because of an overcrop. Expenses of lodging were a constant bugbear. To avoid them, members of the company, who travelled in wagons or on beastback, slept in the vehicles. He himself was quartered in the snake box, he said.

Charlie, who had been bored by all this economic detail, came to with a start. "Snake?" he said. "Was there a snake? What kind, sir?"

"The Wreathing, Writhing Man-Eating Python from the Headwaters of the Wild Orinoco," said Grandfather. "It was one of our foremost attractions."

"Weren't you scared it would bite you?" Charlie asked.

"Pythons are constrictors," John put in. "They don't bite." John stood high in his classes at the Rochester Free Academy and tended to be oracular.

"It was stuffed," the old gentleman said.

Charlie's lip drooped. "I thought you said it writhed."

"It did writhe when I pulled the proper strings."

"Oh, *Grandfather!*" Jenny cried reproachfully. "Was that honest?"

The Moody & Sankey Revival had just been to Rochester, leaving local morality on a temporarily lofty plane. Jenny had attended every service.

"No," the old gentleman said, without perceptible contrition. "Nor was the Ferocious Jaguar of the Andean Jungles. She was a tamed wood lynx painted with spots and curves, and she kept licking the paint off and getting sick. I never saw a queasier animal. We used the same yellow for the Wild Cannibal's stripes. There must have been something wrong with it, for it itched him cruelly. I had to scrape him with coal oil after every performance."

"I think it was disgraceful," Jenny said.

"Circus business is not a camp meeting," the old gentleman retorted. "We were no worse than others. There were many genuine features in our exhibit. The lion was real, and the two monkeys. The tail feathers of the Beauteous Bird of Paradise were authentic. Whitsey had given an intoxicated captain in the China trade four dollars for them. Our danc-

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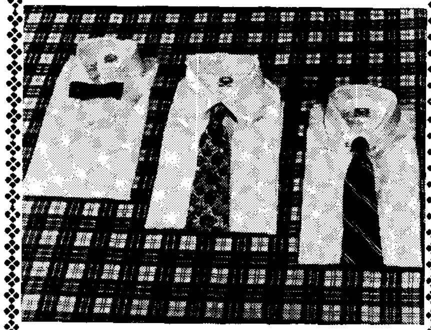

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ing bear was an accomplished performer, and there was never a more risible clown than ours, when sober. The customers had their shilling's worth."

Charlie sighed enviously and said, "I don't see how you could ever have given up such a wonderful life, Grandpa."

"Whitsey came back," the old gentleman said after some hesitation.

"Who was Whitsey?"

"The owner. Whitsey's Mammoth Symposium."

"Did he fire you, sir?" John asked.

"Not exactly, but he preferred to be his own treasurer. There was no place for two money men in the show."

"Where had he been, sir?" I asked.

"In jail."

"What for?" asked Charlie.

"He was a coniacker." Baiting us with archaic terms was one of Grandfather's sly diversions.

"Does that mean a thief, sir?" John asked.

"Would you understand better if I said that he operated a bogus?"

"I know," Reno said brightly. "False coinage."

"A mortal poor article," Grandfather said. "A fip from his mold fell into the sheriff's hands and he was jailed."

"Grandfather." Jenny spoke with wheedling urgency. "Won't you *please* tell me what she looked like?"

"Who?" asked Grandfather innocently.

FEET sounded upon the porch, and Dr. Ely entered. He was a trim, handsome middle-aged man, who wore his short beard accurately parted and was respected by all and feared by the young for his potent purges. "Shoo, chickens!" he commanded, and we fled into the small parlor.

Jenny sat down on the melodeon seat and lost herself in musings. From them came a series of ejaculations. "Think of it! Grandfather! In love!"

The suggestion seemed to offend Reno. "Who? Grandpa?" he asked. "Ah, go *West!*"

"Over the left!" young Charlie said.

"Well, I bet he was," she said. "I bet he was handsome, too. I bet he looked like—like—" She floundered for a moment, seeking the acme of glamour. "Like Fritz Emmet!" she concluded triumphantly.

We shouted her down. Nobody, in our estimation, could possibly be comparable to the composer and singer of the famous "Fritz Emmet's Lullaby." We were still arguing over it when our stepgrandmother opened the sit-

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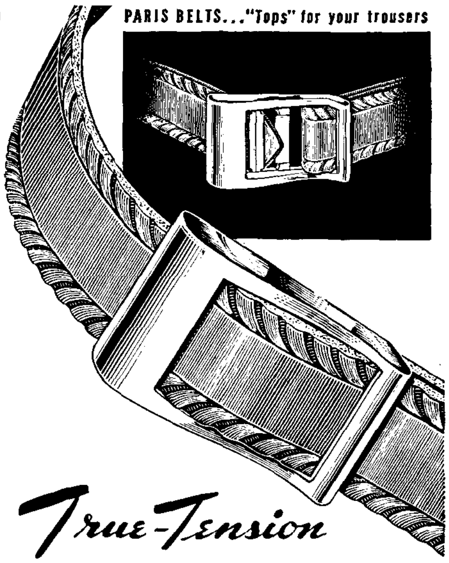

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ting-room door. "You may come back for three minutes, children," she said.

Grandfather had been moved to a straight chair, where he sat staring disconsolately down at his thin, bare shanks. They protruded from a washtub of steaming water, sicklied o'er with a pale cast of powdered mustard. Facing a time limit, we concentrated upon the patient with brisk, competitive questions.

"Grandfather, did you leave as soon as Mr. Whitsey came back?" I asked.

"I waited until I collected my per centum," the old gentleman replied.

"I'll betcha!" said Reno with enthusiasm.

"Did you never see her more?" sighed Jenny poetically.

"Who?" Grandfather asked again.

"You know perfectly well who. The lady with the temptational eye."

Grandfather lifted a parboiled foot from the mustard bath, looked at it, and replaced it. "I returned to East Bloomfield and joined the Congregational Church," he said.

"What for?" Jenny blurted.

For a moment, the old gentleman looked startled. "I also married your grandmother," he continued.

"Oh dear!" Jenny said.

"That is a most improper observation," he said sharply.

But no rebuke could stop Jenny. She leaned forward to his near ear. "What *did* she look like, Grandfather?" she whispered.

"Your grandmother? She was tall and—"

"Not Grandmother," Jenny broke in. "You know! The other."

"Oh!" the invalid said. He closed his eyes, a smile on his usually firm mouth. "I have quite forgotten," he said clearly. "It is time for my nap. Good day to you all."

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

. . . and if Lana herself doesn't have a whale of a good time at it—we'll eat this paragraph, without seasoning, in Louis B. Mayer's anteroom. If he has one.—*Hollywood Reporter.*

That's nothing. If Mayer doesn't have an anteroom, we'll eat Lana Turner.

•

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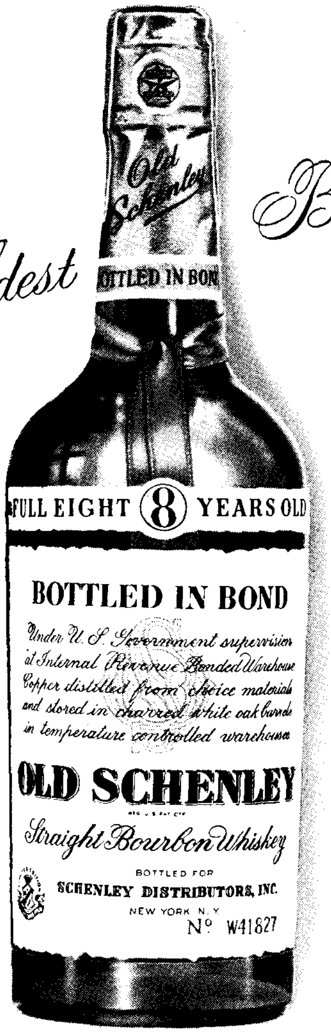
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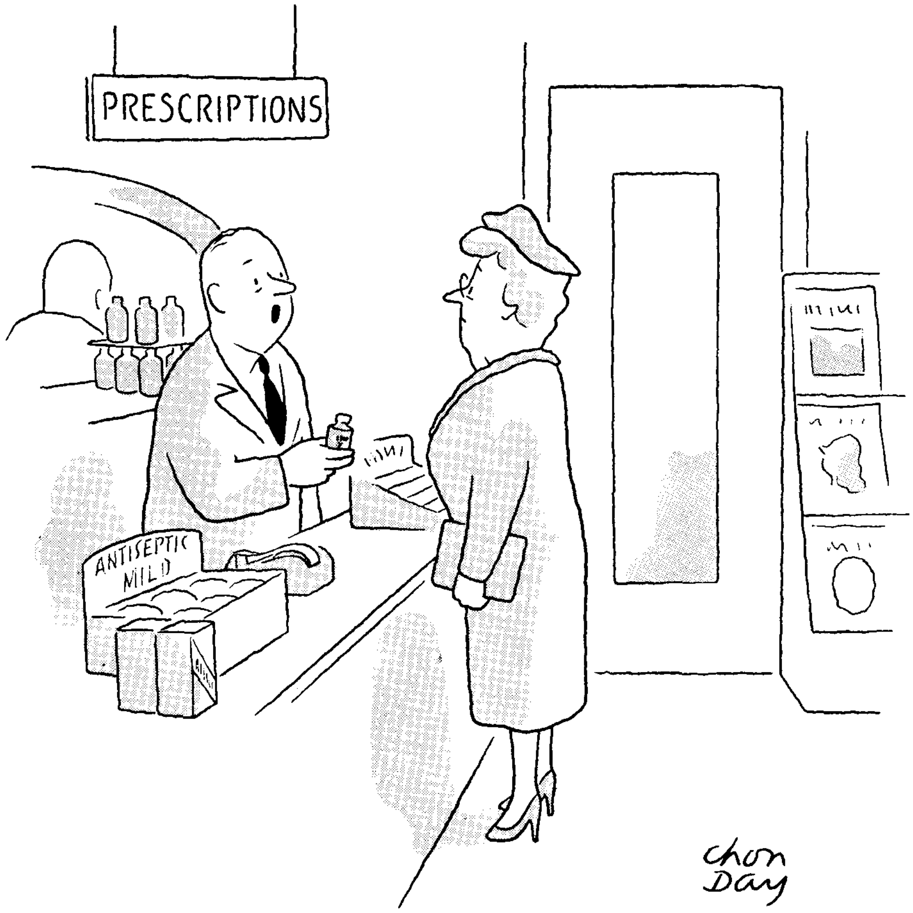
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

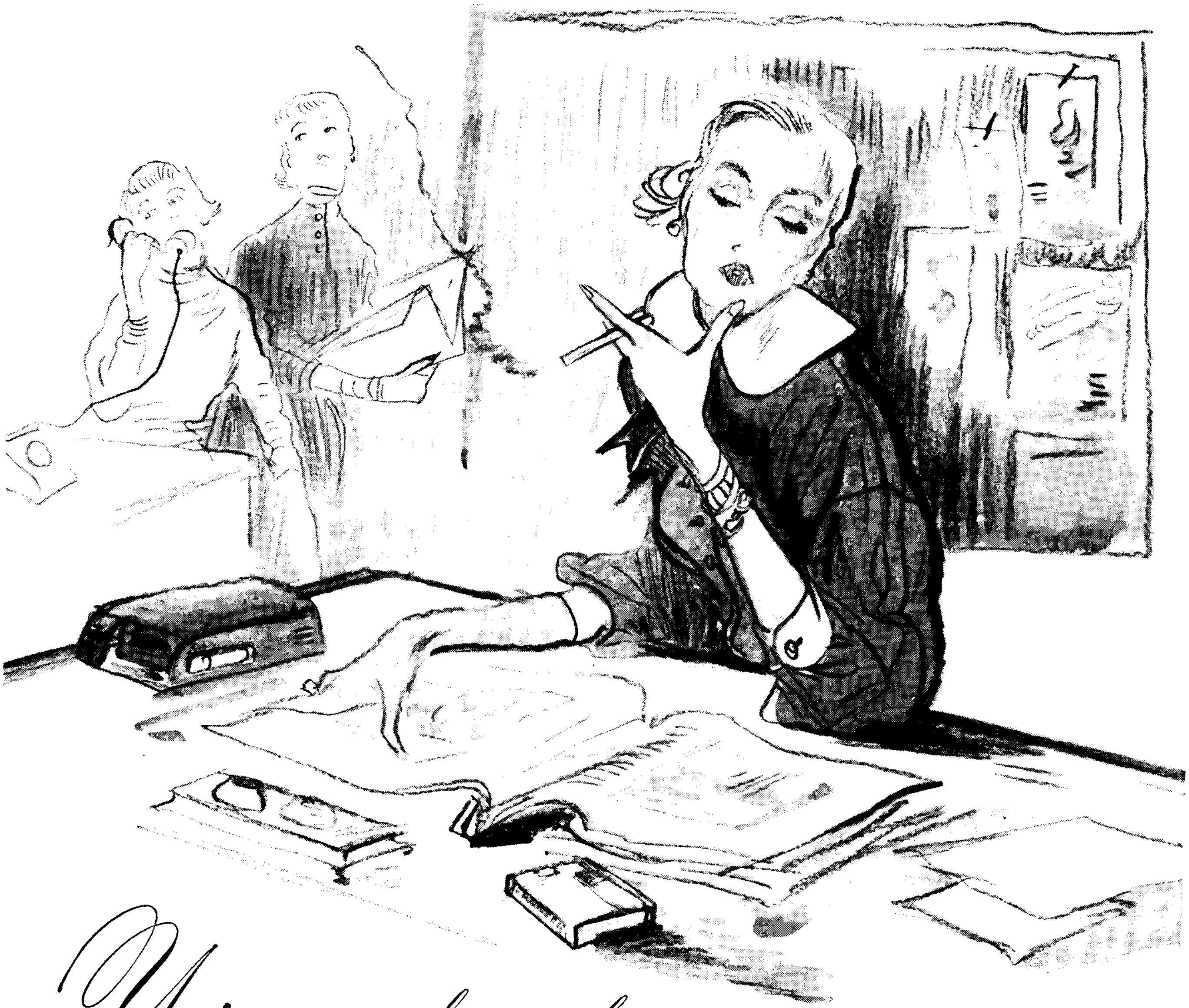
FOR one who has always held firmly to the conviction that good design is good design, whatever its point of origin, the current New York-Paris sparring match has both its comic and its exasperating aspects. People seem to have forgotten that the pursuit of hard-currency dollars is not confined to Europe; American designers and manufacturers have been waking up in the morning with a yearning for them since the first home dressmaker alighted at Jamestown. Possibly on the theory that conservatism is the best source of dollars, many New York houses play safe with the established styles that their established customers have long accepted, varying these only with new fabrics or a bit of detail, and import a few of the more extreme Paris dresses solely for prestige and propaganda. In other words, they assume that a customer still wants what she has wanted before—an attitude that seems to me both craven and patronizing. Then, on the other side of the Atlantic, there are some equally cautious designers who, having come over to inspect and assay that phenomenon, the independent-minded American woman, have decided that they know best what a woman is *going* to want, on the basis of what she has wanted in the past, and too often they repair to their ateliers to make what turn out to be nothing more than French elaborations of the clothes that every American housewife and working girl has been wearing for years. And when we come to the spectacular boys, on both sides of the ocean, we're not much better off. The really high-voltage Paris designers still try to overawe the simple-minded American public with clothes so regal, so sweeping, and so intricately cut that the purchasers need private ballrooms and limousines to do them justice. As for the whiz-bang American fellows, all they are trying to achieve, apparently, is flash and glitter. And you can't wear the result, from either continent, unless your circle of acquaintances shifts every three or four days.

Despite this dark picture, the fact is that women still do go on buying clothes—and darned good-looking ones, too. This happy circumstance, I am sure, can be attributed only to the work of the designers (on both sides of the Atlantic—no partiality) who are not afraid to let design run free as long as it is sane and who consequently are rarely guilty of clothes that are over-conspicuous and freakish. These are the artists who are aware that ease is what most American women demand first of all. A woman may spend an interminable time selecting her wardrobe, whether it is limited or lavish, but once the clothes are selected and fitted, she likes to be able to behave as if there is nothing to it, really. Fortunately for such women, there are many houses in town that manage to come up with something between the merely wearable and the flamboyant.

ONE of the foremost among these houses is that of Hattie Carnegie, who has never been more inspired than she is this season at turning out clothes that make a woman look neat, nonchalant, and completely assured at the same time. She follows none of the trends we've all read so much about; Carnegie is Carnegie. As for ease, her slimmest suits give you freedom when you walk; her afternoon and evening skirts frequently have hoops and crinoline beneath poufs, and harem panels in back, but they don't look like fancy-dress costumes. She realizes that with such skirts (which often show flashes of contrasting colors, and are likely to have tucks spiralling around them), elaborate tops would make everything look very busy indeed. Many of her most important dresses for formal occasions have round, high necks on their simple bodices, and cap or elbow sleeves. (Miss Carnegie is far too canny and too feminine to allow the upper arm to emerge ungracefully from a stark round armhole.) Others are strapless. In her famous suits she achieves a slim effect without hobbling the wearer; many of her suits have skirts made of narrow gores, with stitched seams pressed outward, vaguely suggesting umbrella seams. This trick appears in the skirt of a cream-colored tweed suit with a box jacket that comes just to the hipbones. (There's no 1926 look at



"This is practically the same thing. It contains dimethyl-ribitylisoalloxazine and hydroxymethyl-pyridinedimethanol."



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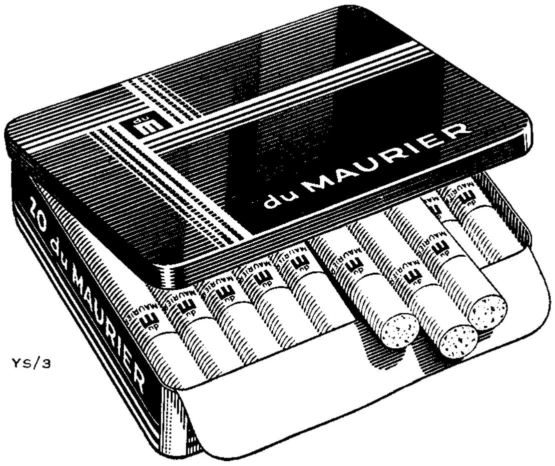

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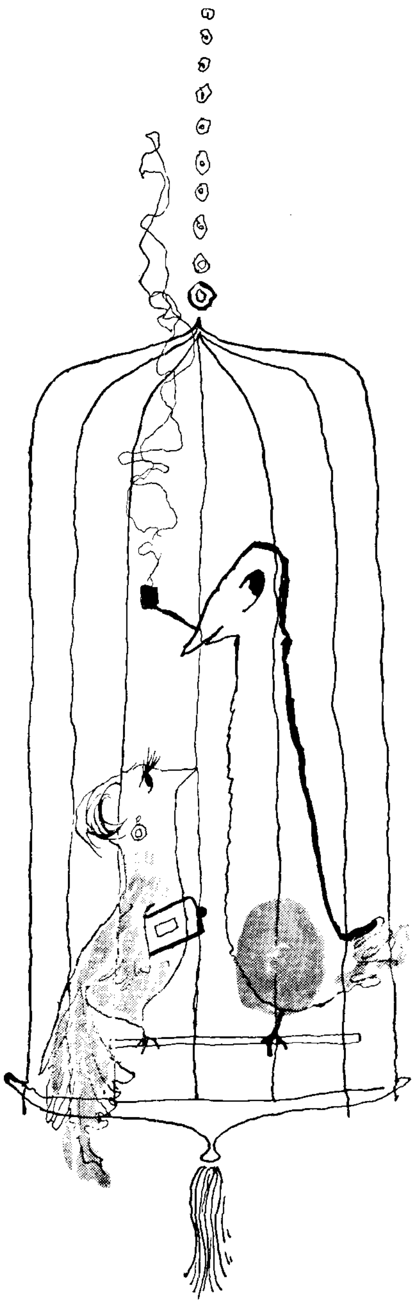

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Miss C.'s.) She also shows jackets that are snug to the waistline and then have longish peplums; on them, a round-hipped look is brought out by these same gores. A new detail on some of her skirts is what she calls a "ski chute." A deep, inverted pleat runs the length of each thigh and is caught in at the knee, which gives a woman room to sit down without sacrificing a straight line down the hips. She uses this device in all kinds of costumes, and it is brought off particularly well in a navy wool suit with a box jacket and white ermine dickey. Dance dresses may be mid-calf length or very sweeping; they all have a look of simplicity, despite the hoops and the furbelows and the billowing harem panels in back.

Sophie Shonnard and Nona Park, who run the Custom-Made Salon at Bonwit Teller, offer, with equal aplomb, models from Paris and designs by their own Mr. Lépolé. Lépolé's outstanding talent is for chiffon, that lovely stuff that can look so bedraggled in the wrong hands. For evening dresses, he is given to wrapping it in folds around the torso, so tightly that one would almost think he had wet the fabric and pasted it on. Sculptural—that's the word I want. Below, the material flows off into skirts that often have side panels to give the slightly hippy look he likes. He is also extremely talented at giving wool jersey street dresses a fluid feeling; witness a gray jersey dress with a gathered skirt, vertical folds inside the V on the chest, and a red velvet bow at the throat. There are several Molyneux day dresses here that have the buttoned, lean-hipped look for which Molyneux is noted, but most of the clothes, whether French or American, have the solid qualities of roundness and softness, achieved by slanting necklines or fastenings, hip padding, asymmetrical draping, sleeves that emerge from bodices without a seam in sight, or irregular, wrapped hemlines. There are numbers of black day and cocktail dresses in crêpe, as well as in more elaborate materials, that have the waist-length jacket, seemingly a part of the dress, that every woman finds helpful.

Bendel's custom salon has always made a specialty of captivating ball gowns, for both débutantes and their mothers; this year, its own designs and its Paris selections share honors. It has imported Dior's sensational full-skirted caprice of white tulle over pink tulle over crinoline. (The skirt can liter-

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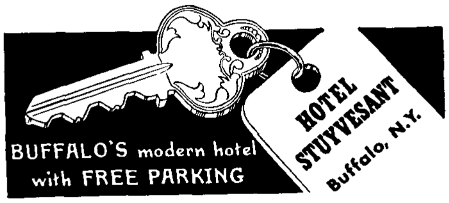

BUFFALO'S modern hotel with FREE PARKING

ally stand alone.) Tiny silver paillettes are scattered copiously around the hips and thin out toward the vast hem. The separate top is strapless and heavily beaded. Another contender here for cotillion honors comes from Griffe. The center front of the tulle skirt is a deep pink, and the color pales toward the sides; the center back is a deep turquoise, and this likewise fades at the sides. There are quantities of things of this sort—full skirts and spangled, strapless tops—in the Bendel collection, and you will also find tubular evening dresses, some of them draped to suggest early Irene Castle days. A triumph is one of eel-gray satin, embossed with a sprawling ostrich-plume design in pink velvet, that has poufs in the back and a slight train.

For daytime, Bendel shows some of its own tailored wool dresses with box jackets, and also fitted French affairs, among them Balenciaga's Wishbone suit, so called, to no one's astonishment, because the buttons on the bodice are laid out in the form of a wishbone. Very hippy it is, and made of a heavy, ottoman-type fabric that gives pause to Americans, used to shuttling in and out of steam-heated buildings. Bendel has many imported suits and coats of the heaviest and shaggiest fabrics I've ever seen (some of them actually made my skin crawl), and most customers are certain to want to substitute something softer and lighter. One exception is Balenciaga's full-backed coat, buttoning down from a band collar, which is made of soft, snuff-colored fleece. Clients will probably want this one in the original fabric, and Bendel has it. But that famous Dior suit of very heavy wool with a scarf-collared black satin blouse, a skinny black wool skirt, and a belted, mid-thigh-length jacket snugly buttoned in a curving line to the waist and flaring at the hem is hard for an American to understand. Griffe's tan tunic coat of shaggy wool, also belted and hippy, makes more sense in the New York climate.

In the greatcoat division, Bendel trots out Dior's purplish fleece coat, whose wide shawl collar emphasizes the slope of the shoulders. The sleeves are raglan, and big patch pockets make the belted waistline look even smaller. I just don't know which I prefer—this or Bendel's own purple fleece greatcoat. The latter has a scarf collar, and sleeves that spring from the center seam in back and end in enormous bell cuffs; it can be worn loose, caught in all around with a self belt, or belted across the front only. If you insist on a fitted coat, however, Bendel can do you up

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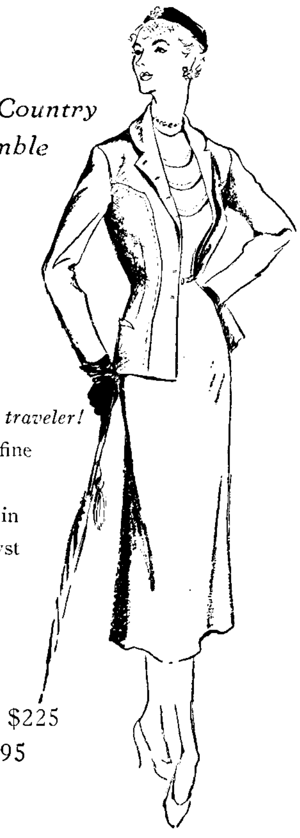

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proud in a gray fleece affair with a small, crossed collar, and silver-fox cuffs as big as muffs.

THE Lilly Daché ensembles this year have an insouciance that ought to give all but the most malcontent viewers a lift, a laugh, and a renewed desire for the luxurious life. Everything is to be found here—unabashed and magnificent jewelry for evening, wool jersey scarf-hats for travelling and tiny visor veils for the theatre, stockings gleaming with sequins, and long gloves of black capeskin or white panne velvet. (Some above-the-elbow gloves have artificial orange flowers attached to their tops that meet in the center of your bare back; how you get in and out of them I have no idea.) No matter what you may have been thinking up to now, Daché *does* have some simple, basic dresses, such as a little black wool number with two narrow bands of patent leather across the diaphragm in front and one similar narrow band across the waist in back. Her coats, usually with wide, wide cuffs around the elbows, hang full in back even when they are wrapped well across to one hip in front. One reversible version in reddish-brown wool, lined with bright-red ditto, would serve nicely as a poncho in case you had to spend a night sleeping on the ground or a day going to a football game. Others have opulent fur cuffs, with leopard making the strongest bid for favor. Daché uses long, skinny black-fox stoles over almost everything. There is practically no trick that she has missed, from a little black velvet dinner suit, the flaring peplum of which is lined with white linen with an edging of Venise-type lace, to vampire navy jersey dresses that wrap the body from neck to ankle and have a border of navy-dyed fox at the hem.

In the Daché *boutique*, downstairs, you'll find her dazzling accessories all ready to be wrapped for you, and also many "separates" of a type no college girl will recognize; the majority are custom. There really are many, many costumes here that you should find useful, and it should cheer you up just to look at the rest of them.

KNIZE, known as an accomplished men's tailor, has managed some nice dressmaker artifices in his custom women's suits that prevent them from being mannish but are not so extreme as to put them out of style in the five or six years it takes for a Knize suit

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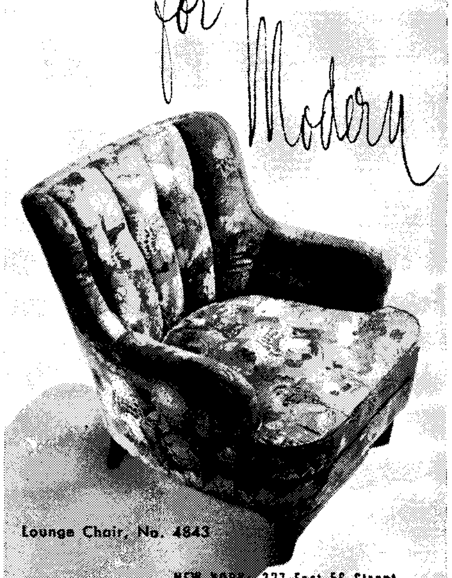

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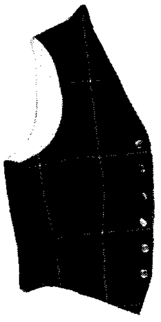

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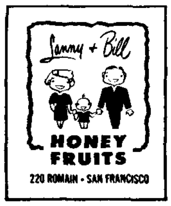

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to show wear. Black Persian lamb is used for a shawl collar and hip-pocket tabs on one very long-torsoed jacket with a straight buttoned closing; black-and-white striped suits may have the stripes worked around the revers and pockets like braid, and handmade real braid is used everywhere. Other suits—of, say, gray worsted Shetland—have hand-crocheted matching wool combined with peppermill beads as trimming. The crocheting is done by Aileen Rice, who makes those hand-knitted and hand-crocheted dresses and suits that Newport women swear by. Her newest and most mystifying knit is done with the thinnest, silkiest rayon yarn and turns up in, for one thing, a shirtwaist dress that appears to be entirely pleated from its turnover collar to the hem, because vertical stripes of plain knit that looks like the sheerest jersey are alternated with lacy knit. . . . The shops everywhere are showing evening hats to be worn with bare shoulders, and some are magnificent indeed. But there are many little round white things that look strangely wan and inadequate perched atop your tresses. Bare shoulders, to my mind, need a hat that has a bit of importance, even though it need not be as large as some of the sweeping black velvet bicornes you'll see around, which are certainly inappropriate for the theatre. Nicole de Paris has some tilted beauties, in beret, tricorne, or small profile shape, that are made entirely of white coq feathers or of flat white aigrette-type feathers, sometimes with black paillette slivers making an allover design on them. Dashing, beautiful, and costly. —Lois Long

•

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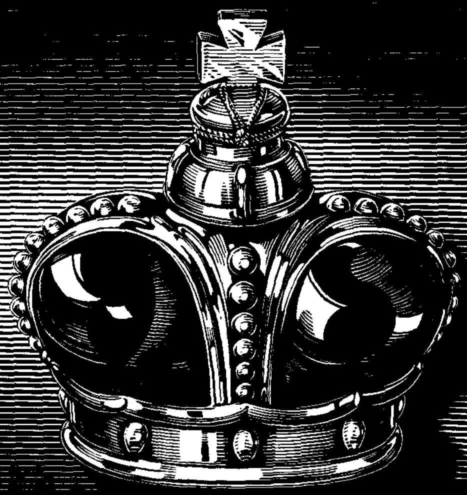

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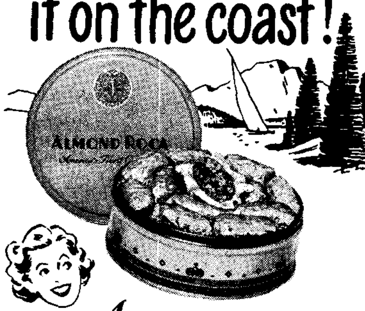

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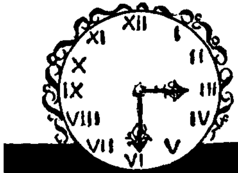

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballets from Britain

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet got off the American première of Frederick Ashton's "Dante Sonata" last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, and two other ballets that, while not new, had never been presented here before by the troupe. The "Dante Sonata," set to some showy Liszt music, had the forces of good and evil mixing it up onstage for a quarter of an hour or so. It ended in a draw, but at the close the figure of a Child of Light (Margot Fonteyn), looking hopefully upward into the Olympian glare of a spotlight, seemed to indicate which way Ashton was placing his bets. All the rest of the time, the Children of Darkness tangled inconclusively with the purer set, sometimes one side winning a victory, sometimes the other. The exquisite Miss Fonteyn, on the right side but not very animated about it, was somewhat at a loss in this set-to, but a splendidly agonized Moira Shearer, her bold red hair tossing wildly about the dead white of her face, cut such excellent capers in behalf of evil that she made one pleasantly curious about the merits of sin. It all seemed like a scene from one of Cecil B. DeMille's Biblical extravaganzas.

The influence of the movies—silent movies—was even more apparent earlier in the week, when local audiences had their first opportunity to see Miss Fonteyn's "Giselle." (This painfully sentimental work is now always somebody or other's "Giselle," never just the ballet danced for its own sake; the story is too laborious to get by on its own merits, and has to depend entirely on the quality of the dancing of the girl in the title role.) The Fonteyn "Giselle" is broadly acted, and the gesturing is so flamboyant and so much like that seen in early films, in which simple emotions and situations were flung at an audience in the most elementary and unmistakable terms, that it seems to belong in the basement of the Museum of Modern Art, along with the other cinematic relics. The trouble is that this two-act drama tells a miserable tale in a maudlin way, and since the choreography, which the Sadler's Wells company dutifully patterns after Jean Coralli's original, is no great shakes, the whole thing is apt to seem a bore. In fact, it *is* a bore. But Miss Fonteyn's dancing is so lovely that even in such embarrassing circumstances one can be grateful for the opportunity of watching her.

Last week, the company also introduced locally its performance of Ashton's bright and winning "Les Patineurs," set to dribs and drabs of Meyerbeer's music. The dancers glide around like skaters throughout, and perhaps the nicest compliment I can pay them and their choreographer is that I found their efforts infinitely more enjoyable and convincing than the damp activity in any of the several genuine skating shows I've seen, in which the skaters try to beguile you into forgetting that they *are* on skates. Most of the performers in ice revues—all but the stars—strike me as being hopelessly out of place, but the dancers in "Les Patineurs" are perfectly at home without skates. They come on and off the imaginary pond—singly, in pairs, and all together—with great good nature and with delight in the sport and in their proficiency. They spin around in a kind of glade surrounded by Japanese lanterns, and behind them the bare winter trees on the backdrop rise tall in the darkness. The setting is so good, the costumes are so gay and warm-looking, and a couple of the showoffs on skates—notably Brian Shaw and Rowena Jackson—are so skillful that I began to wish the Central Park lakes would hurry up and freeze.

Having seen a few, but not all, of the Sadler's Wells presentations, I have decided that the company's wonderful evening-long classical works—"The Sleeping Beauty," which I watched on two occasions, and, to judge from all I have heard, "Le Lac des Cygnes"—give the troupe its chief distinction. I got a bit tired before "The Sleeping Beauty" was over, but it keeps popping up in my mind, and I dwell again on all its marvellous detail and on the entrancing Princess Aurora of Miss Fonteyn. I think kindly, too, of Michael Somes' Prince—a lightheaded, gullible fellow, to be sure, but no namby-pamby, either.

I'd also like to mention Ashton's delightful "A Wedding Bouquet." A large part of the credit for the fun in this scatterbrained affair must go to Gertrude Stein, whose sly text is read as an accompaniment to the dancing, but Ashton's visualization is superb. Among the many things that gave me pleasure was the quick, instinctive, and alarming little movement of the bride as she snatched from the air the wedding bouquet that she herself had just flung.

THE New York City Opera Company began its fall season at the City Center last week, opening with "Turandot," Puccini's final work, which was given here for the first time last spring. I thought it was a fine performance, and although the staging falls short of a sound realization of Puccini's intentions, it impressed me much more this time than it did before. It is a smoother presentation now, and I was able to enjoy it for its music and story, without being shocked, as I was in the spring, at seeing the "Turandot" of my imagination given such a slender production. The orchestra has rarely sounded better, and the singing was acceptable all around, and in a few instances noteworthy. Giulio Gari was a first-rate Prince Calaf, Dorothy MacNeil was an enormously appealing Liu, and a new bass singer, Raffaele Arie, did a good job in the part of Timur. Dragica Martinis did not measure up to the almost insurmountably difficult role of Turandot, but she sang bravely and with a good deal of conviction.

Rose Bampton, who until this year was depended upon at the Met for some of the more demanding soprano parts in its repertoire—Kundry in "Parsifal," for one—turned up last Saturday night at the City Center in her first performance with the New York City Opera Company, and sang the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier" for the first time hereabouts. I didn't find her impersonation particularly distinguished. There was none of the weary fascination and little of the depth that Lotte Lehmann used to bring to the role, and, of course, much of the character of the Marschallin must be revealed by her singing. Miss Bampton has a big, well-controlled voice, but it didn't succeed in meeting the demands of the part at the opening performance. I caught only the first act of "Der Rosenkavalier," because the Sadler's Wells Ballet was beckoning on the same evening, but that was enough to enable me to see what Miss Bampton was doing with her assignment. I was rather disappointed. —DOUGLAS WATT

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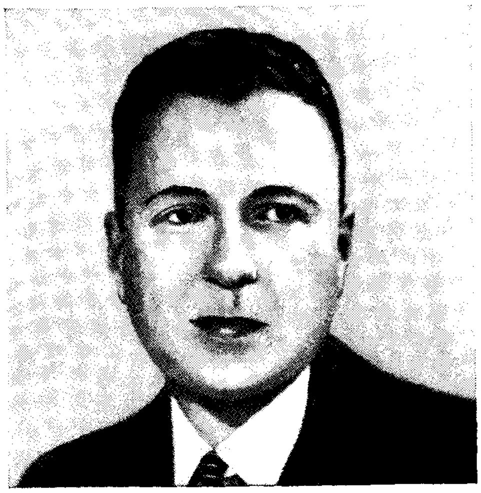

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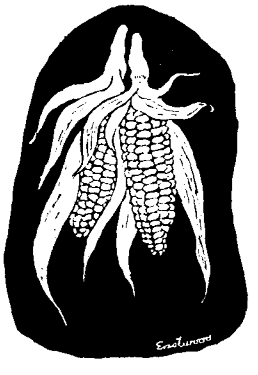
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

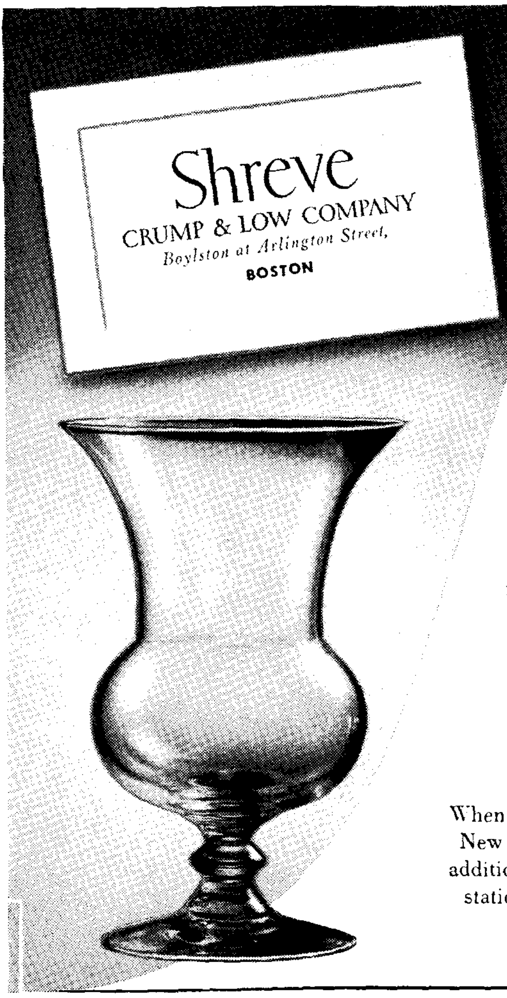
SEPTEMBER 21

WITH the Marines just outside Seoul and General Marshall already in the Pentagon, many of the dark anticipations of a month ago are giving way to something approaching hope, and even confidence, here. Except among Democratic political managers, most of whom appear to believe that the standing of their charges with the voters is better now than it was a couple of weeks back, the developing hope is not so much for any immediate benefits from the new circumstances in Korea and in the Department of Defense but is based on their possible significance in the perspective of months and years. It is felt that the opening of the new front in Korea, whether or not it results in an early end to the fighting there, will have a pronounced and altogether desirable effect on our position vis-à-vis the Koreans, the Chinese, and the Russians whenever hostilities do end and a settlement is reached. One of the things that have most concerned our military and diplomatic people has been the prospect of having to destroy the Communist armies north of the Thirty-eighth Parallel. This would mean not only a slow, grinding battle all the way up the Korean Peninsula but the final arrival of American troops almost at the city limits of Vladivostok. Since it is well known that nothing makes the Russians quite so jumpy as the thought of a common frontier with a power they fear and distrust, and since jumpiness among Russians inevitably produces jumpiness among Americans, we have been by no means eager to have to carry the war into North Korea, and have looked forward with no relish whatever to having to occupy the territory. Of course, if large forces of Communist troops can successfully withdraw to their home base before our columns can cut across the peninsula and wall them in, North Korea may still become a battlefield. If, however, we are able to keep the bulk of the enemy's forces between the two United Nations fronts, it will be possible for us to realize our original aim of confining the war to the area south of the border and at the same time render the North Koreans incapable of further aggression. Then, even if the United Nations decides that the only way to preserve peace is to make the two Koreas one, and even if we are obliged, as undoubtedly we will be, to keep some kind of policing force in Korea, we will be able to turn the North Korean end of the job over to the South Koreans and dependable non-Communists in North Korea, and put enough land between ourselves and the Russians to keep friction at the lowest possible point. The military reasons for undertaking the Seoul campaign at this time were plentiful and excellent, there was also the economic one of trying to end the war before it ruined the rice harvest, and the political incentive seems to have been the hope that we could avoid winding up face to face with the Russians.



By far the darkest of the anticipations a month ago was that of war with China. The fear of this catastrophe had so far replaced the fear of a world war that one of the officers who conduct the forenoon briefings in the Pentagon said, when asked by a correspondent whether there was any news of Chinese intervention that day, that that was the first question he himself asked when he arrived at his office each morning. The fear has not entirely subsided—and in the nature of things cannot entirely subside until Korea, Formosa, and Indo-China are no longer being contested over—but for many reasons, among them the appointment of General Marshall, it has lessened quite noticeably. Although there were undoubtedly as many arguments in favor of replacing Secretary Johnson with General Marshall as there were for replacing the North Koreans in Seoul with Marines, a not unimportant consideration, it is thought, was to demonstrate to the Chinese that American policy is not being made by men who believe in preventive war and see the unrest in Asia as nothing but a Cominform plot and a challenge to American logistics. Great numbers of Asiatics are well enough acquainted with General Marshall's record to know that he has shown in the past some appreciation of their political and economic difficulties.

Ever since the landings at Inchon, there has been a widespread impression here that, at some point before the landings were undertaken, the government had received what it took to be fairly reliable assurances that the Chinese would maintain their present technical neutrality—that is, that there would be no marked increase in the aid they have been giving the North Koreans all along and no employment of Chinese armies. It is felt now that, unless Stalin is able to put more heat on the Chinese than he has thus far been able to apply, they will not at this stage of the game provoke war in any of the places where provocation is within their power. This does not mean that any American officials have sat around a table in Peiping or Washington and hashed things out with Mao Tze-tung or anyone else in his government. The chances of anything of this sort's having happened are about as slim as the chances of arranging a dependable diplomatic deal in Moscow itself at the present moment. Nor is it considered very likely that, as has frequently been rumored here, we have been exchanging communications with Mao through a courier service provided by the Indian government. But what *is* considered likely—in fact, what is thought by most people to have happened and what the State Department has not attempted to deny—is that the Indians, who are kept well posted on our foreign policy, have been interpreting it to the Chinese as one that does not include territorial ambitions in Asia, that does not contemplate preventive war, and that does not embrace any plans for handing China back to Chiang Kai-shek or encouraging him in his dreams of a triumphal return to the mainland. In any case, if anyone is interpreting our views, he has been given the opportunity in the past month to point to such manifestations of our policy as the appointment of General Marshall and the declaration by the President, a few weeks back, that our feeling about the strategic importance of Formosa would not be quite the same after a United Nations victory in Korea as it has been up to now. It would seem likely that the Indians have also emphasized to the Chinese the fact that a Sino-American war would be a tragedy for all Asia as well as for China and the United States. At the same time, most people think it quite improbable that we have altered our policy on recognizing Mao's government or that we will do so in the near future. The State Department still believes that the question of recognition has little bearing on the issue of war and peace. To be sure, nothing we have done or could now do would strengthen the hand of Mao in his dealings with Stalin, and it is still conceivable that the Russians, who have been known to insure



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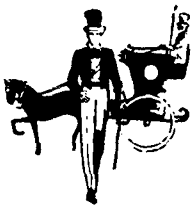

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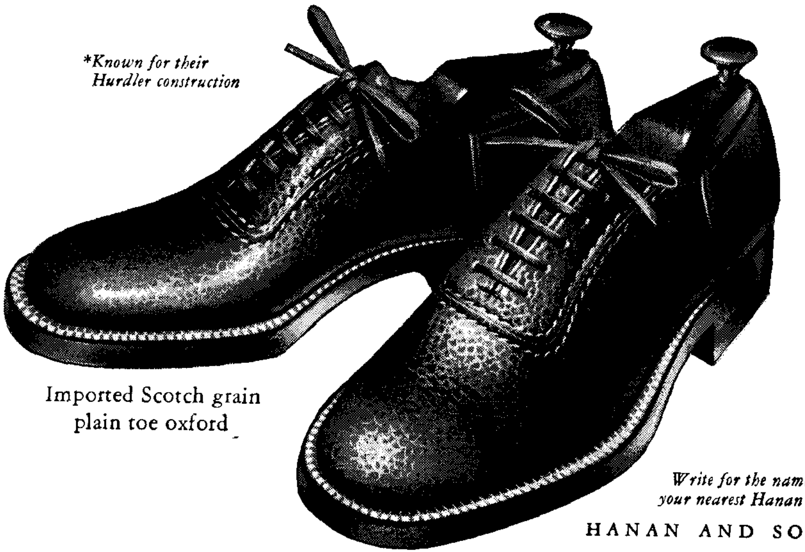

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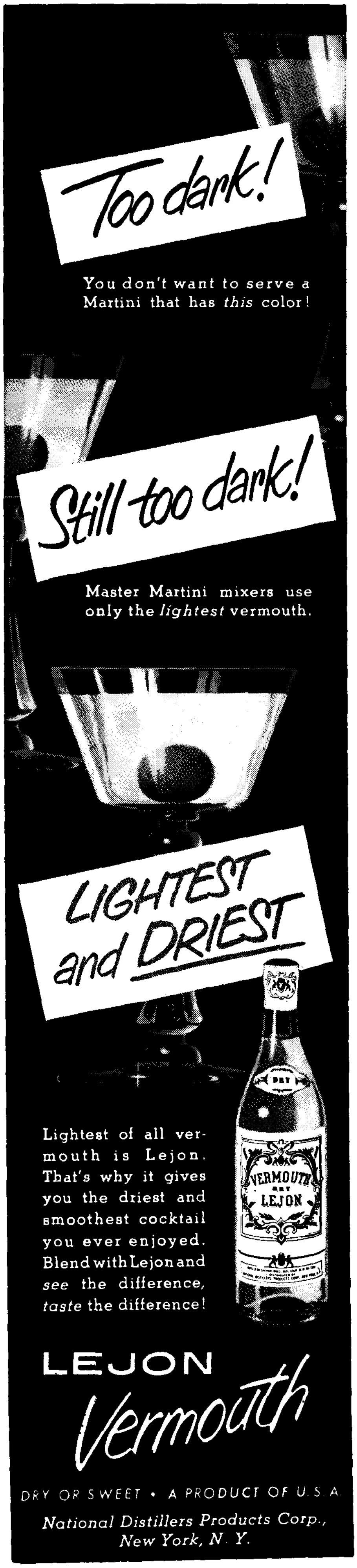

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the forward movement of their forces by laying down an artillery barrage at their rear, may be able to prod the Chinese into intervention. But each day's evidence that this has not yet happened reinforces the hope that it will not happen and that the Chinese have no more zest for war with us than we have for war with them.

If the United Nations forces shortly find themselves in possession of South Korea, they will immediately face a problem to which, as far as one can tell, very little attention has yet been paid. Although not much is known of what has been going on behind the enemy lines, it is presumed that the Communists, in their southward advance, have been putting into effect the same landlord-lynching and land-dividing policies they established in North Korea. If they have lacked the time actually to lynch the landlords and divide up the farms and estates, they have doubtless been promising to do so as soon as they can get around to it, and from the unhappy farmer's point of view the promise is almost the same as the act itself when it comes from Communists, who have a fine record for meeting the obligations they assume along landlord-lynching and land-dividing lines. The United Nations is going to have to decide whether to advocate rescinding all the Communist reforms, in which case it will incur the ill will of the peasantry, or to advocate letting them stand, in which case the peasants will still have the Communists to thank for improving their lot in life. If it decides to let some of the reforms stand, or to revoke them and then substantially reëstablish them under some new, democratic name, it will have to contend with the Syngman Rhee government—constituted as the legal government of the Republic until 1952—many elements of which disapproved the reduction of land rents (from fifty per cent of the crop to thirty-three per cent) ordered by the American Military Government that operated in Korea after our victory over Japan. In any event, all the evidence at present suggests that the United Nations is about as well prepared for peace in Korea as it was for war there.

COINCIDING, whether by design or not, with the early meetings of the North Atlantic Council in New York, General Marshall's appointment has helped to refocus most minds here on European affairs, which for several months now have been overshadowed by the urgent business in Asia. More and more, in the weeks before the Presi-

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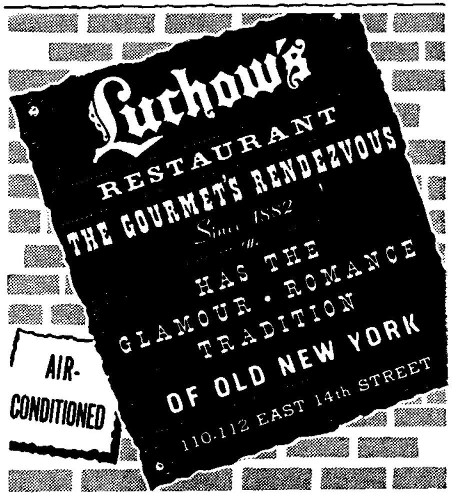

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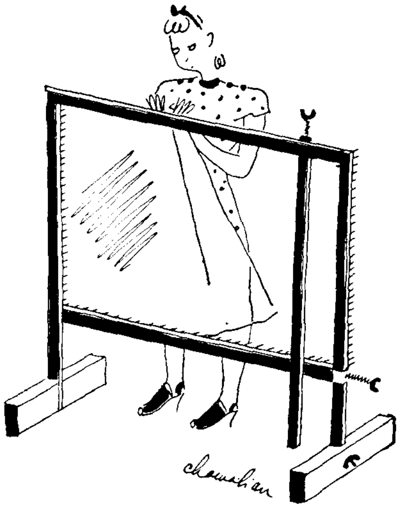
dent made the change, it seemed that Secretary Johnson was teaming up with General MacArthur—a natural enough alliance, since the two have much in common temperamentally and were not competing for the same kind of glory—and that they and their subordinates were planting in the public mind the impression that the policy of the Asia-first and Formosa-first-in-Asia bloc in the Senate was becoming the national policy. Above the cannonade of speeches and public statements by major generals and Defense Department under-secretaries, the voice of the State Department was becoming hard to hear. A widely admired Herblock cartoon in the Washington *Post* about two weeks ago was a kind of war map on which the arching arrows that cartographers use to show troop advances shot out from the Pentagon toward the State Department, which was clearly being outmaneuvered on both flanks and was about to be wiped out. The possibility that the State Department would be, if not wiped out, at least drowned out seemed a real one at the time, and if a poll had been taken locally on the question of which of the two Secretaries, Acheson or Johnson, would stay in office the longer, Johnson would probably have been the man picked. No one expected the President to fire his Secretary of State, but many people thought that it could be only a matter of time before Acheson would crack under the endless nagging by Congress and the press, and the undercutting he was getting from the Defense Department. Certainly very few guessed that the President would have the daring to fire Johnson while Acheson, who of the two had drawn by far the more public criticism, stayed on the job. The surprise with which the firing of Johnson was greeted by even the best-informed people here showed that most of them had underestimated or forgot-



(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

NOTES ON HAYFEVER: About 20 per cent of hayfever victims who are affected by ragweed pollen are similarly bothered by dust. Hayfever now and then is hereditary, but not always so. Youngsters inheriting it won't show definite signs of the affliction until they're about ten years of age. If you haven't had it and you're over 40, chances are pretty good you'll never be bothered with it. Best time to see a physician about hayfever is three months ahead of the time you expect to start sneezing . . . Autumn fashion headline: Soften Your Fall With Velvet . . . Latest in sporty items is a tie pin representing a friendly figure offering to shake hands. Pull a string and the figure thumbs its nose.

★

IF YOU HAVE TO park your car carefully in your garage to avoid perhaps a work bench, a tool rack or exposed pipes, or if the garage entry is narrow, or if you have an average wife who doesn't do too well in getting the car into the garage, install a self-steering, wheel-guiding runway—the kind they have on grease racks in filling stations—in the garage. And the installation is simple. All it takes is a couple of two by fours lag-screwed to the floor an inch or two farther apart than tire width for each side of the "track." You never have to steer the car in or out . . . The Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company's house organ, Megaphone, staged a contest for snapshots of employes' dogs. One entry was a photo of an employe's feet propped on a dock . . . I have never seen a rabbit swimming. Do you suppose they can?

★

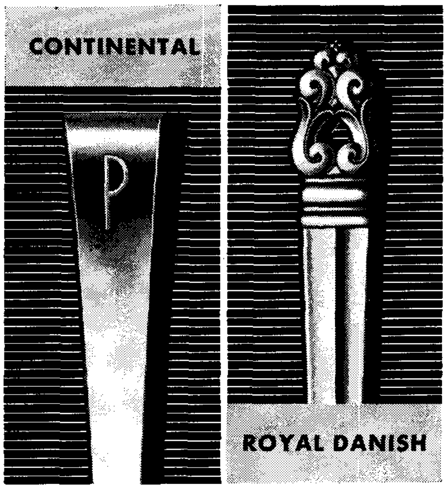
IT MAY IMPRESS you to learn that Warren Austin, the United States representative in the United Nations carries the official title of envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary. Incidentally, try typing that last word the first time around. It's a toughie . . . The Hudson Newsletter reports this: A car dealer tried to collect from a customer far behind on his payments by writing a letter which ended, "what would your neighbors think if I re-possessed your car?" Two weeks later the car dealer received this reply: "All the neighbors think it would be a dirty trick."

★

I HAVE THREE BOYS who are growing up on me pretty fast so I have a particular interest in our schools. Out here in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin, 90,000 students in 1,400 schools are studying world affairs with the aid of a new kind of teaching and testing program developed by the Minneapolis Star. It is called the Program of Information of World Affairs and it is designed to encourage better understanding of world problems. The enthusiastic participation in this program by 1,600 Upper Midwest school administrators and teachers is further indication why the best-liked, best-read newspapers of the region are the Minneapolis Star and Tribune (combined daily circulation: now more than 475,000) and the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (circulation: now more than 600,000).

★

GUESS WHAT RACKS up the biggest sales from automatic vending machines? It's just—ice . . . Today's eye-popping little biographical facts: A new singing team is Smokey Hogg and Ted Goon. And an upcoming solo vocalist is billed as YMA Sumac . . . Next time you make a wish when you see a white horse, make an additional wish the horse doesn't get its nose sunburned. The noses of white horses are sensitive and susceptible to sunburn, even as you and I . . . Everybody thinks of liquor with hi-jacking. Clothing, however, is first in volume of trade goods hi-jacked from trucks, textiles are second, liquor is third. Then come tobacco, television receivers, food and last, but not least, money.



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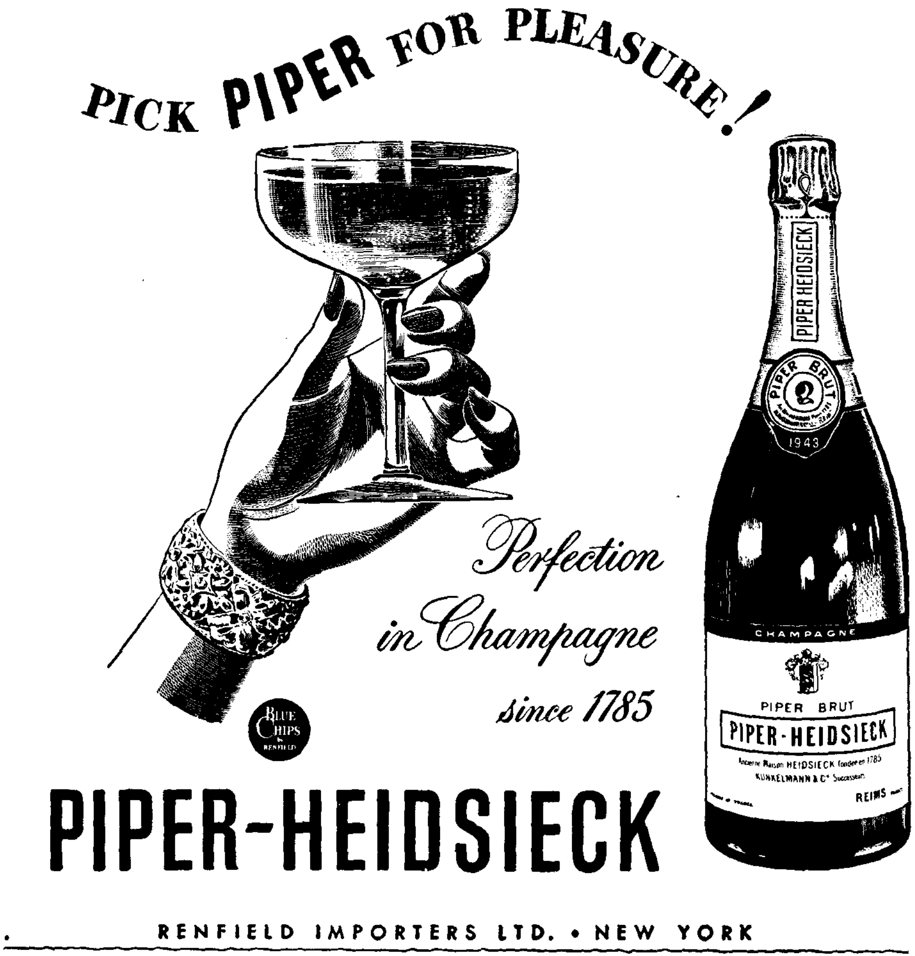
ten the wrath with which the President can respond to insubordination and the extent of his personal commitment to Acheson's view that our primary responsibility is in Europe.

The fact that a friend and admirer of Acheson has succeeded Louis Johnson is evidence that Acheson's standing with the President is as high as it has ever been. But although almost everyone feels that Acheson can have the job as long as the President has his, many people are of the opinion that he will sooner or later resign, not at anyone's request but on the ground that the time and effort he must put into defending himself, his Departmental colleagues, and the Department's policies make it impossible for him to do as good a job as he should be doing of putting our national policy into effect. It is more than probable that one reason for the obvious lack of spadework done on the proposals for mobilizing German manpower that the Secretary made to his British and French opposite numbers last week was the unconscionable amount of time he and his advisers had had to spend demonstrating that the members of the Department were politically and morally above reproach. It is thought that if Acheson should resign at some point within the next few months, the most likely candidates for his job would be Chief Justice Vinson and Paul Hoffman, in that order of likeliness. If, however, the Korean war is brought to a safe and definite conclusion before the pressure on Acheson becomes more than he can bear, it may well be that the pressure will suddenly disappear and that his tenure will end only when the President's does. Whether he stays or is succeeded by Vinson or Hoffman, the prevalent feeling now is that, with General Marshall back at work, the country will face whatever crises are to come in the next two years with as capable military and diplomatic leadership as it has ever had in its history. The team includes not only the two Cabinet members but an exceptionally able group of under-secretaries and advisers. The Secretaries of the Army and the Air Force, Frank Pace and Thomas K. Finletter, are among the best administrators the government developed during the war years, and it is hoped and expected that they will shortly be joined by Robert A. Lovett, who was Henry L. Stimson's Assistant Secretary of War for Air and General Marshall's Under-Secretary of State and who would take over the office of Deputy Secretary of Defense, recently vacated by Stephen T. Early. With W. Averell Harriman coordinating policy at the top and W. Stuart Symington serving as chairman of the National Security Resources Board, we are likely to have things run in a much more orderly and efficient manner than the one to which we have been accustomed.

THE plans for rearming the Western European powers and for increasing the strength of our own military establishment have led to the publication of a great many military statistics, reliable and otherwise, in the press here and to a fresh outbreak of charts, graphs, Pictographs, Factcharts, and the like, comparing the strength at the disposal of the Communist powers with that at the disposal of the anti-Communist powers. The aim of most graphmakers appears to be to find the best pictorial devices for scaring the daylights out of the average reader of newspapers and magazines. A comparison of Communist and anti-Communist tank strength will give him the impression that it is a matter of a huge ant colony bearing down on a small, urban-type family of ladybugs, while a comparison of effective manpower in terms of divisions under arms is likely to show two black shafts, in which the Communist world stacks up against the anti-Communist world as the Empire State Building stacks up against a Brooklyn brownstone. Exactly where the visual educators get their statistics on the strength of Russia and the other Communist powers—and, for that matter, some of their figures on American strength—is a deep mystery. One certain thing is that none of them come from our own intelligence agencies, which presumably have the best available information on the question of Russian strength but pass it along only to a few responsible officials who are pledged to secrecy. The most our military people will do is comment on the plausibility of some of the published figures and offer conjectures as to how they have been arrived at. Recently, for example, one Army man explained what he thought was the process by which a published estimate that the Russians could mobilize four hundred and two divisions had been reached. "You take four hundred because it's a lot," he said, "and add two to show that you know what you're talking about."

In general, one gets the feeling that most people are tending to greatly overestimate the strength of the Communist powers. Although the figures, such as they may be, on which the Defense and State Departments base policy are secret, it is no secret that the responsible officials in both departments, knowing that our intelligence services have been wrong before and that they have been seriously weakened by the budgetary cuts of the last few years, leave large margins for error on both sides, but particularly on the high side, of any figures they receive. Apparently, a good working rule for estimating error in most published figures on, say, divisions under arms would be to allow for fifty or seventy-five divisions one way or the other. Thus, a statement that the Russians can call on a hundred and seventy-five divisions—this is a fairly common figure in the chart-and-graph industry at the moment—might be read as an estimate that they have somewhere between a hundred and twenty-five and two hundred and fifty divisions, the probability being in favor of the lower figure. In the matter of combat aircraft, naval ships, submarines, and tanks, the margins allowed for error should be even wider. In one recent chart in a magazine, the Russians, who are unquestionably far weaker as a naval power than we are, were credited with four hundred and twenty-seven ships and submarines to our five hundred and forty-six. A Defense Department man who scanned these figures concluded that they had been arrived at by including in the Russian total everything that floats and leaving out of the Western total everything that wasn't floating at the moment. A reasonable rule here, it was suggested, might be to divide the Russian naval figure by three and multiply the Western naval figure by three, and then, of course, provide a wide margin for error on both sides of both figures.

The tendency to exaggerate the strength of other powers is not new in our history. Before the last war, for instance, it was widely believed in this country, thanks largely to public statements by Colonel Lindbergh, that the Hitler government had an air force of twenty or thirty thousand planes. Some estimates, taken quite seriously by Army people at the time, ran as high as forty thousand. We now know, from information found in German archives after the war, that when the Nazis invaded Poland, they put fewer than two thousand bombers and fighters into operation against the Poles, leaving only three hundred and ten planes for the defense of Germany. The Germans were supposed at that time to have thirty thousand tanks. In an instructive article in the *Reporter*, H. A. DeWeerd, a military analyst, says that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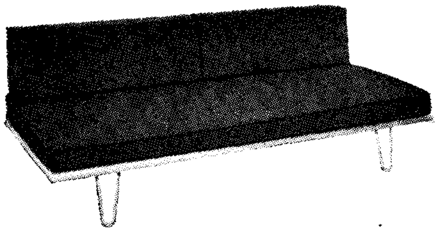

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on the basis of information now in our hands we know that the Germans had in 1939 a few more or less than fifteen hundred tanks, mostly light ones. Of course, even though our intelligence services have weakened since the war, they are almost certainly more efficient, because they are more experienced, now than they were ten years ago, and it is unlikely that our military people are getting as many bum steers as they got at that time. It is doubtful, though, whether there has been any improvement in the intelligence services available to civilians. We are well enough informed by events to know that the Russians are formidable antagonists, but the chances are that we are making them out to be somewhat more formidable than in fact they are. This may be much more desirable than underestimating their strength, but what is not at all desirable, according to our military people, is for anyone to view published figures on Russian strength with anything but a very fishy eye.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

There are the following possibilities in respect of the Lingualness of philosophical Problems.

1. All philosophical Problems are non-Lingual.
2. All philosophical Problems are fully Lingual.
3. All philosophical Problems are partly Lingual.
4. Some philosophical Problems are non-Lingual, some are fully Lingual, and some are partly Lingual.
5. Some philosophical Problems are non-Lingual, some are fully Lingual, and none is partly Lingual.
6. Some philosophical Problems are non-Lingual, none is fully Lingual, and some are partly Lingual.
7. No philosophical Problem is non-Lingual, some are fully Lingual, and some are partly Lingual.

The eighth possibility, that there are no philosophical problems, I shall not discuss.—*From "Logical Positivism and Ethics," Supplementary Volume XXII of the publications of the Aristotelian Society.*

Wassa matter? Lost your nerve?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

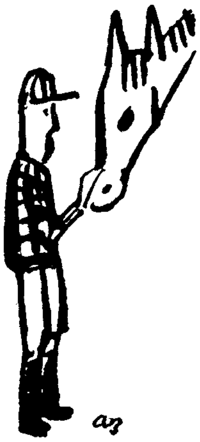
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Ottawa Journal*]

BOSTON—If newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Di Blasi hadn't wondered how much money they had in their piggy bank, there would be more in it today and Maurice wouldn't have had to go to a hospital.

Discussing finances, Mrs. Di Blasi handed the bank to her reclining hubby with the remark, "It's getting quite heavy."

THE RACE TRACK

Poor Noor

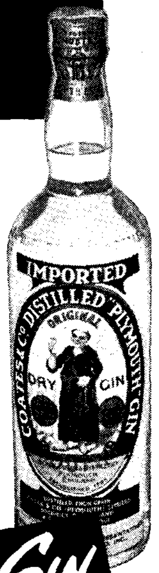


HORSES being what they are, they are still doing astonishing things. For example, Noor, who beat Citation four straight in California, ran twice at Belmont last week and finished second to One Hitter both times. Maybe something exceptional about One Hitter eluded me, for, not to mince any words about it, I had never regarded him as quite top class. After all, he didn't win a single stakes race when he was two years old, or three, and he had taken only one earlier this season, the Questionnaire Handicap at Jamaica in July. Still, I wasn't utterly dumfounded when he defeated Noor on Monday in the Harmonicon Handicap. It was Noor's first start in nearly two months, and besides he carried rather high weight, spotting One Hitter twenty-one pounds. Noor made a good try, one that most horsemen agreed would wind him up to the proper pitch for the mile-and-a-half Manhattan Handicap on Saturday. But, as it turned out, the race also wound up One Hitter.

Some watchers thought Noor stubbed a toe as he came out of the starting gate in the Manhattan Handicap, and there's no doubt that he was bumped as he went around the last turn. The bump very likely made all the difference between winning and losing, for it doesn't take much to knock a runner off his balance at that stage of a race, especially when he is carrying a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, as Noor was. Notwithstanding this setback, Noor caught One Hitter a furlong from home, passed him, and for a second or two looked the winner. Then he weakened, and One Hitter came on again to win, while Ponder finished third, a couple of lengths behind Noor. Of course, it was the riding of Atkinson in both races that did the trick for One Hitter, yet it's only fair to give the colt full marks on his own account. He's hardly bigger than a pony, but he forced the pace for most of the mile and a half. The Greentree Stable, which owns One Hitter, didn't enter him for the New York Handicap, at two miles and a quarter, which will be run this weekend, and a number of horseplayers I know are in the dumps. They're sure he could win that, too.

NOT since the days of Citation have there been bigger crowds in the saddling paddock and the walking ring than those that came to have a look at Noor before his races. They were not disappointed. At first glance, you'd say that Noor is black; actually, he is dark brown. He isn't the handsomest racer you ever saw, but he is a big, rangy fellow with a fine head, powerful shoulders, and unusual depth through the heart. By and large, he is a striking individual, and the most noticeable thing about him is his withers. They look like a small camel's hump when he walks with his head down. Incidentally, keeping one of those postage-stamp-size racing saddles in place on that hump was a major stable problem until Burley Parke, who trains Noor for Mrs. C. S. Howard, hit upon the idea of padding out the hollows with sponge rubber; it gives Longden, who rides him in all his races, practically an easy chair to sit on. Parke, a pleasant-spoken, wiry little man, is, as I hardly need tell you, a member of the well-known riding family from Declo, Idaho. At one time or another, he and five of his brothers—Ivan, Gilbert, Vasco, Monte, and Chuck—were jockeys. Now they're all trainers. Before this season, the last important racers Parke brought to Belmont were Occupation and Occupy, each of whom won the Futurity. Noor is the only horse he brought East this time, and I venture to say that none stabled at Belmont gets more attention. Parke spends most of his time talking to Noor. Well, Noor deserves it.

HILL PRINCE's race in the Jerome Handicap was one of the delightful things of the week at Belmont. In fact, going off the deep end for my favorite three-year-old, I'd say it was the most brilliant performance of the season. He carried a hundred and twenty-nine pounds, giving anywhere from three to twenty-four pounds to a dozen of the better three-year-olds, and won by four lengths in the first-rate time of 1:35⅕ for the mile. As a race, the Jerome reminded me a lot of the Sysonby Mile that Citation won two years ago; when Citation got ready, you remember, he put his field away in something less than three-sixteenths of a mile. It took Hill Prince only slightly



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more than a quarter of a mile, and he made his big effort a bit later on in the race. He was away last, and for half a mile he was still last, more than a dozen lengths behind Navy Chief, who ran the first six furlongs in 1:10⅗. Then he settled down to run (nobody I know timed him, but I'm sure that quarter must have been sensational), and as the field turned into the stretch, he reached the leaders. From there on, it was just a gallop. Greek Ship was second, and Navy Chief held on long enough to finish third.

Quite as remarkable as Hill Prince's racing is the way he has developed in the last couple of months. He looks like a four-year-old, and a big four-year-old, at that. As a matter of fact, Richard Reeves, who started a portrait of Hill Prince for his owner, C. T. Chenery, early in the summer, says the colt has changed so much that he'll have to do most of the job over again.

WHAT with the excitement of the Jerome and the Manhattan Handicaps to stir one's veins, my recollections of everything else at Belmont last week are rather fragmentary. I couldn't find much fault with the two-year-old fillies who ran for the Matron Stakes, and I certainly couldn't with the winner, the Brookmeade Stable's Atalanta. No doubt about it, there are plenty of young runners around. Four afternoons last week there were races over the straight course that brought out fields of from twenty-six to twenty-eight runners. One winner of those cavalry charges was a filly named Princess Bly, owned by Pete Bostwick. Not-so-old-timers will remember Princess Bly's mama, Nellie Bly, who won the first Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct in 1939, at 50–1.

JUST about the most ticklish task a horseplayer could set himself this week, I imagine, would be to pick the winner of the Futurity. Oh, well. Herewith is this fallible department's fancy: Battlefield, Battle Morn, To Market, in that order. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE OLD CHAMPION

IT started out like any other afternoon down at Earl's Lucky Hour Luncheonette. Marty and Vince and I were standing along the counter kidding with Earl, and Fran was over at the pinball machine. He was fooling around with fancy shots and not doing so good. Maybe he averaged eighty-five or ninety thousand, but I don't think he ever broke a hundred.

I had better say right away that Earl's is a standard five-ball, fourteen-pin machine. All you do is punch a ball up into the chute, pull back the plunger, and let go, and you score a thousand each time the ball hits a pin as it rolls down the board. They've got so many kinds of machines out now I want to make it clear that Earl's is the real pinball and not some freak imitation. You take the one at the Varsity Dairy Bar. It's got thirty-two pins, two daily-double plays, and a relay lever at the foot of the board so you can knock the ball up to the top again. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with it. All I say is it isn't pinball, and they ought to make them call it something else.

Anyhow, Fran was at the machine, and it was giving him a bad time. "What's the matter, Fran boy?" Marty finally asked. "You leave your magnet in your other pants?" That's an old one, but it always gets a laugh.

Fran shoved in another nickel. "You got some pointers to give me on this game?" he said. Fran dresses loud and he talks loud.

"Any time at all, chum," Marty said.

"Brother, you got yourself a date," Fran said, but that was pure bluff, because Marty always could take him the best game he ever shot, and Fran knew it.

Between the two of them, you probably wouldn't figure it that way. Next to Fran, Marty looks thin and sort of colorless, but if you study him for a while, you begin to get a feeling of confidence in him. It's partly the way he talks, slow and quiet, and partly the expression on his face, but nothing you can really put your finger on. Fran—and Vince, too, for that matter—plays a flashier game, but neither one has got anything upstairs. With Marty, it's all brains and all nerve. That, and this certain manner of his. I don't know how to describe it, but it's what I call—well, the look of a champion, and that's about as close as you'll come to it. I like to shoot a game now and then myself, and I have made 149,000, which happens to be the eighth best ever shot at Earl's. But Marty is head and shoulders over all of us, with six of the top ten games and mostly the high score of the week.

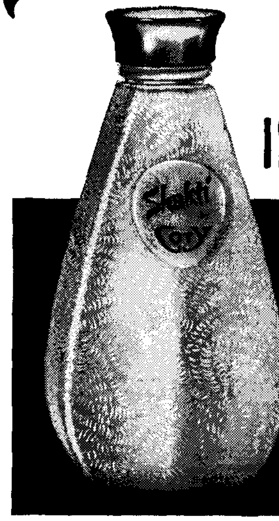
I LOOKED up at the blackboard where Earl keeps the high scores, and I noticed Dave Friebolt was leading Marty that week, but then Marty had missed two days, on account of a bad cold. Well, a few minutes later Marty polished off his Coke and started over to the machine. "Might as well get with it," he said.

Fran had quit, and Vince was shooting—firing those cannon-ball shots he thinks so much of. He finished his game, and Marty just stood there, waiting to see if Vince wanted another play. "Run 'em," Vince said.

Marty eased back the plunger a couple of times, testing the spring. His eyes squinted over his cigarette as he sized up the board. Then, in a single, flowing movement, the nickel was in, the first ball was racked and shot, and Marty's hands were resting relaxed and easy on the edge of the machine. There was a good half inch of ash on his cigarette and it hadn't quivered.

I guess I ought to mention that Marty is usually pretty conservative, but he's a tapper. He uses a medium-slow ball or even a floater, and then, by tapping the machine on either side, he can jockey the ball from pin to pin, milking them for extra points. Theoretically, I'd say tapping was the best system I know of, but on Earl's board it's dangerous. The average machine, you can give it a pretty good rap and not be afraid the red "TILT" will light up and wipe out your score. But the way Earl has his set, at a hair trigger, if you haven't got a feather touch, you might as well give up tapping. Marty uses it all the time, though, and I doubt if he tilts one game out of a hundred.

Most of the time when Marty's shooting, I don't watch the ball at all but just his hands. What made me look up



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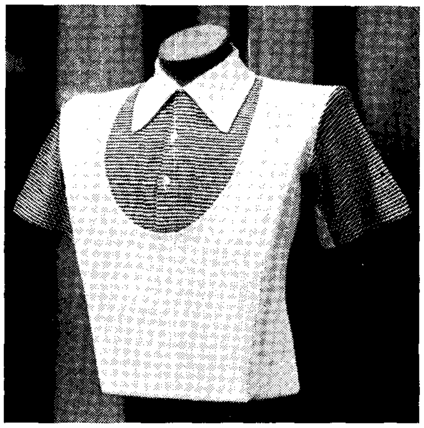

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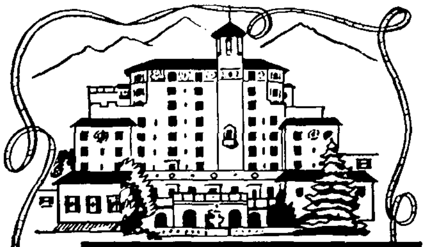
this time, I don't know—maybe that sixth sense they talk about—but I did, and there was this fellow standing a little back from the machine, watching. It isn't often a stranger comes into Earl's—oh, maybe to get cigarettes and then move on, but the ones that follow the machine are all regulars. This was an old fellow—about fifty or sixty, I'd judge—standing there smoking a cigarette and taking it all in. He had on an old blue suit and a worn-out collar and tie, but at the same time he didn't look like a bum, exactly. His face was sunburned, and wrinkled around the eyes. Somehow, it gave you the idea he was sort of smiling to himself, and all of a sudden it seemed important for Marty to make a good showing.

What happened, I don't know. Marty tried every trick in the book, but the balls just went dead. They wouldn't tap, they wouldn't draw; they were like a bunch of rocks rolling downhill. At the end of the game, Marty stepped aside, looking sort of puzzled, and nodded to Fran to take over.

Of course, Fran was going to save the day, but all he did was talk louder and shoot worse with every shot, while the old fellow stood there smoking and watching. I'd just about decided to make a try myself when Marty moved back to the machine, and just from the way he stood there you could tell he had made up his mind to something. Like I said, Marty has a pretty conservative style, but with the first ball I knew he was going to play a wide-open game. He used a little more speed than usual, and he jockeyed the ball back and forth across the board till you would have thought he had it trained.

With each shot, he increased the pressure, playing with a reckless determination. You could feel the tension mounting as the score crept closer and closer to the old record. From 150,000 on, I don't think anybody breathed. The last ball he played mostly on the right side of the board, and on the next-to-the-last pin he had 167,000—one away from the record. There was about one chance in a thousand he could draw the ball over to the last pin for the tying count, but Marty doesn't play for ties. Instead of trying the long shot, he took the *impossible* shot; he lifted two fingers and tapped the ball *away* from the pin. Gathering speed like a homesick angel, it crashed into the right baffle, bounced crazily across the board, and caromed off one of the balls already in the slot. It struck the left baffle going up, and Marty, with the final ounce of magic in his fingers, drew it to the last pin on



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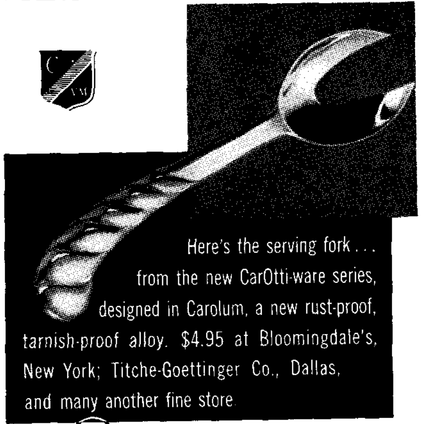

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the left side and held it there for four counts. Then it slipped home, and up on the scoreboard was the unbelievable figure 171,000.

OF course, that automatically made my high game ninth best instead of eighth, but I was just as pleased and excited as any of the others. We all crowded around the counter, and Earl set 'em up. With all the talking going on, I completely forgot about the old man. It gave me a little start when I looked around after a while and saw he was still there. He hadn't moved or changed expression, and after a minute I noticed the funny way Marty was watching him. Next thing I knew, Marty had slid off his stool. The whole place grew quiet. "Care to try a game, Dad?" he asked softly.

The Coke slipped out of Vince's hand and smashed on the counter. "Marty, you gone crazy?" Earl yelled. You see, it's the custom whenever there's a new high score to leave it on the board till the end of the week. That way, people that didn't get a chance to see the game can still come in and look at the score. But something had come over Marty. He walked to the machine and punched in a nickel, and that 171,000 was wiped off just as if it had never been there. Then Marty turned to the old man. "Come on, Pop, try your hand," he said.

The stranger shook his head. "You play," he said.

"Come on," Marty insisted.

"All right, then." The old fellow fumbled in his pocket. "I wouldn't be indebted to you for the money," he said. He held out a nickel, and just stood there until Marty took it. Then he turned and racked up the first ball.

Fran and Vince had come over by now and stood there grinning and nudging each other. "You want the rosin bag?" Fran asked him.

"Yeah," Vince said, "you want the rosin bag, Pop?"

"Can it," Marty told them.

But the stranger didn't pay any attention. He pulled the plunger back with a big, gnarled hand and let it go. The way he just stepped back and watched the ball start making counters, it reminded me a lot of how George Neeley used to shoot, before his family moved out of town. The ball didn't make a lot off any one pin, but it hit them all, and when it finally rolled home, Fran was looking green and Vince's mouth was hanging open.

That was when it hit me—the thing

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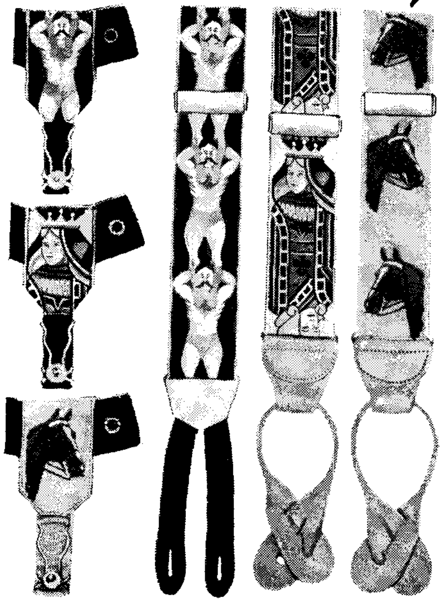

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that had been in the back of my mind all the time, the thing I hadn't been able to place—that secret sort of expression on the face of the stranger. It was the same look Marty had, the one I call the look of a champion. It had been there all the time and I hadn't spotted it until he was actually at the machine, but Marty had seen it long before. I guess one thoroughbred can always recognize another.

For just a second, I was afraid Marty might be sorry he had forced the old fellow to play, but one look at his face and I knew I was wrong. He had kind of a twisted grin that showed he knew he had asked for it and he was ready to take it. Marty had shot his best game, that grin said, and if the old man could do better—why, there would be a new champ and that was all there was to it. And I want to tell you that right then and there I made up my mind that I didn't care what score anybody else might make. In my book there was only one champ and that was all there ever would be.

The rest of the game was an anticlimax. The old man made every shot the same way, his thick, twisted fingers drawing the plunger back just so far and letting it go. At the end of the fourth roll, he had 162,000.

It seemed like everything would be cut and dried on the last shot. He couldn't miss breaking 171,000, and, of course, that would automatically make my game tenth instead of ninth. But I didn't even think of that at the time. All I had was a kind of solemn feeling at seeing a champion lose his crown. Anyhow, the old fellow shot, and the score was 170,000 when the ball hit the No. 6 pin. It might have caught there once more, or it might have rolled on to the other pins. We'll never know. Almost faster than the eye could follow, the old man swept his right hand hard against the side of the machine, the machine shook, and in that instant the "170,000" vanished and a red, angry "TILT" stood in its place.

NOBODY moved, nobody said anything, as the ball rolled slowly down the board, making dry little clicks on the dead pins. We stood there hypnotized, and when it finally came to rest, the stranger walked quietly to the door. He turned back to us with a sort of nod and his coat swung open for a moment, and I caught a glimpse of an old, faded blue sweater with a white "Y" on the front of it. Then he went out, the door closed softly, and he was gone.

Earl broke the spell. "My God!" he said, and that will give you an idea, because Earl never allows any profanity in the place. "My God! I would have given him pick of the counter!"

Marty shook his head slowly. "He wouldn't have taken it," he said.

Vince still had a dazed look. "It was in the bag," he kept repeating. "He had it in the bag and he blew it. He must have lost his head. One thing I learned this afternoon—you want to win, you sure don't want to lose your head."

Marty just looked at him for a minute, and then a slow smile came over his face. "Maybe we *all* learned something this afternoon," Marty said.

—WILL STANTON

• •

SUNDAY AT THE END OF SUMMER

Last night, the cold wind and the rain blew
Hard from the west, all night, until the creek
Flooded, tearing the end of a wooden bridge
Down to hang, trembling, in the violent water.

This morning, with the weather still in rage,
I watched workmen already at repairs;
Some hundred of us came around to watch,
With collars turned against the rain and wind.

Down the wild water, where men stood to the knees,
We saw come flooding hollyhock and vine,
Sunflowers tall and broken, thorny bramble
And pale lilies cracked along the stalk.

Ours was the Sunday's perfect idleness
To watch those others working; who fought, swore,
Being threshed at hip and thigh, against that trash
Of pale wild flowers and their drifting legs.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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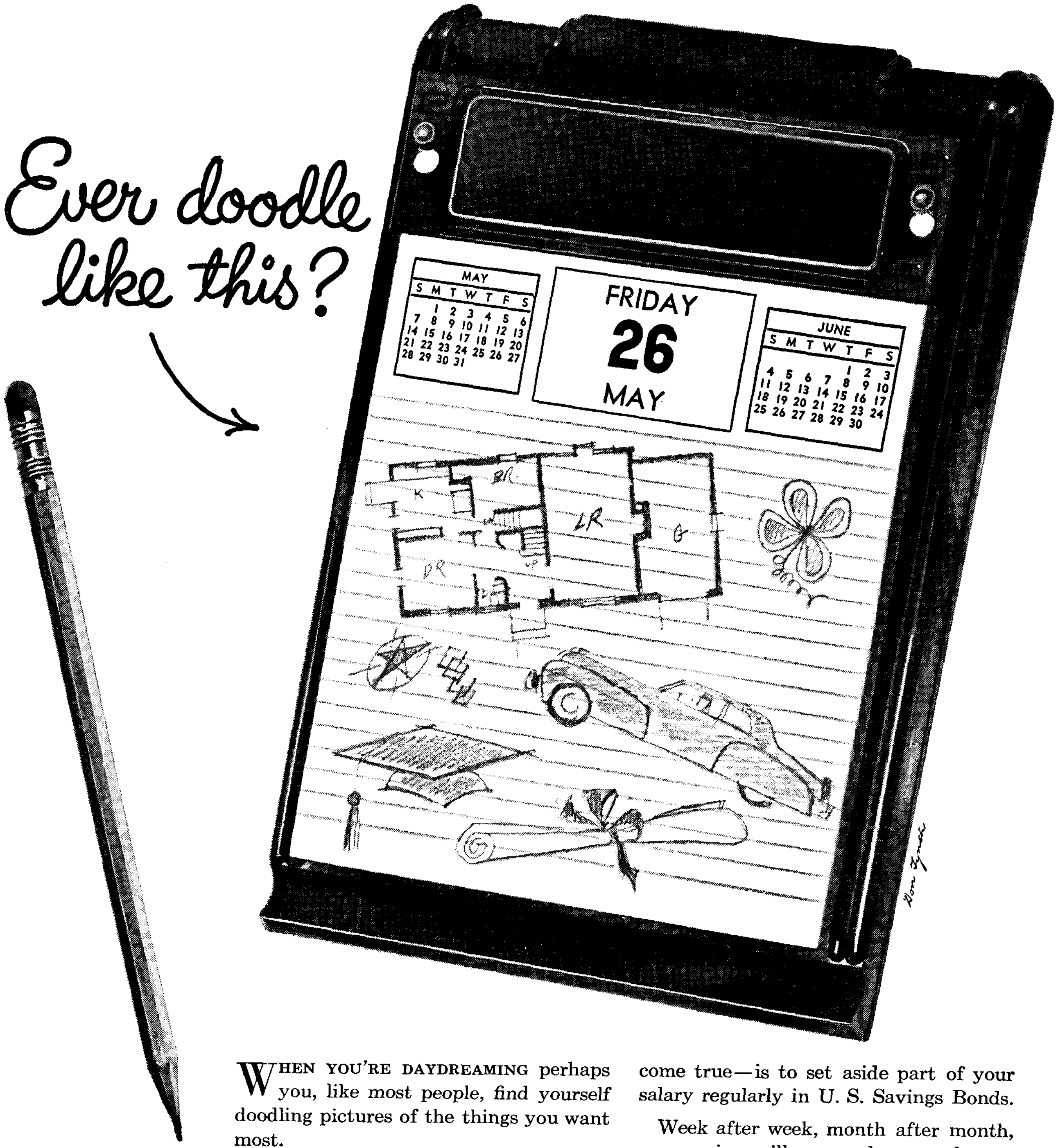

When you're daydreaming perhaps you, like most people, find yourself doodling pictures of the things you want most.

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BOOKS

The Blood-Dimmed Tide

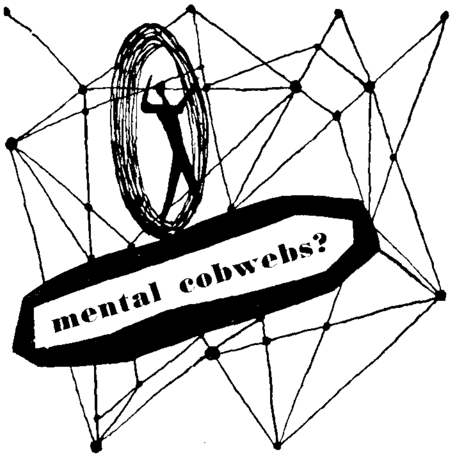
“The Case of Comrade Tulayev,” by Victor Serge (Doubleday), is an account of life in Soviet Russia a year or so after the notorious Moscow trials of 1938, on which, despite the usual prefatory disclaimer, some of the events of this passionate and appalling novel are plainly based. There are books, very often of the highest distinction, that give one the sense of their authors’ having lived largely in order to write them. “The Case of Comrade Tulayev” is such a book, and yet every page serves notice that the author was more than a talented and painstaking observer of affairs; he was a participant in them. Serge, a Russian Communist, was active in the Party until 1933, when, as a former close associate of Trotzky, he was arrested and deported to Siberia. Protests by influential friends in France led to his release, and eventually he left Russia for France, and France for Mexico, where he died, in 1947. He notes on the last page of his novel that it was written between 1940 and 1942, and if as a work of art it has lost nothing by having had to wait eight years to be published here (Serge wrote it in French, and it was published in France in 1948), as a circumstantial summary of a crucial time and place in Western history it has gained in force precisely to the extent that it has gained an appearance of authenticity. For the thousand natural shocks that truth is heir to are such that we are now ready to accept as genuine, and therefore moving, what we might have rejected as preposterous in the days when, to satisfy a rather craven need for good news of an ally, we were being shown the brightly colored lantern slides of ex-Ambassador Davies’ “Mission to Moscow.” Lantern slides and incredulity having outlived their usefulness, we all press forward to affirm that the terror out there in the dark is no mere ghost of terror but the real thing.

Since the anatomy of terror, either personal or political, is a preoccupation of the day, and since Serge is remarkably successful at arousing both kinds, it can be taken as intended for praise to say that “The Case of Comrade Tulayev” is a harsh and sometimes unpleasant book, barren of pretty touches and thoroughly unsuitable for whiling away a rainy weekend in the country. It is, and this too is praise, a disturbed and disturbing work, filled from beginning to end with the unresolved tensions of a man no longer young enough to risk hope and not yet old enough to afford despair, writing with anger and revulsion of what he has seen and with anger and longing of what he would like to have seen—the testament of a middle-aged artist and discarded revolutionary who, being cut off from his beliefs as well as from his country, is doubly in exile and therefore doubly anxious to communicate the only message that any novel has the right to carry: *Reader, take heed. It is truer than you think.*

Like many other Russian writers, Serge has concealed this message in a novel crowded with characters whose number and variety, combined with the number and variety of their names and affectionate diminutives, at first (and presumably only for non-Russian readers) produce the effect of a milling cast of thousands, acting out a plot of labyrinthine complexity. Little by little, however, the characters come into focus, and the comparatively simple pattern of the novel emerges. We perceive that we are to follow the destinies of a dozen-odd men and women who have become linked to the murder of Comrade Tulayev, a brutal and corrupt member of the Central Committee. Most of them have been drawn into the case by chance, as victims of a political system of which they are themselves a willing part but which is at once so gross and insecure that it can be sustained only on a steadily increasing diet of scapegoats.

The pivotal irony of the book is that Tulayev has been murdered by a young worker who, having no personal grudge against him, happened to approach Tulayev one snowy night in a deserted street, and felt suddenly and inexplicably impelled to do him in. The young worker is never suspected of the crime, for the chief figures in the government conclude that Tulayev’s death was the result of a gigantic conspiracy of assassination, one that will end in their own deaths unless the conspirators are promptly tracked down and disposed

ELECT
JOAN SM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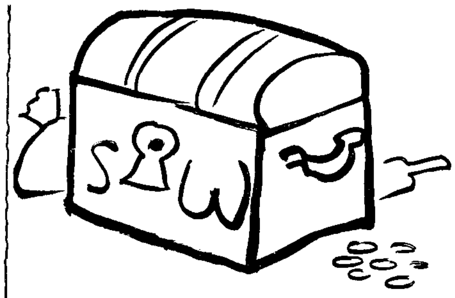
of. The secret police are ordered to arrest the nonexistent conspirators. Before long, a number of the hunters have become the hunted, for in a closed state one's enemies necessarily share the same fear of betrayal, the same need to betray. In the end, we find Erchov, the deposed High Commissar for Security, going on trial for Tulayev's murder along with Makeyev, a provincial official, and Rublev, an old-time Bolshevik. They have all been framed and they know how and why they have been framed, but in the name of the Party and because there is nothing for them outside the Party, they confess their guilt, and are executed. Only the young murderer and his bride are given any hope of happiness by the author, and for them happiness is scarcely more than the possibility of survival.

ANOTHER new Russian novel, "The Escape," by Mark Aldanov (Scribner), also begins with a mysterious death and uses the device of an investigation by the secret police to show how, as power breeds corruption and as corruption in turn breeds greater and seemingly more absolute, but always shakier, power, prosecutor and prisoner are bound to change places and sooner or later become indistinguishable. The time of "The Escape" is 1917-18, during the revolutions, and the place St. Petersburg. Again the cast is large, again the plot threatens never to become unsnarled, but again we find that once we have managed to orient ourselves, it is agreeable to have so broad a setting and so much opportunity to look around; here in these huge, half-empty Russian squares, so dirty but so often full of starlight and snow, no one is likely to jostle us, no one plucks at our elbow urging us to hurry, hurry. The theme of both novels was long ago stated by Yeats:

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.

But where Serge develops this theme with the unbridled and eloquent rage of Dostoevski, Aldanov is as muted and tranquil as Turgenev. The latter once noted of a novel he had in mind that he hoped it would be "big and calm," and, despite the melodramatic materials of which it is composed, big and calm is exactly what "The Escape" turns out to be. It is also a trifle remote. The figures on the canvas have been posed with taste and skill, to insure a good likeness, but already the varnish is darkening, and we



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realize how long it has been since, as living beings, they left the artist's studio and set off along the street. To find them, to study them face to face, to see what a lifetime of tyranny has done to them, we must read Serge.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIDOW, by Susan Yorke (Harcourt, Brace). The widow is rich, handsome, and full of vengeance. She falls in love with a man ten years her junior, and decides that he must be destroyed if she is to preserve her individuality. Her vicious scheming is to some extent understandable, but her instantaneous, witchlike success is so incredible that her story melts very soon into the realm of dreams, or nightmares, in which she plays a vampire and her lover is simply a random victim, mortal but not human. This study of enraged middle age might have made a fine fat short story, or even an effective short novel. As a full-length novel, it suffers considerably from dilution, and the widow's gluttonous self-searching becomes more comic than dramatic as she gradually argues herself out of the room and disappears backward, still talking.

LOUISVILLE SATURDAY, by Margaret Long (Random House). A series of vehemently written sketches, assembled with what appears to be a good deal of haste into a novel about a number of young women whose husbands, fiancés, lovers, or chance acquaintances happened to be stationed in Louisville during part of the last war. Miss Long is chiefly, and perhaps inescapably, preoccupied with the tribulations undergone by these young women, many of them adrift in a strange city and at the mercy of their emotions. On occasion, however, she intimates that their plight isn't necessarily one of unmitigated woe. Such passages, notably one about a girl who discovers suddenly and to her astonishment that she enjoys her own child, indicate that the author might have turned out a captivating work if she had just unclenched her fingers more often.

CHAMPION ROAD, by Frank Tilsley (Messner). A bluff matrimonial pageant, covering nearly forty years in the lives of Johnny and Nellie Briggs, of Lancashire. Johnny's shenanigans with other women and

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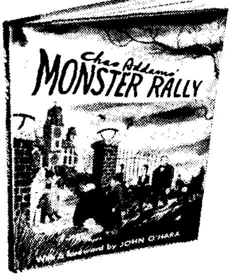

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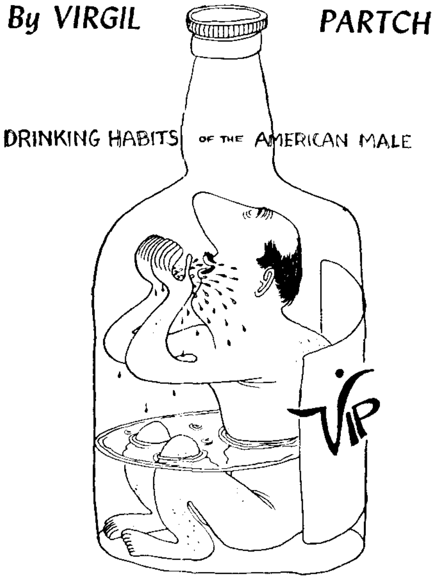
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his large plans for making money cause upheavals in the house from time to time, but in general the family hums properly along in good health and spirits, and after a very long time Mr. Tilsley arrives at a last page that strikes exactly the right parting note, offering true love, wisdom, and wry humor—equal quantities of each.

THE INJUSTICE COLLECTORS, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). Eight short stories about people who have beautiful manners, plenty of money, and a perfectly ghastly time all around. In his introduction, Mr. Auchincloss remarks that he discovered in a book on psychiatry that the trouble with such folk is that they *want* to be miserable, and subconsciously arrange things so that they will be. While this diagnosis is undoubtedly accurate, it doesn't alter the circumstance that most of the emotional problems around which these stories center are somewhat stupefying, and suggest—as does the author's style—a conscientious study of the works of Edith Wharton, rather than acute and sensitive first-hand observation.

THE GAMBLER, by William Krasner (Harper). The story of the attempted rise and the inevitable fall of a petty gambler, a young man named Ben Wulfson, who seems to sense from the start that all hands are against him, so that his fate does not surprise him. The author depends heavily on a number of movie tricks—gloom, mazy side streets, faceless people, official voices—for his effect, which is neither more nor less fearful than that in many another novel of suspense and small-sized doom.

THE UNEASY YEARS, by Forrest Rosaire (Knopf). A sad, resolute novel about parents, children, and semi-genteel poverty. Dave Conmee, the father of the family in question, is a weak, nice man who wants to paint but has no talent. His wife, Laura, is bitter, hard-working, and always ready to fight. Their children are intelligent and fairly good-humored but tired of the tensions in the house. This is a true-to-life story, faithful in every detail to the pictures in the family album, but considerably weakened by the fact that the misery in the Conmee household arises not so much from the clash of personalities as from the lack of enough money to live on.

MEN AND WIVES, MORE WOMEN THAN MEN, and A FAMILY AND A FORTUNE, by I. Compton-Burnett (British Book Centre). Reprints of three of Miss Compton-Burnett's ten novels, all of which may be said to have the same general subject—the chronic disaster of family life—and the same uncanny method of spelling out that disaster in an unblinking summary of the long-drawn-out pretexts of affection and respect by which a family creates and preserves its identity, and by which, in the long run, society itself contrives to endure. From novel to novel, Miss Compton-Burnett alters the names, ages, and physiognomies of her characters, but the setting is always county and the time Victorian. If she is perhaps the cruelest of living writers, she is also one of the wittiest. One cannot help laughing, even at the expense of beings that have broken their hearts by learning to speak and laugh.

GENERAL

OUR JUNGLE ROAD TO TOKYO, by Robert L. Eichelberger (Viking). In November, 1942, General MacArthur summoned Lieutenant General Eichelberger to his headquarters in New Guinea and said, "Bob, I want you to take Buna, or not come back alive." In this book, written in collaboration with Milton Mackaye, General Eichelberger tells about that bitter but successful campaign, which resulted in the first Allied Ground Force victory in the Pacific—a strategic triumph of the first importance and a big fillip to our morale during the days when, as the author says, we were fighting a "poor man's war" in the Far East. He then goes on to tell about his career as commander of the Eighth Army, leading his men—sometimes literally—from New Guinea to the Philippines; about his entry into Tokyo ahead of the troops; and about the Occupation of Japan, which he administered as MacArthur's first deputy. This is history that is still timely, written with humor and modesty but with an insistence on seeing that the Army gets due credit for its part in winning the Pacific war. Many photographs.

THE EDWARDIAN STORY, by Shaw Desmond (Macmillan). Recollections of a period in England when, according to this author, almost everything was done better and certainly everything was jollier than it is now. He is probably half right, so it's too bad that his book isn't more convincingly written. Mr.

Desmond has been a politician and a lecturer, as well as a businessman and a journalist, and he seems to find it impossible to shake off his platform manner or to substitute precise description for bombast. The reader may find it equally impossible to share his enthusiasm for the good old days without a stereopticon to help.

Charles Dickens, by Jack Lindsay (Philosophical Library). A large-scale work that may be the most substantial biography of Dickens printed to date. Mr. Lindsay demolishes what he calls "the Dickensian Lie," the sentimentalized, picture-postcard portrait of the novelist that has been put over on the public by more or less official Dickens biographers. In so doing, however, he does not in the least diminish Dickens' stature as a man or as a writer. He shows pretty conclusively that Dickens was all his life a revolutionist at heart and finally came to execrate the Victorian values he found it necessary to praise in his books, and that Dickens' interest in reform was more than a desire to change the poor laws. (Bernard Shaw once wrote, " 'Little Dorrit' is a more seditious book than 'Das Kapital.' ") The author goes deep into Dickens' domestic life and tells the straight story of the collapse of his marriage with Kate Hogarth, his preoccupation with her younger sisters, and his seduction of Ellen Ternan. In short, Mr. Lindsay has, by means of simple psychology, common sense, and conscientious research, made Dickens an understandable human being.

Berlioz and the Romantic Century, by Jacques Barzun (Atlantic-Little, Brown). This enormous, two-volume work is a labor of love, and, like many such labors, sometimes threatens to topple over on the

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unsuspecting reader and crush him. That it never does so is partly because the author's invincible high spirits and camaraderie with his subject keep the reader on the alert, and partly because Berlioz emerges from the bravura of a period bristling with greatness a genuinely great man—not merely a genius but that rare thing, an engaging genius, wholly without side. Mr. Barzun is a scholar of astounding erudition, to which he adds an almost too fluent style, and from time to time one cannot help fearing that he not only knows everything but is *going* to tell everything. Like a good teacher, however, he never fails to instruct or entertain. The second volume contains a number of technical supplements, a bibliography, a list of phonograph recordings of Berlioz's works, and an index of some sixty pages. The two volumes are illustrated and are models of bookmaking.

THE FLEA OF SODOM, by Edward Dahlberg (New Directions). With a fury and eloquence lost to us since the death of D. H. Lawrence, Edward Dahlberg attacks the blatancies of our culture in a series of oracular essays. "What need has man to go beyond the sheepcote, the threshing-floor, and the augur's timbrel? A mortar and pestle are enough for a culture!" he cries, calling us back to pastoral values and the ancient city "as savoury as its bread," as opposed to our "tepid theogony" and "mealy, pinchbeck loaf of bread." If Greenwich Village radicalism tends to stand too exclusively for modern life in the satiric title piece and if Mr. Dahlberg's aphorisms are sometimes a bit *too* aphoristic to come through clearly, this little book is nevertheless, for wit, daring, and unfaked fervor, a rare event. Herbert Read, in an ecstatic foreword, calls it "purest crystal," which is one of the few things it is not, but also suggests a comparison with Nietzsche, which is surprisingly justified.

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE, by D. B. Steinman (Harcourt, Brace). This account of the Roeblings and their work, first published in 1945, is now reissued in a corrected edition with a larger format and an epilogue by the author, himself a prominent bridgebuilder, explaining how he made the plans, now being carried out, for the remodelling of the Roeblings' Brooklyn Bridge. The story, which is endlessly fascinating, begins with the unlikely events that made a great structural engineer of Johann August Roebling, who was the favorite pupil of Hegel and who wrote a thousand-page Hegelian treatise, "Roebling's Theory of the Universe," fortunately unpublished. It ends with the completion of Roebling's structural masterpiece by his son, Washington Augustus, who sat, paralyzed by caisson disease, in a bay window on Columbia Heights and supervised the work with the aid of field glasses. The detailed descriptions of the construction work are comprehensible and authoritative, and the book is highly recommended to anyone who thinks the Brooklyn Bridge is such a lovely thing that he wouldn't mind reading about it in a bridgebuilder's rather unlovely prose.

DRAWN FROM MEMORY, by John T. McCutcheon (Bobbs-Merrill). An overflowing autobiography by a man who lived a fuller life than is allotted most of us. John McCutcheon, born eighty years ago in an Indiana farmhouse, had a classic Midwestern boyhood, complete with bare feet, freckles, husking bees, catfishing, harvest-home parties, and sparking in buggies. After college, he and his chum George Ade went to Chicago and got newspaper jobs. McCutcheon became a cartoonist—one of the best of the rural-nostalgia school—and, after a few years of hard work, a kind of professional vacationist, combining pleasure, foreign correspondence, and sketching all over the world. He saw and drew the Battle of Manila, the arrival of President Wilson in Paris, and many of the other big events of the century. Another dimension was added to his life when he bought an island in the Bahamas for himself and his family to loaf on. This book, which he did not live to finish, is an engaging record of all these things, told in a homely, vigorous style. Many drawings and photographs.

HORACE GREELEY, by William Harlan Hale (Harper). A definitive life of the gnomish New England printer who came to New York in the eighteen-thirties; founded a short-lived magazine called the *New Yorker*, a journal of "general literature," including news and comment, when he was twenty-three; and later on, as editor of the *Tribune*, became the country's No. 1 crusader and scold, as well as its conscience during the Civil War era. Greeley had opinions on everything and was generous with them; he was eccentric and brash and often ridiculous, but he was uncompromising in his pursuit of the liberal ideal. Mr. Hale sees the man whole and has succeeded in portraying him so.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE, by Henry James (Farrar, Straus). A lively, charming, and occasionally fussy account of a tour James took in the fall of 1882, for the avowed purpose of discovering that Paris, which he already knew well, was not all there was to know of France. As a tourist, James is a far more vivid and companionable figure than the aloof analyst of the novels; we see him al fresco—a youthful, bearded, rather talky American scrambling tirelessly down into crypts or up into towers, always seeking the picturesque and always distressed to find that it is apt to include dirty bed linen in provincial inns. This is the first edition of the "Tour" in fifty years. It is handsomely illustrated with photographs and has a helpful introduction by Michael Swan.

NOTE: "Nuts in May," a collection of stories and reminiscences by Cornelia Otis Skinner, almost all of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Dodd, Mead.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SIMPLE ART OF MURDER, by Raymond Chandler (Houghton Mifflin). Reprinted magazine stories, about which there is an unavoidable monotony (the earliest was written in 1934), but admirers of Mr. Chandler's work will be glad to find Philip Marlowe operating at the same old stand, along with several other private detectives, just as tough and chivalrous. Here is a typical boy-meets-girl passage: "She was young, very pretty, and she didn't look dead. . . . He lifted the hair softly away from her head and saw the bruises. 'Sapped.' His lips pressed back against his teeth."

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR, edited by David C. Cooke (Dutton). Except for two—"Crisis, 1999," by Fredric Brown, and "The Million-to-One Chance," by Roy Vickers—these are fairly conventional. "Crisis, 1999" tells what happens when Chicago's leading criminals beat the lie detector. In a rather desperate search after novelty, it is related in a style halfway between George Orwell's and that of the fantasy magazines. "The Million-to-

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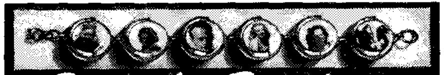

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One Chance," about the killing of a man and his mastiff, has a surprise ending both very original and funny. Oh, yes, Ben Hecht is represented by an overwritten story about an unethical psychoanalyst.

DANGEROUS BY NATURE, by Manning Coles (Doubleday). Tommy Hambledon, the British intelligence officer, finds that life in the beautiful republic of Esmeralda is anything but mild. He has to contend with its President, a Fascist with a strong resemblance to Perón; a group of rebels who are planning a revolution, armed with the latest in German weapons; and a few stray Russians, who terrify everybody. Tommy, with the aid of a mysterious native, turns the tables on all the malefactors in a most satisfactory way. Action enough for half a dozen adventure stories, but not much else.

DO EVIL IN RETURN, by Margaret Millar (Random House). Charlotte Keating, a strong-minded young doctor, doesn't know why she should be blamed for the death of a pregnant young woman who came to her office on the day of her death, but the girl's uncle and husband attempt to blackmail her and a bright detective seems to think that she hasn't been entirely frank with him. Her life is further complicated by the fact that she is in love with the husband of a neurotic patient. All these characters give her a very bad time indeed, both mentally and physically. The neurotic patient, like so many psychopaths Mrs. Millar has created before, is excellently drawn, and the whole story is logical, if a trifle arbitrary.

•

WHAT COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

Washington hostess Gwen (Mrs. Morris) Cafritz has taken an entire row of orchestra seats for the first nite of "Call Me Madam," musical spoofing her erstwhile rival, Perle Mesta.—*Danton Walker in the News, Sept. 18.*

"Call Me Madam," the new play which will open on B'way Oct. 12 and which is said to be a take-off on Madame Minister to Luxembourg Perle Mesta, is so well sold out in advance that even Gwen (Mrs. Morris) Cafritz, Perle's great Washington party-giving rival, can't get seats. —*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American, same day.*

•

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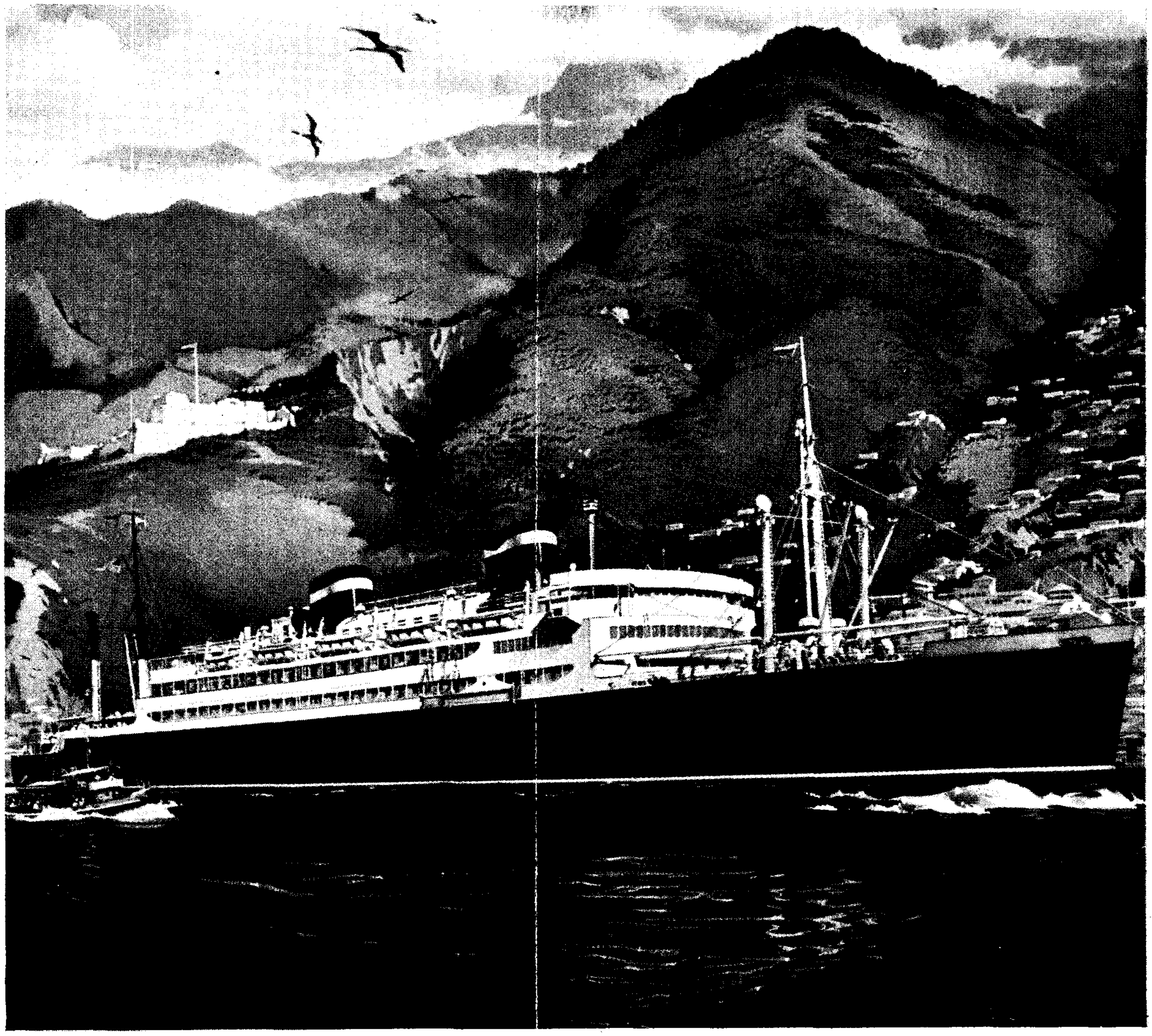

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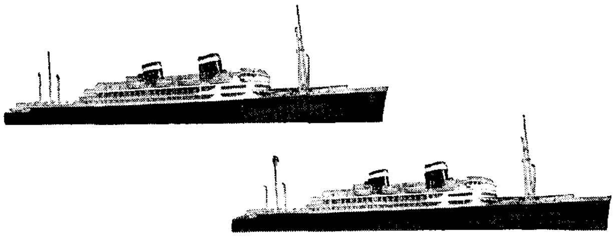

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